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LECTURES
ON
THE PHILOSOPHY

OF
THE HUMAN MIND.

BY THE LATE
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IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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LECTURES

ON THE

PHILOSOPHY OF THE HUMAN MIND.

LECTURE XXXV.

ON MR. HUME'S CLASSIFICATION OF THE CAUSES OF ASSOCIATE FEELINGS, CONCLUDED—PRIMARY LAWS OF SUGGESTION—I. RESEMBLANCE.

IN the conclusion of my last Lecture, Gentlemen, I offered some remarks on Mr. Hume's classification of the circumstances on which he supposes our associate trains of thought to depend, and, particularly, on the strange attempt which he made, in conformity with this arrangement, to reduce *contrast*, as a connecting principle of our ideas, into *causation* and *resemblance*,—an attempt which, as we have seen, explains nothing, —and explains nothing with most laborious incongruity. Of such mistakes of such a mind, it should, as I have already remarked, be the natural tendency to inspire us with more diffidence in our own judgment, and more indulgent toleration for the want of discernment in others, which, in the intercourse of life, we must often have to discover and lament. Above all, as the most instructive lesson which can be derived from them, they should teach us the folly of attaching ourselves implicitly to great names; since, in adopting the whole system of opinions, even of the most acute philosophers, we may be in danger of embracing tenets, the absurdity of which, though altogether unobserved by their illustrious authors, minds of a much humbler class might, perhaps, have been swifter to per-

VOL. II.—A

ceive, and which, if they had first occurred to ourselves, in our own speculations, unsanctioned by authority, we should probably not have hesitated a single moment in rejecting.

To the threefold division which Mr. Hume has made, of the principles of association in the trains of our ideas, as consisting in *resemblance*, *contiguity*, and *causation*, there is an obvious objection of a very different kind, not founded on excessive simplicity, the love of which might more naturally be supposed to have misled him, but on its redundancy, according to the very principles of his own theory. *Causation*, far from being opposed to *contiguity*, so as to form a separate class, is, in truth, the most exquisite species of proximity in time,—and in most cases of contiguity in place also,—which could be adduced; because it is not a proximity depending on casual circumstances, and consequently liable to be broken, as these circumstances may exist apart,—but one which depends only on the mere existence of the two objects that are related to each other as cause and effect,—and therefore fixed and never failing. Other objects may sometimes be proximate; but a cause and effect,—are always proximate, and must be proximate, and are, indeed, classed in that relation, merely from this constant proximity. On his own principles, therefore, the three connexions of our ideas should indisputably be reduced to two. To speak of resemblance, contiguity, and causation, as three distinct classes, is, with Mr. Hume's view of causation, and, indeed, with every view of it, as if a mathematician should divide lines into straight, curved, and circular. The inhabitants of China are said to have made a proverbial division of the human race, into men, women, and Chinese. With their view of their own importance, we understand the proud superiority of the distinction which they have made. But this sarcastic insolence would surely have been absurdity itself, if they had not intended it to express some characteristic and exclusive excellence, but had considered themselves as such ordinary men and women, as are to be found in all the other regions of the earth.

Resemblance and contiguity in place and time,—to which, on his own principles, Mr. Hume's arrangement must be reduced—may be allowed indeed to hold a permanent rank, in whatever classification there may be formed, if any be to be formed, of the principles that regulate our trains of thought. But are there, in this case, truly distinct classes of suggestions, that are not reducible to any more common principle? or are they not all reducible to a single influence? I have already remarked the error, into which the common phrase, *Association of ideas*, has led us, by restricting, in our conception, the influence of the sug-

ple to those particular states of mind, which are denominated ideas; and it is this false restriction, to me to have led to this supposition of different associations, to be classed in the manner proposed by me and others, under distinct heads. All suggestion, I give, may, if our analysis be sufficiently minute, be depend on prior coexistence, or, at least, on such proximate proximity as is itself, very probably, a modification of coexistence. For this very nice reduction, however, we make in the influence of emotions, and other feelings, that are very different from ideas; as when an analogous object, suggests an analogous object, by the influence of an emotion or sentiment, which each separately may have produced before, and which is therefore common to both. But, though a very nice analysis may lead to this reference of all our suggestions to one common influence of former proximity or coexistence of feelings, it is very convenient, in illustration of the principle, to avail ourselves of the most striking subdivisions, in which the particular instances of that proximity may be arranged; and I shall, therefore, adopt, for this purpose, the arrangement which Mr. Hume has made,—if *resemblance* be allowed to comprehend every species of analogy, and if *contrast*, as a peculiar subdivision, be substituted for the superfluous one of causation. The illustrations which I shall use, will be chiefly rhetorical, because these are, in truth, the most striking and beautiful illustrations, and because it may be of use to lead your attention more particularly to the great principles of human nature, as in their relation to human emotions and human judgments, the standard of all just criticism.

To begin then, with *resemblance*, no one can be ignorant of the effect of strong similarity, in recalling objects, as when a pictured landscape recalls a familiar scene, or a portrait a familiar countenance. There are many cases of this kind, indeed, which, strictly speaking, cannot be said to be instances of suggestion, from resemblance, but to be reducible to the simple laws of perception, or at least, to associations, which may be considered almost as involved in every repeated perception of the same object; for if a portrait be faithfully painted, the effect which it produces on the eye that perceives it, is the same, or very nearly the same, as the effect produced on the eye by similar light reflected from the living object; and we might, therefore, almost as justly say, that, when any individual is seen by us repeatedly, he suggests himself by resemblance, as that he is thus suggested by his portrait.

In many other cases, in which the resemblance is less com-

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1. The first of these is the fact that the
 2. Government has not been able to
 3. maintain a consistent policy
 4. in regard to the treatment
 5. of the Chinese in the
 6. Far East. This has been
 7. due to a number of factors,
 8. including the changing
 9. interests of the various
 10. powers in the region, the
 11. weakness of the Chinese
 12. Government, and the
 13. influence of the Japanese
 14. Empire. The result has
 15. been a series of
 16. compromises and
 17. concessions which have
 18. not only failed to
 19. protect the Chinese
 20. but have also
 21. weakened the
 22. position of the
 23. United States in
 24. the Far East.
 25. The second of these
 26. factors is the
 27. lack of a
 28. unified Chinese
 29. Government. The
 30. various warlords
 31. and factions
 32. have been
 33. unable to
 34. cooperate
 35. in a
 36. common
 37. effort to
 38. resist
 39. foreign
 40. aggression.
 41. The third
 42. factor is
 43. the
 44. influence
 45. of the
 46. Japanese
 47. Empire.
 48. The
 49. Japanese
 50. have
 51. been
 52. able
 53. to
 54. exploit
 55. the
 56. weaknesses
 57. of the
 58. Chinese
 59. and
 60. the
 61. United
 62. States
 63. and
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 67. dominant
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 71. Far
 72. East.
 73. The
 74. result
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 78. series
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contiguity, that they may, without any inconvenience, be considered apart,—I have thought it, as I have said, upon the whole, more advantageous for our present purpose of illustration, to consider them thus separately. By the application of a similar refined analysis, however, to other tribes of associations, even to those of contrast, we may, perhaps, find that it would be possible to reduce these also to the same comprehensive influence of mere proximity, as the single principle on which all suggestion is founded.

As yet we have taken into view only those more obvious resemblances of actual things, which produce similar impressions on our organs of sense. There is another species of resemblance, founded on more shadowy analogies, which gives rise to an innumerable series of suggestions, most important in value to our intellectual luxury, since it is to them we are, in a great measure, indebted for the most sublime of arts. To these analogies of objects, that agree in exciting similar emotions, we owe the *simile*, the *metaphor*, and, in general, all that figurative phraseology, which has almost made a separate language of poetry, as distinct from the abstract language of prose. "*Poetas omnino, quasi aliena lingua locutos, non cogar attingere,*" says Cicero. Yet the difference of the languages of poetry and prose, is much less in Latin, than in our own tongue, in which the restriction of genders, in common discourse, to animated beings, gives, for the production of high rhetorical effect, such happy facilities of distinct personification. In poetry, we perceive every where what Akenside calls

"The charm,
That searchless Nature o'er the sense of man
Diffuses,—to behold, in lifeless things
The inexpressive semblance of himself,
Of thought and passion."^{*}

The zephyrs *laugh*,—the sky *smiles*,—the forest *frowns*,—the storm and the surge *contend together*,—the solitary place not merely blossoms like the rose, but it is *glad*.

"Mark the sable woods,
That shade sublime yon mountain's nodding brow;
With what religious awe the solemn scene
Commands your steps! as if the reverend form
Of Minos or of Numa should forsake
The Elysian seats, and down the embowering glade
Move to your pausing eye."[†]

All nature becomes animated. The poetic genius, like that

^{*} Pleasures of Imagination, Book III. v. 282—286.

[†] Ibid. 286—292.

soul of the world, by which the early philosophers accounted for all earthly changes, breathes its own spirit into every thing surrounding it. It is "quodcunque vides, quodcunque moveres," that the vivifying essence, which in the beautiful language of Virgil,

—"Cælum, ac terras, camposque liquentes,
Lucentemque globum Lunæ, Titaniaque astra
Spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per artus
Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet."*

It is the *metaphor* which forms the essence of the language of poetry; and it is to that peculiar mode of association which we are now considering,—the suggestion of objects by their analogous objects,—that the metaphor owes its birth,—whether the analogy be derived from the moral to the physical, or from the physical to the moral world. The metaphor expresses with rapidity the analogy, as it rises in immediate suggestion, and identifies it, as it were, with the object or emotion which it describes; the *simile* presents, not the analogy merely, but the two analogous objects, and traces their resemblance to each other with the formality of regular comparison. The *metaphor*, therefore, is the figure of passion; the *simile* the figure of calm description. In the drama, accordingly, as the most faithful poetic representation of passion, the simile should be of rare occurrence, and never but in situations in which the speaker may be considered as partaking almost the tranquillity of the poet himself. Thus, to take a well-known instance of error in this respect, when Portius, in the tragedy of Cato, at the very moment in which Lucia, whom he loves, has just bid him farewell forever, and when he is struggling to detain her, traces all the resemblances of his passion to the flame of a fading lamp, we feel immediately, that a lover who could so fully develope a comparison, and a comparison, too, derived from an object the least likely to occur to him at such a moment, could not be suffering any very great agony of heart.

"Farewell," says Lucia;
"O, how shall I repeat the word—forever!"

To which Portius, hanging over her in despair, immediately replies,—

"Thus o'er the dying lamp, the unsteady flame
Hangs quivering on a point, leaps off by fits,
And falls again as loth to quit its hold.
Thou must not go! My soul still hovers o'er thee,
And can't get loose."†

* Æn. VI. v. 724—727.

† Act III. Scene 2.

The speech, it may be remarked, by combining a simile and metaphor, in the compass of a very few lines, presents at once a specimen of a figure which suits, and a figure which is altogether inconsistent with a state of passion. If the three lines which describe the flame of a lamp had been omitted, and only the conclusion retained,—

“Thou must not go! My soul still hovers o’er thee,
And can’t get loose,”—

there would still have been an analogy borrowed from a remote object, but an analogy *implied* not *developed*, and expressed with the rapidity with which such analogies really arise.

It may perhaps be thought, that even the analogy implied in a metaphor, as it is borrowed from objects not immediately present, and not essential to the emotion, is inconsistent with the natural direction of the suggesting principle in a state of violent feeling. But it is the nature of strong feelings to give to the whole character, for the time, a greater elevation, which enables it to comprehend, as it were, within its vision a greater multitude of *kindred* objects than can be grasped by it in its *unimpassioned* state, and to diffuse itself over them all, as if they were living and sympathizing parts of itself. If we attend to what occurs in real life, we shall find, that the metaphor, far from being unnatural, is almost a necessary part of the language of emotion, and that it is then that the language of prose makes its nearest approach to the language of poetry. Indeed, as poetry seems to have originated in the expression of lively feeling, it would have been truly singular if its language had been the least suited to the state in which such feelings are expressed.

“I cannot believe,” says the younger Racine, in his *Reflections on Poetry*,—“I cannot believe, with Aristotle, that figures of speech are only expressions disguised, for the purpose of pleasing by the mere astonishment which their disguise affords; nor with Quintilian and Rollin, that they are expressions which the indigence of our language obliges us to borrow,—when I reflect, that we speak, without intending it, a figurative language whenever we are animated by passion. It is then that words derived from foreign objects present themselves so naturally, that it would be impossible to reject them, and to speak only in common terms. To be convinced of this, we have only to listen to a dispute between women of the lowest rank, who cannot be suspected of any very refined search for expressions. Yet what an abundance of figures do they use! They lavish the *metonymy*, the *catachresis*, the *hyperbole*, and all those other tropes, which in spite of the pom-

pous names that have been given to them by rhetoricians, are only forms of familiar speech used in common by them and by the vulgar.”*

The discovery of the *metonymy* and *catuchresis*, in the wranglings of the mob, has certainly a considerable resemblance to the discovery which Cornelius Scriblerus made of the ten prædicaments of logic, in the battle of the serjeant and the butcher in the Bear-garden.

“Cornelius was forced to give Martin sensible images; thus, calling up the coachman, he asked him what he had seen in Bear-garden? the man answered he saw two men fight a prize; one was a fair man, a serjeant in the guards; the other black, a butcher; the serjeant had red breeches, the butcher blue; they fought upon a stage about four o’clock, and the serjeant wounded the butcher in the leg.—‘Mark (quoth Cornelius) how the fellow runs through the prædicaments. Men, *substantia*; two, *quantitas*; fair and black, *qualitas*; serjeant and butcher, *relatio*; wounded the other, *actio et passio*; fighting, *situs*; stage, *ubi*; two o’clock, *quando*; blue and red breeches, *habitus*.’”†

“Nothing is more evident,” says the same author, “than that divers persons, no other way remarkable, have each a strong disposition to the formation of some particular trope or figure. Aristotle saith, that the *hyperbole* is an ornament fit for young men of quality; accordingly we find in those gentlemen a wonderful propensity toward it, which is marvellously improved by travelling. Soldiers also and seamen are very happy in the same figure. The *periphrasis* or circumlocution is the peculiar talent of country farmers; the *proverb* or apologue of old men at their clubs; the *ellipsis* or speech by half words, of ministers and politicians, the *aposiopesis* of courtiers, the *litotes* or diminution of ladies, whispers and backbiters, and the *anadiplosis* of common criers and hawkers, who by redoubling the same words, persuade people to buy their oysters, green hastings, or new ballads. *Epithets* may be found in great plenty at Billingsgate, *sarcasm* and *irony* learned upon the water, and the *epiphonema* or exclamation frequently from the Bear-garden, and as frequently from the *hear him* of the House of Commons.”‡

These examples are ludicrous, indeed; yet the observation of Racine is not the less just; and we may safely conclude, however different it may be from the opinion which we should have formed *a priori*, that when the mind is in a state of emo-

* C. III. Art. I.—Œuvres, tom. V. p. 63. Edit. 1750.

† Chap. vii.

‡ Art of Sinking in Poetry, c. xiii.

tion, the suggestions of analogy arise with more than usual copiousness and rapidity, and that figurative language is thus the very language of nature.

But though, in a state of emotion, images are readily suggested, according to that principle of shadowy and remote resemblance, which we are considering, it must be remembered, as a rule which is to guide us in the use of figures, that in this case the mind seizes the analogy with almost unconscious comparison, and pours it forth in its vigorous expression, with the rapidity of inspiration. It does not dwell on the analogy beyond the moment, but is hurried on to new analogies, which it seizes and deserts in like manner. This rapidity with which analogies are seized and deserted, seems to me to justify, in some degree, in the drama, and in highly impassioned poetry of every kind, what in poetry or general composition, of a calmer kind, would be unpardonable inaccuracy. In the case of mixed metaphor, for instance, as when Hamlet talks of taking arms against a sea of troubles, nothing can be clearer than that there is an incongruity of phrase in the different parts of the sentence, since it is not with a sword or a spear that we stem the waves; and as the inconsistent images occur in the short compass of a single line, and are a part of a meditative soliloquy, a greater congruity might unquestionably have been preserved with advantage. But when the objection is made universal, and applied to every case of expression, even of the strongest passion, in which any mixture of metaphors occurs in the imagery of the longest sentence, I cannot but think that this universal censure has arisen from that technical criticism, which thinks only of tropes and figures and the formal laws of rhetoric, and not from that sounder criticism which founds its judgments on the everlasting principles of our intellectual and moral nature. In conformity with these principles, a long and exact adherence to all the congruities of an image that has been accidentally used in a former part of a sentence or paragraph, though indispensably necessary in every species of calm composition, is yet rather censurable than commendable in scenes of dramatic passion. If the speaker be supposed to reflect that he is using a comparison, it is a proof that he is *not* impassioned at this moment of reflection; and if he be supposed to use the metaphorical expression only from its greater strength, as it bursts upon him immediately and without any attention to the various properties of the object, which suggested it perhaps by a single analogy,—nothing can be more just, in point of nature, than that a subsequent expression should chance to have little agreement with those other properties which never were real

objects of his thought. When a metaphor is comprised in a few words—and it is of such brief metaphors that the poetic language of passion should in preference be composed—the image should be faithfully observed ; because the metaphorical expression does not then outlast the feeling of analogy which originally suggested it. But it is very different when it extends through a long sentence. To follow it out rigidly, for several lines, in the expression of strong feeling, is an evident departure from nature ; since it is to have a remote object of analogy constantly in view during the whole time of the emotion. To seize a new metaphor, or, in other words, to think no more of a metaphorical expression, when it has already exhibited all the analogy that was felt at the time, when it rose as it were to our utterance, is to be conscious only of our emotion itself, and to speak with that instant inspiration which it gives. It may be to mix metaphors, in the common rhetorical sense of that phrase, but it is assuredly to be faithful to nature. It must not be forgotten, however, that, it is only to the eloquence of strong passion that such a licence is allowable ; and that it cannot be admitted in any case, in which the very image conveyed in the primary metaphor can be supposed, without impropriety, to be itself a continued object of the speaker's thought.

The *simile*, as I have already remarked, is a figure of more deliberate reflection than the metaphor ; yet, notwithstanding the intellectual labour which it seems to imply, it is evident, that, in the pleasure which we receive from it, we still have in view its source in the general principle of spontaneous suggestion. It is not *every* simile, therefore, however just, that pleases ; but such only, that seem to be derived from objects that might naturally be expected to occur to the mind in the situation in which the comparison is made. We talk of far-fetched similes, not as implying that there is no real analogy in the objects which they compare, or that the analogy is not as complete as in many other comparisons to which we do not give that name, but merely because the analogy is sought in objects, the natural occurrence of which to the mind does not seem very probable. We are more pleased, in general, with comparisons derived from the works of nature, than with those which are borrowed from the works of art ; partly, because natural objects are not limited to a particular class of observers, but may be supposed to have been present to the senses of all in every period of their life, and, therefore, to be of more ready and general occurrence in suggestion ; and partly, because with works of human art there is associated a degree of minute labour, which is not favourable to conceptions of beauty and sublimity, and which carries with it the feeling of toil and artificial preparation into all the groups of images.

with which it is combined. In exactness of analogy,—and this, too, in a case in which such similitude could scarcely have been expected,—it is not easy to find a comparison more striking than that which Butler has made of *honour*, to the drop of quickly-cooled glass, which chemists have called prince Rupert's drop, and which has long attracted their attention, in consequence of the particular quality described in the simile:

"Honour is like that glassy buble,
Which gives* philosophers such trouble;
Whose least part crack'd, the whole does fly;
And wits are crack'd to find out why."†

Yet, truly accurate as it is, how absurd would such a simile have appeared in any other species of poetry than that, of which it is a part of the province to bring far-fetched images together!

The different degrees of the pleasure received from comparisons, as they appear to harmonize more or less with the natural influence of the principle of suggestion in spontaneous trains of thought, is finely shewn, in what has always appeared to me a very striking imperfection in one of the most popular stanzas of Gray's very popular Elegy. I quote also the two preceding stanzas:—

"Perhaps, in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart, once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of Ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."‡

The two similes in this stanza certainly produce very different degrees of poetical delight. That which is borrowed from the rose blooming in solitude pleases in a very high degree, both as it contains a just and beautiful similitude, and still more, as the similitude is one of the most likely to have arisen to a poetic mind in such a situation. But the simile in the first two lines of the stanza, though it may, perhaps, philosophically be as just, has no other charm, and strikes us

* That finds, Orig.

† Part II. Canto ii. v. 385—388.

‡ V. 45—56.

immediately as not the natural suggestion of such a moment and such a scene. To a person moralizing amid the simple tombs of a village church-yard, there is perhaps no object that would not sooner have occurred than this piece of minute jewellery—a gem of purest ray serene, in the unfathomed caves of Ocean. When the analogies are suggested by surrounding objects, or by objects that harmonize with the surrounding scenery, they appear more natural, and, therefore, more pleasing. It is this which forms the principal charm of the separate stanzas of another very popular poem of a similar class, the *Hermit* of Dr. Beattie, in which the moral allusions are all caught from objects that are represented as present to the eye or ear of the moralist. I confess, however, that, when the poem is read as a whole, the uniformity of the allusions, drawn from such a variety of objects to the single circumstance of man's mortality, gives an appearance of laborious search, almost in the same manner as if the analogy had been traced from very remote objects. I select, therefore, only a single stanza from the whole:—

“ ’Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more.
 I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you ;
 For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
 Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew.

Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn,
 Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save.
 But when shall Spring visit the mouldering urn ?
 O ! when shall it dawn on the night of the grave ?”

We have seen, then, what an accession to our pleasure the suggesting principle of analogy has produced, in giving birth to the figurative language of poetry ; and how necessary it is to have frequent recourse to this principle, in laying down the general laws of philosophical criticism. But there is another class of most important analogies, which we have not yet considered,—those which form the powerful associations that direct the genius of scientific invention. These are the analogies of objects, considered as means, in reference to a particular end. When a mechanician sees a machine, the parts of which all concur in one great ultimate effect, if he be blessed with inventive genius, he will not merely see and comprehend the uses of the parts, as they co-operate in the particular machine before him, but there will perhaps arise in his mind the idea of some power, yet unapplied to the same purpose, some simpler process, by which the ultimate effect may be augmented, or improved, or at least obtained at less cost of time,

or labour, or capital. When the crucible of the chemist presents to him some new result, and his first astonishment is over, there arise in his mind the ideas of products, or operations, in some respects analogous, by the comparison of which he discovers some new element, or combination of elements, and perhaps, changes altogether the aspect of his science. A Newton sees an apple fall to the ground,—and he discovers the system of the universe. In these cases, the principle of analogy, whether its operation be direct or indirect, is too forcible, and too extensive in its sway, to admit of much dispute. It is sufficient to know, that by the suggestions which it has afforded, to those whom Heaven has formed for the high destiny of constituting a part of that series of minds, which spread from age to age the progress of improvement over all the regions and generations of mankind, we have risen to a degree of empire over nature, which, compared with our original imbecility, is a greater advance in the scale of being, than that fabulous apotheosis which the ancient world conferred on its barbarous heroes.

LECTURE XXXVI.

PRIMARY LAWS OF SUGGESTION,—I. RESEMBLANCE, CONCLUDED,—II. CONTRAST.

GENTLEMEN, a great part of my last Lecture was occupied in considering the influence of resemblance, as a connecting principle in our trains of thought. The illustrations of it, which I used, were chiefly of the rhetorical kind, which are, in themselves, most striking illustrations of the varieties of spontaneous suggestion, and which appeared, to me, peculiarly valuable, as enabling me to point out to what simple universal principles of the mental constitution, even the boldest figures of the rhetorician are to be traced. It is the same in these as in all the other products of human skill. The very arts, which we seem to ourselves to create, as if it were in our power to add to nature, never can be any thing more than forms which nature herself assumes. Whether the province be that of matter or of mind,—in the exercises of poetry and eloquence, and in the philosophic criticism, which estimates the degrees of excellence displayed in these delightful combats of intellectual glory,—as in the works of a very different kind, which the mechanic ingenuity and labour of man devise and execute,—what appears most artificial is nothing more than a skilful application of the simple laws of nature,—of laws which we may apply, indeed, to our various purposes,—and which some may know how to apply more successfully than others, but which are continually operating on matter and mind, independently of the applications which our skill may make of them.

In examining how much the suggesting principle is influenced by *similarity*, we considered first, that most direct and obvious resemblance which objects bear to each other in their sensible qualities. We then proceeded to consider the fainter indirect resemblance, which constitutes what is termed *analogy*, and we found, that it is to this species of shadowy likeness that philosophy owes its accessions of power, and poetry its most attractive charms ; since to the invention of the phi-

losopher it suggests, in the contemplation of a single desired effect, all the variety of analogous means, which may separately lead to the production of it, and to the fancy of the poet all that variety of kindred imagery and emotions with which, by a sort of double transformation, he gives life to inanimate objects, and form, and colour, and substance, to every feeling of the soul.

There is another set of resemblances, not in the objects themselves, but in the mere arbitrary signs which express them, that have a powerful, though less obvious influence on suggestion, and often guide the trains of our thought without appearing to guide them.

It is, when we consider, indeed, what language truly is, not more wonderful that words as sounds, without regard to the sensible objects or abstract meanings denoted by them, should awaken in the mind the conception of similar sounds, than that one form or colour should be suggested by a similar form or colour; and, so arbitrary is language, that these mere *verbal* similarities do not, necessarily, involve similarities of meaning. On the contrary, the words which express different objects may have the most exact resemblance, though there may not be the slightest direct resemblance, nor even the faintest analogy, in the objects, which the words denote. The new word, however, which some former word may have suggested, by its mere similarity in sound, is itself significant of some peculiar meaning. *It*, too, is a symbol, and, as a symbol, cannot be thus suggested, without exciting uniformly, or almost uniformly, and immediately, the conception of the thing signified; and hence, from the accidental agreement of their mere verbal signs, conceptions arise which otherwise would not have arisen, and, consequently, trains of reflection altogether different. Our thoughts, which usually govern our language, are themselves also in a great measure governed in this way, by that very language over which they seem to exercise unlimited command; so true, in more senses than one, is the observation of Lord Bacon, "*Credunt homines rationem suam verbis imperare, sed fit etiam, ut verba vim suam super rationem retorqueant.*"*

I do not speak at present, however, of the important influence which Bacon had particularly in view in these words,—the influence of language as the direct medium of thought, perpetuating by habitual use, the prejudices involved in the original meaning of certain words, or by accidental association, conveying peculiar differences of meaning to the minds

* Nov. Orig. Lib. I. aph. lix.

feeling of this relation seems of itself, when we look back, sufficient to account for the suggestion. We think of *this*, therefore, as the cause, since it can be made to harmonize, in some measure, with our thought itself, and disregard that mere verbal influence, in which, and in which alone, the suggestion had its origin. It is only where the direct verbal suggestion is rendered more apparent, by the strange incongruity of the images, which the similar sounds chance to denote, as in the case of puns, that we readily ascribe the suggestion to the word, and not to the thought itself. Even in the case of puns, it is only to the few, in which the contrast of meaning is very striking, that we pay any attention. How many words of similar sound arise in the mind by this species of suggestion, which are never uttered as puns, but pass silently away, because they are felt to be without that happy ambiguity, or opposition of meaning, which alone could reconcile the hearers to this petty species of wit.

Next to this petty species of wit, as a proof of the influence of mere verbal similarities of sound in suggestion, may be mentioned the connecting influence of rhyme. That, in rhyme, sound *suggests* sound, and consequently operates indirectly on the train of thought by this mere symbolical resemblance, there can be no question, since rhyme itself is but the recurrence of such similar sounds at regular or irregular intervals; and to these recurring sounds, it is very evident, that the train of thought must be in a considerable degree subservient, however independent of it, it may seem. I need not quote to you the simile of Butler so often quoted on this subject, in which he compares rhyme, in its influence on verse, to the rudder, which, though in the rear of the vessel, and apparently following its direction, directs the track which the vessel itself is to pursue; but there can be no doubt as to the reality of the influence exercised on the whole verse, by these final words,—the monotonous syllables,—of which the office has been said to be nothing more than the very humble one of standing,

“like watchmen at the close,
To keep the verse from being prose.”

On first consideration it might seem, that, in the use of rhyme, the necessity under which the poet is placed of accommodating his train of thought to resemblances of sound that have themselves no peculiar relation to one thought more than to another, and the frequent sacrifices which may, therefore, be required of him, must be unfavourable to the sentiment of the verse, whatever accession of pleasure it may or

may not be supposed to give to the melody. That it must occasionally render some sacrifices unavoidable, and thus sometimes deprive the ~~order~~ of expressions more powerful in themselves than the tamer phrases, which alone admit of being accommodated to some obstinate and intractable rhyme, is indeed true. Yet the influence of this constraint is, perhaps, upon the whole, far from unfavourable to the sentiment, giving more than it takes away. For how many of the most beautiful thoughts and images of poetry are we indebted to these final sounds, which suggest each other by their accidental resemblances; and which, merely by obliging the poet to pause till he can accommodate the verse, with perfect propriety of sentiment and measure, to the imperious necessity of the rhyme, bring before him during this interval a greater variety of images, from which to make his selection, than would have occurred to his rapid invention and too easy acquiescence if he had not been under the same unavoidable restraint. In this respect, the shackles of rhyme have often been compared to the fetters of the actor; which, instead of truly embarrassing his movements, and giving him less pomp and consequence in the eyes of those who gaze on him, only make him toss his arms with more impetuous action, and tread the stage with greater majesty.

An influence on the successions of our thought,—similar to that of the concluding syllables of verse,—is exercised by the initial sounds of words in *alliteration*. How readily suggestions of this kind occur, so as to modify indirectly the train of images and feelings in the mind, and what pleasure they afford when they seem to have arisen without effort, is marked by the tendency to alliteration which is so prevalent, not in the poetry merely, but still more in the traditionary proverbs of every country. In like manner, when names are to be coupled in the fictions of romance, and when many names seem equal in every other respect, this alternative resemblance is very frequently, to use Leibnitz's phrase, the sufficient reason which directs the author's choice. In the works of a single novelist, for example, how much more readily do the names of Roderick Random, Peregrine Pickle, Ferdinand Count Fathom, seem to join together, than if the same names had been differently arranged, in any transposition which we could make of them.

It is in verse, however, and particularly in the lighter species of verse, that the charm of alliteration is most powerfully felt. I scarcely need repeat to you any examples, to prove what you must often have experienced:—

"But thousands die, without or this or that;
Die, and endow a college, or a cat."^{*}

"Fill but his purse, our poet's work is done;
Alike to him, by pathos or by pun."[†]

"Or her whose life the church and scandal share;
Forever in a passion, or a prayer."[‡]

—"Many a German Prince is worse,
Who, proud of pedigree, is poor of purse."[§]

In these lines of Pope, it is impossible not to feel the force of the alliteration, and the additional prominence and sharpness which it seems to give to every point of the thought and expression.

It may be remarked, however, that though the alliteration itself consists only in the similarity of sounds,—which must, of course, be the same, whatever be the meaning of the particular words,—it is by no means indifferent as to the effect produced, on what words of the sentence the alliteration is made to fall. Unless where it is intended for producing or augmenting imitative harmony by its redoubled sounds,—which may be considered as forming a class apart,—it is never so powerful, as when it falls on words, which, together with the similarity of sound, have either a great similarity or a great discrepancy of meaning, harmonizing, as it were, with those other principles of resemblance or contrast, which, of themselves, might have been sufficient to produce the particular suggestion. Thus, in the very alliterative line of the Rape of the Lock, which describes the furniture of Belinda's toilet,—

"Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billets-doux;"—|

the alliteration in the former half of the verse is of words which express things similar, that in the latter part, of words which express things discrepant. The contrast, produced by the ideas of Bibles and billets-doux, gives more pleasure, by the agreement which the alliteration points out of things that are in other respects so opposite. It is the same in the case of the passion and the prayer, the college and the cat, and in most of those happy alliterations which are to be found in the satirical or playful verses of this powerful master of all the art of verse. The alliteration of words that express opposite ideas is, in truth, a species of wit,—as far as the pleasure of wit

* Moral Essays, Ep. III. v. 95, 96.

† Imitations of Horace, Book II. Ep. I. v. 294, 295.—

"Their purse," and "them."—Orig.

‡ Moral Essays, Ep. II. v. 105, 106.

§ Imitation of Horace, Ep. VI. v. 83, 84.

‡ Canto I. v. 138.

consists in the sudden discovery of unexpected resemblances,—and approaches very nearly the nature of a pun ; combined, at the same time, with the pleasure, which the ludicrous antithesis of the objects themselves would have produced even without alliteration. To the other half of the line,—“ Puffs, powders, patches,”—the same remark does not apply. Yet the pleasure, in this instance, is not produced merely by the recurrence of similar sounds. It arises also, in part, from the discovery of a new and different resemblance, in things of which all the similarities were before supposed to be known. In this, too, the effect of the alliteration is very nearly similar to that of a pun ; and it is, in truth, a pun of letters, as puns, conversely, may be said to imply an alliteration of whole words. In both cases, whether the resemblance be in the whole word, as in the pun, or only in a part of the word, as in alliteration, the suggestion may be considered as a decisive proof of the influence which is exercised over our trains of thought by the mere accident of the agreement of arbitrary sounds.

In treating of the pleasure which we receive from comparisons in poetry, I remarked, how evidently we still have in view, the source of such comparisons, in the spontaneous suggestion of similar objects by similar objects ; and how much, therefore, our pleasure is lessened, when the simile, though perhaps sufficiently exact in that analogy which it is intended to express, appears of a kind, which, in the circumstances described, could not be supposed naturally to have arisen to the conception of the individual who uses it. It is the same with that resemblance of mere syllabic sound which we are now considering. It must appear to have its source in *spontaneous suggestion*, or it ceases to give pleasure. On this account chiefly it is, that alliteration, which delights when sparingly used, becomes offensive when frequently repeated in any short series of lines ; not because any one of the reduplications of sound would itself be less pleasing if it had not been preceded by others than those others which preceded it, but because the frequent recurrence of it shows too plainly, that the alliteration has been studiously sought. The suggesting principle, as I have already remarked, is not confined to one set of objects, or to a few ; and, though similarity of mere initial sound be one of the relations according to which suggestion may take place, it is far from being the most powerful or constant one. A few syllabic or literal resemblances are, therefore, what may be expected very naturally to occur, particularly in those lighter trains of thought in which there is no strong emotion to modify the suggestion, in permanent relation to one prevailing

sentiment. But a series of alliterative phrases is inconsistent with the natural variety of the suggesting principle. It implies a labour of search and selection, and a labour which it is not pleasing to contemplate, because it is employed on an object too trifling to give it interest.

In the early ages of verse, indeed, when the skill that is admired must be a species of skill that requires no great refinement to discover it, this very appearance of labour is itself a charm. A never-ceasing alliteration, as it presents a difficulty of which all can readily judge, is, in this period of rude discernment, an obvious mode of forcing admiration;—very much in the same way, as the feats of a rope-dancer or a tumbler never fail to give greater pleasure to a child, and to the vulgar, who in their tastes are always children, than the most graceful attitudes of the dancer in all his harmony of movement,—who does, perhaps, what no one else is capable of doing, but who seems to do it in a way which every one may try to imitate, and who is truly most inimitable when he seems to show, how very easy it is to execute all the wonders which he performs. Accordingly we find, in the history of our own poetry, and in the poetry of many semi-barbarous nations, that frequent alliteration has been held to be a requisite of verse as indispensable as the metrical pauses on which its melody depends. With the refinement of taste, however, this passion for coarse difficulty subsides; and we begin at last to require, not merely that difficulty should be overcome, but that the labour of overcoming the difficulty should be hid from us, with a care at least equal to that which was used in overcoming it.

All that is truly marvellous in art is thus augmented, indeed, rather than lessened. But it is no longer *art* that must present itself: it is *nature* only;—"artis est celare artem;"—and that *nature* to which we look in all the finer intellectual arts, as to the genius which animates them, is the knowledge and observance of the principle which we are considering,—the accordance which we feel of every sentence, and image, and expression, with those laws of spontaneous suggestion in the mind, which seem as if, in the circumstances represented, they might almost, without the assistance of any art, have produced of themselves whatever we admire.

We know too well the order of this spontaneous suggestion not to feel, when this alliteration is very frequently repeated, the want of the natural flow of thought, and consequently, the labour which must have been used in the search of sounds that were to be forced reluctantly together. There is no longer any pleasure felt, therefore; or, if any pleasure be felt, it is of a kind totally different from that, which gives an additional

charm to the easy flow of verse when the alliteration is sparingly used. There is a poem of some hundred lines, in regular hexameter verse,—the *Pugna Porcorum*, per Publium Porcium Poetam,—in which there is not a single word introduced that does not begin with the letter *P*. But what is the pleasure which the foolish ingenuity of such a poem affords? and who is there who could have patience sufficient to read the whole of it aloud, or even to read the whole of it inwardly? As a specimen, I may quote to you a few lines,—which are, perhaps, as many as you can bear with patience,—containing a part of the speech of the Proconsul Porcorum, in which he endeavours to win over the younger Pigs to peace;—

“Propterea properans Proconsul, poplite prono,
Præcipitem Plebem, pro patrum pace poposcit.
Persta paulisper, pubes preciosa! precamur.
Pena profectum parvum pugnae peragenda.
Plures plorabant, postquam præcelsa premetur
Præstura patrum, porcelli percutiuntur
Pannum, posteaquam pinques porci periere.
Propterea petimus, præsentem ponite pugnam,
Per pia Porcorum petimus penetralia,” &c.*

This, it is evident, is the very vaulting, and tumbling, and rope-dancing of poetry; and, any coarse pleasure which we may receive from it, when we hear or read a part of it for the first time, is not the pleasure of verse, but a pleasure which the wise, indeed, may feel, but which is very much akin to the mere clownish wonderment that fixes the whole village, in the rural fair, around the stage of some itinerant tumbler or fire-eater. The *Pugna Porcorum* is not the only long piece of alliteration. A similar poem was addressed to Charles the Bald, of which every word, in compliment to the monarch, began with his own initial letter *C*. So various in all ages, have been these *difficiles nugæ*,—this *labor ineptiarum*,—as Martial calls them,—that poems have been written, deriving their principal, or probably their only recommendation, from a quality, the very opposite to that which conferred so unenviable an immortality on the busy idleness of the *Pugna Porcorum*. The labour of the poems, to which I now allude, was not to repeat, but to exclude altogether a particular letter,—on which account their authors were termed *Leipogrammatists*. Thus, we hear of a Greek *Iliad*, from the first book of which the letter *Α* was excluded; from the second, the letter *Β*, and so on through the whole books of the *Iliad*, and letters of the alphabet. The same species of laborious trifling, by the report of the traveller Chardin, appears to have prevailed in

Persia. One of the poets of that country had the honour of reading to his sovereign a poem, in which no admission had been allowed to the letter A. The king, who was tired of listening, and whose weariness had probably too good a cause, returned the poet thanks, and expressed his very great approbation of his omission of the letter A; but added, that, in his opinion, the poem might, perhaps, have been better still, if he had only taken the trouble to omit, at the same time, *all the other letters of the Alphabet.*

In all these cases of studious alliteration, positive or negative, it is very evident, that the natural course of the suggesting principle, must have been checked, and checked almost incessantly; and the constraint and irksomeness which this constant effort involves, are thus every moment forced upon us, till we feel more sympathy with the *weariness* of the artist, than admiration of the *power* with which he has been able to struggle through his painful task. We love, indeed, in works of genius, strains of exalted sentiment, and successions of bright and glowing imagery, which are beyond the ordinary suggestions of our own mind; but, even in the very majesty of all that is sublime, or in that transcendent and overwhelming tenderness, which is itself but a softer species of sublimity, while we yield with more than admiration, to the grandeur or the pathos, we still love them to harmonize with the universal principles, on which the spontaneous suggestions of our own humbler thoughts depend. When they do so harmonize, we feel what we read or hear, almost as if it had arisen in our mind, by the principle of spontaneous suggestion, which we know that we partake, in its general tendencies, with the very genius which we revere; and this *identity*, which we love to feel, with every thing that interests us, as it constitutes, in a great measure, the charm of our moral sympathy, has also, I conceive, no small influence on the kindred emotions of taste, constituting a great portion of the pleasure which we derive from the contemplation of the works of art. The genius which commands our applause, is still the genius of *man*,—of a being who perceives, remembers, reasons, and exercises every function, of which we are conscious in ourselves. “*Homines sumus; humani nihil alienum.*” We feel, therefore, that it is not our admiration only, that connects us with the works which we admire, but the very faculties which have produced those admirable results. We see our common nature reflected, and reflected with a beauty of which we were not sensible before; and while thought succeeds thought, and image rises upon image, according to the laws of succession, which we have been accustomed to recognize in the trains of

are not *mine*.—These thoughts and images are, as it were, for the moment *ours*. And we have only the delightful impression that we are of a race of nobler beings than we conceive. This delightful identification, however, lasts only as long as the thoughts and images, that are presented to us, arise in the manner in which nature might have spontaneously presented them to our own mind. When there is any obvious and manifest violation of the natural course of suggestion,—as there must be when the labour of the composition is brought before us, this illusion of identity is dissolved. It is no longer our *own* nature which we feel; but the toil and constraint which are peculiar to the individual, and which separate him, for the time, from our sympathy. The work of labour seems necessarily something insulated and detached, which we cannot identify with our own spontaneous thought; and we feel for it that sadness, which, by the very constitution of our nature, it is impossible for us not to feel, with respect to every thing which is absolutely foreign.

After these remarks, on the influence of the various species of resemblance,—in the objects themselves,—in the analogy of some of their qualities,—and in the arbitrary symbols, which denote them,—I proceed to consider the force of *contrast*, as a suggesting principle. I consider it, at present, as forming a class apart, for the same reason, which has led me, in these illustrations of the general principle, to class separately the suggestions of resemblance, though, I conceive, that all, or at least the greater number of them, on a more subtle analysis, might be reduced to the more comprehensive influence of former proximity.

Of this influence, whether direct or indirect, in contrast, the memory of every one must present him with innumerable instances. The *palace* and the *cottage*,—the *cradle* and the *grave*,—the extremes of *modesty* and of *luxurious splendour*, are not connected in artificial *antithesis* only, but arise, in ready succession, to the observer of *either*. Of all moral reflections, none are so universal as those which are founded on the instability of mortal distinctions,—the sudden reverses of fortune,—the frailty of beauty,—the precariousness of life itself,—all which reflections are manifestly the result of that species of suggestion which we are considering,—for the very notion of *instability* implies the previous conception of that state of *decay*, which is opposite to the flourishing state observed by us. If we see the imperial victor moving along, in all the splendour of majesty and conquest, we must have thought of sudden disaster, before we can moralize on the briefness of earthly

triumph. If we see beauty, and youth, and joy, and health, on the cheek, we must have thought of age, or sickness, or misfortune, before we can look on it with sorrowful tenderness. This transition, in our trains of thought, from one extreme to its opposite, is perhaps a happy contrivance of nature, for tempering excess of emotion, by interrupting the too long continuance of trains of any kind. It must occasionally produce some little tendency to salutary reflection, even in "the gay licentious proud," who are fated by their situation, to "dance along" through life,—though it is certainly not on them, but on those by whom they are surrounded, that its beneficial influence most fully operates. This natural tendency is, in truth, what the lyre of Timotheus is represented to have been in Dryden's Ode, when, with a sudden change of subject, he checked the too triumphant exultation of the conqueror of Darius:—

"With downcast looks, the joyless victor sat,
Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow."*

I cannot help thinking, in like manner, that the everlasting tendency to *hope*,—that only happiness of the wretched, which no circumstances of adverse fortune, not even the longest oppression of unchanging misery can wholly subdue, derives much of its energy from this principle. The mere force of contrast must often bring before the imagination, circumstances of happier fortune, and images of past delight. These very images, indeed, are sad, in some respects, especially when they first arise, and coexist, as it were, with the images of misery, which produce them, so as to present only the mortifying feeling of the loss which has been suffered; but they cannot long be present to the mind, without gradually awakening trains of their own, and, in some degree, the emotions with which they were before associated,—emotions which dispose the mind more readily to the belief, that the circumstances which *have been*, may yet again *recur*. It is, at least, not unsuitable to the goodness of that mighty Being, who has arranged the wonderful faculties of man, in adaptation to the circumstances in which he was to be placed, that he should thus have formed us to conceive hope, where hope is most needed, and provided an internal source of comfort, in the very excess of misery itself.

Much of the painful retrospection, and, therefore, of the sa-

* Alexander's Feast, Stanza IV. v. 19—23.

same influence of suggestion may arise, in like manner, from the very principle of suggestion, which must frequently recall the security and happiness of the past, by the very anxiety of the present, and which, thus, though it cannot restore the past, may, at least, by the images which it awakes, soften the mind to that extent, which is almost innocence under similar trials.

There is a passage in the only remaining oration of the younger Pliny, that expresses strongly the power, which the suggesting principle of contrast holds over the conscience of the guilty. It is in the Panegyric of Trajan, an emperor, of whom it has been said, that, to deserve the magnificent eulogium pronounced on him, the only merit wanting to him was that of not being a hearer of it. The panegyric is unquestionably written with much eloquence, and is not the less impressive from those circumstances which gave occasion to a very just remark,—“that the Romans have in it the air of slaves scarcely escaped from their chains; who are astonished at their own liberty, and feel grateful to their master, that he does not think proper to crush them, but deigns to count them in the rank of men.” “*Merenti gratias agere facile est,*” says Pliny, “*non enim periculum est, ne cum loquar de humanitate, exprobrari sibi superbiam credat; cum de frugalitate, luxuriam; cum de clementia, crudelitatem; cum de libertate, aversionem; cum de benignitate, livorem; cum de clementia, ferocitatem; cum de labore, inertiam; cum de fortitudine, timorem.*” In this allusion to times that had scarcely passed away, what a striking picture is presented to us, of that emperor, which, not satisfied with the power of doing evil, was still greedy of the praise of good, which it despised, and at which it dreaded to hear the very name, even while it listened to the forced eulogium! and how still more sad a picture does it afford, of that servile cowardice, which was doomed with ready knee, but with trembling tongue, to pay the peridious tax of adulation,—“*cum dicere quod velles, periculosum; quasi dolus, miserum esset?*”—that reign of terror, and flattery, and obsequiousness, and blood,—when, to borrow the expression which a panegyrist of Theodosius has given us of a similar period, with every misery around, there was still added the dreadful necessity of appearing to rejoice,—the servile wandering, to mark down countenances, and calumniate looks and glances,—the plundered citizen driven from opulence into sudden poverty, fearful of seeming sad, because he yet left to him life,—and he, whose brother had been

assassinated, not daring to appear in the dress of mourning, because he had still a son.

Alas! in such times, eloquence could be nothing more than what it was said to be for many ages of national servitude,—“the unhappy art of exaggerating a few feeble virtues, or of disguising atrocious crimes.”—“*tristis illa facundiæ ancillantis necessitas, cum trucem dominum auras omnes plausuum publicorum ventosa popularitate captantem, mendax adsentatio titillabat, cum gratias agebant dolentes,—et tyrannum non prædicasse tyrannidis accusatio vocabatur.*”^{*} Yet, it is pleasing to think, that, in the long detail of praises, which were addressed to guilty power, that suggesting principle, which we are considering, must often have exerted its influence, and, in spite of all the artifices of the orator, to veil under magnificence of language, that *hateful* form of virtue, which he was under the necessity of presenting, must sometimes have forced upon the conscience of the tyrant, the feeling of what he *was*, by the irresistible contrast of the picture of what he *was not*.

It is this tendency of the mind, to pass readily from opposites to opposites, which renders natural the rhetorical figure of *antithesis*. When skilfully and sparingly used, it is unquestionably a figure of great power, from the impression of astonishment which the rapid succession of contrasted objects must always produce. The infinity of worlds, and the narrow spot of earth which we call our country, or our home,—the eternity of ages, and the few hours of life,—the Almighty power of God, and human nothingness,—it is impossible to think of these in succession, without a feeling like that which is produced by the sublimest eloquence. This very facility, however, of producing astonishment, at little cost of real eloquence, renders the antithesis the most dangerous and seductive of all figures to a young orator. It is apt to introduce a symmetry of arrangement, in which scarcely an object is brought forward, that has not to run a parallel of all its qualities, with the qualities of some other object, till even contrast itself becomes monotonous and uniform, by the very frequency of opposition. The thoughts and sentences are so nicely tallied, as to be like pieces of Dutch gardening,—where

“Half the platform just reflects the other.”[†]

It is not so that nature operates. She gives variety to the field of our thought, in the same manner, as she diversifies her own

^{*} Pacati Panagyr. Sect. II.

[†] Pope's Moral Essays, Ep. IV. v. 118.

Now we turn to the banks of her rivers, and we find the same thing in nature. But, when we look at the landscapes of her landscapes, we discover, in the "Walden of Sweden," which Milton describes, "the woman as in her prime, and playing on the banks of the river." It is the same in the field of nature. Sometimes she presents objects together, and sometimes in succession to contrast; but more frequently she presents them according to other relations, especially to their accidental concurrence in time and space. If I may so express it, to suggest a thought that very variety which she spreads over the world.

As much as in the use of the language of thought and expression before considered, so in the general nature of *spontaneous suggestion* we find the principle which is to direct the mind to the banks of this suggestion; and occasion to the mind to be pleasing; but it is only one of the principles of suggestion: and, therefore, *frequent* and *various* in its nature. Our taste requires, that the thoughts and images presented to us should be *spontaneous*; but even when they are most exquisite, they should have no obtrusive appearance of labour, and should seem to have been, as it were, *spontaneously*, and *variously* the perfection of the natural order of thought.

THE SECOND PART OF THE LECTURE, to the consideration of the principle of suggestion as an associating principle.

LECTURE XXXVII.

OF NEARNESS IN PLACE OR TIME, AS MODIFYING SUGGESTION
—SECONDARY LAWS OF SUGGESTION.

GENTLEMEN, the influence of the *direct resemblances of objects*, on the suggestions which constitute our trains of thought, having been considered by us in a former Lecture, I proceeded in my last Lecture, to point out and illustrate the influence of another species of resemblances, which is not in the objects themselves, but in the mere signs that express them. As similar forms and colours suggest similar forms and colours, so do similar words mutually suggest each other; and the words, thus suggested, exciting the corresponding conceptions of which they are significant, a new train of thought may thus be introduced, by the mere arbitrary resemblance of one symbolic sound to another. This influence of *mere sounds* in modifying suggestion, though, from circumstances which I pointed out, unremarked by us in many cases in which its influence is, probably, very powerful, is too striking in some cases not to force our attention. I availed myself, therefore, chiefly of these more striking cases, illustrating it particularly by the examples of puns and rhymes, and alliteration; and endeavouring at the same time to shew you, how exactly the principles of taste, in reference to these, as pleasing or unpleasing, have regard to their accordance, or obvious unaccordance, with the natural order of spontaneous suggestion.

I then proceeded to consider the influence of *contrast* on the tendencies of suggestion,—illustrating this by various examples, and pointing out to you, particularly, some moral advantages, of which I conceived these rapid transitions of thought to be productive—advantages, not more important to our virtue than to our serenity in happiness, and to our comfort in sorrow.

I proceed, now, to the consideration of *nearness in place or time*,—the next general circumstance which I pointed out as modifying suggestion.

Of all the general principles of connexion in the trains of our thought, this is evidently the most frequent and extensive in its operation ; even when we confine our attention to its grosser and more obvious forms, without attempting, by any very refined analysis, to reduce to it any of the other tribes of our suggestions. The gross and obvious nearness in place or time, of which alone I speak, when I use Mr. Hume's phrase of contiguity, forms the whole calendar of the great multitude of mankind, who pay little attention to the arbitrary eras of chronology, but date events by each other, and speak of what happened in the time of some persecution, or rebellion, or great war, or frost, or famine. Even with those who are more accustomed to use, on great occasions, the stricter dates of months and years, this association of events, as near to each other, forms the great bond for uniting in the memory those multitudes of scattered facts, which form the whole history of domestic life, and which it would have been impossible to remember by their separate relation to some insulated point of time. It is the same with nearness in *place*. To think of one part of a familiar landscape, is to recall the whole. The hill, the grove, the church, the river, the bridge, and all the walks which lead to them rise before us in immediate succession. On this species of *local* relation chiefly, have been founded those systems of artificial memory, which at different periods have been submitted to the world, and which, whatever perfections or imperfections they may possess in other respects, certainly demonstrate very powerfully, by the facilities of remembrance which they afford, the influence that is exercised by *mere order in place*, on the trains of our suggestion. From neighbouring place to place, or thoughts wander readily, with a sort of untaught geography ; and, but for this connecting principle, not even the labours of the longest life could have fixed in our mind the simple knowledge of that science. If the idea of the river Nile had been as quick to arise on our conception of Greenland as on that of Egypt ; and the Pyrennees, instead of suggesting the conterminous countries of France and Spain, had suggested to us equally at random, China and New Holland, and Lapland and Morocco, it is evident that, however intently and frequently we might have traced on our maps every boundary of every province of every nation on our globe, all would have been, in our mind, one mingled chaos of cities and streams and mountains. Every physical science would have been in like manner beyond our reach ; since all are based on the suggestion of the common antecedent events, with their common consequents, in their regular order *ty*. The most powerful illustration, however, of

the influence of coexistence or proximity in associating ideas, is the command acquired by the weak infant mind over all the complicated machinery of language. The thing signified recalls the sign, and conversely the sign the thing signified, because both have been repeatedly at the same moment presented to the senses; and though it would be too much to say, with the Emperor Charles the Fifth, that a man is as *many times* a man as he has acquired different languages, we may still say, with great truth, that we should scarcely have been *men* at all, if we had not possessed the power of acquiring at least one language.

What a striking picture of this local connexion of feelings, is presented by the state of Europe, at the time of the Crusades !

“Banditti saints disturbing distant lands,
And unknown nations wandering for a home.”*

What was the interest which then roused, and led for the first time to one great general object, so many warring tribes, who had till then never thought of each other but with mutual animosity,—and which brought forward the feudal slave with his feudal tyrant, not, as before, to be his blind and devoted instrument of vengeance or rapacity, but to share with perfect equality the same common passion with his Lord ?

It certainly was not the rescue of a few rocks or plains from the offspring of the invaders who had subdued them—it was for the delivery of that land to which local conceptions associated with it gave a value, that could not be measured with any calculations of wealth, or people, or territory ;—for that land, which, trod by prophets, and consecrated by the display of the power, and the sufferings of the great Being, whom they worshipped as the founder of their faith, presented in almost every step the vestige of a miracle. The belief of wonders, which were said to be still performed there, might concur to raise the importance of the holy sepulchre, and to augment the general devotion,—if, indeed, this very belief itself was not, in its origin, referable to the same cause which gave interest to the scene, being only another form of that lively emotion which must have been felt by those who visited it, and who thought of *him* whom the sepulchre had enclosed, and of the miracles which he had wrought. The sepulchre itself was thus, as it were, mingled with the very image of its divine tenant; and it was only a natural result of the influence of this contiguity, that the wonder-working power which was known

* Thomson's Poems—Liberty, Part IV. v. 86, 87.

Of all the general principles of connexion in the trains of our thought, this is evidently the most frequent and extensive in its operation ; even when we confine our attention to its grosser and more obvious forms, without attempting, by any very refined analysis, to reduce to it any of the other tribes of our suggestions. The gross and obvious nearness in place or time, of which alone I speak, when I use Mr. Hume's phrase of contiguity, forms the whole calendar of the great multitude of mankind, who pay little attention to the arbitrary eras of chronology, but date events by each other, and speak of what happened in the time of some persecution, or rebellion, or great war, or frost, or famine. Even with those who are more accustomed to use, on great occasions, the stricter dates of months and years, this association of events, as near to each other, forms the great bond for uniting in the memory those multitudes of scattered facts, which form the whole history of domestic life, and which it would have been impossible to remember by their separate relation to some insulated point of time. It is the same with nearness in *place*. To think of part of a familiar landscape, is to recall the whole. The grove, the church, the river, the bridge, and all the walks which lead to them rise before us in immediate succession. This species of *local* relation chiefly, have been founded the systems of artificial memory, which at different periods have been submitted to the world, and which, whatever their merits or imperfections they may possess in other respects, have demonstrated very powerfully, by the facilities of recollection which they afford, the influence that is exercised by nearness *in place*, on the trains of our suggestion. From nearness in place to place, or thoughts wander readily, with a school-taught geography ; and, but for this connecting principle, even the labours of the longest life could have fixed in the mind the simple knowledge of that science. If the idea of the river Nile had been as quick to arise on our conception of Greenland as on that of Egypt ; and the Pyrennees, instead of suggesting the conterminous countries of France and Spain, had suggested to us equally at random, China and New Zealand, and Lapland and Morocco, it is evident that, however intentionally and frequently we might have traced on our memory every boundary of every province of every nation on our globe, all would have been, in our mind, one mingled chaos of confusion and streams and mountains. Every physical science has been in like manner beyond our reach : the arts founded on the suggestion of the common names of things together with their common consequences, and the laws of proximity. The most powerful illus-

self as stating only facts which were before familiar to every one, and *did* state only facts that were perfectly familiar. In like manner, when I reduce under a few heads those modifying circumstances, which seem to me as *secondary* laws, to guide, in every particular case, the momentary direction of the primary, my object is not to discover facts that are new, or little observed, but to arrange facts that, separately, are well known.

The *first* circumstance which presents itself, as modifying the influence of the primary laws, in inducing one associate conception rather than another, is the length of time during which the original feelings from which they flowed, continued, when they coexisted, or succeeded each other. Every one must be conscious, that innumerable objects pass before him, which are slightly observed at the time, but which form no permanent associations in the mind. The longer we dwell on objects, the more fully do we rely on our future remembrance of them.

In the *second* place, the parts of a train appear to be more closely and firmly associated, as the original feelings have been *more lively*. We remember brilliant objects, more than those which are faint and obscure. We remember for our whole lifetime, the occasions of great joy or sorrow; we forget the occasions of innumerable slight pleasures or pains, which occur to us every hour. That strong feeling of interest and curiosity, which we call attention, not only leads us to dwell longer on the consideration of certain objects, but also gives more vivacity to the objects, on which we dwell,—and in both these ways tend, as we have seen, to fix them, more strongly, in the mind.

In the *third* place, the parts of any train are more readily suggested, in proportion as they have been more *frequently renewed*. It is thus, we remember, after reading them three or four times over, the verses, which we could not repeat, when we had read them only once.

In the *fourth* place, the feelings are connected more strongly, in proportion as they are *more or less recent*. Immediately after reading any single line of poetry, we are able to repeat it, though we may have paid no particular attention to it;—in a very few minutes, unless when we have paid particular attention to it, we are no longer able to repeat it accurately—and in a very short time we forget it altogether. There is, indeed, one very striking exception to this law, in the case of old age: for events, which happened in youth, are then remembered, when events of the year preceding are forgotten. Yet, even in the case of extreme age,—when the time is not extended so far back,—the general law still holds; and events,

which happened a few hours before, are remembered, when there is total forgetfulness of what happened a few days before.

In the *fifth* place, our successive feelings are associated more closely, as *each has coexisted less with other feelings*. The song, which we have never heard but from one person, can scarcely be heard again by us, without recalling that person to our memory; but there is obviously much less chance of this particular suggestion, if we have heard the same air and words frequently sung by others.

In the *sixth* place, the influence of the primary laws of suggestion is greatly modified by *original constitutional differences*, whether these are to be referred to the mind itself, or to varieties of bodily temperament. Such constitutional differences affect the primary laws in two ways,—first, by augmenting and extending the influence of all of them, as in the varieties of the general power of remembering, so observable in different individuals. Secondly, they modify the influence of the primary laws, by giving greater proportional vigour to one set of tendencies of suggestion than to another. It is in this modification of the suggesting principle, and the peculiar suggestions to which it gives rise, that I conceive the chief part, or I may say, the whole of what is truly called *genius*, to consist. We have already seen, that the primary tendencies of suggestion are of various species, some, for example, arising from mere *analogy*, others from direct contiguity or nearness in time or place of the very objects themselves,—and it is this difference of the prevailing tendency, as to these two species of suggestions, which I conceive to constitute all that is inventive in genius;—invention consisting in the suggestions of analogy, as opposed to the suggestions of grosser contiguity.

In the mind of one poet, for example, the conception of his subject awakens only such images, as he had previously seen combined with it in the works of others; and he is thus fated, by his narrow and unvarying range of suggestion, only to add another name to the eternal list of imitators. In a poetic mind of a higher order, the conception of this very subject cannot exist for a moment, without awakening, by the different tendency of the suggesting principle, groups of images which never before had existed in similar combination; and instead of being an imitator, he becomes a great model, for the imitation of others. The prevailing suggestions of the one, in his trains of thought, are according to the relation of *analogy*, which is almost infinite; the prevailing suggestions of the other are those of contiguity of the images themselves, which, by its very nature, admits of no novelty, and gives only tran-

scripts of the past. To tame down original genius, therefore, to mere imitation, and to raise the imitator to some rank of genius, it would be necessary only to *reverse* these simple tendencies. The fancy of the one would then, in the suggestions of mere contiguity, lose all that variety which had distinguished it, and would present only such combinations of images, as had before occurred to it, in similar order, in the works of former writers;—the fancy of the other, on acquiring the peculiar tendency to suggestions of analogy, would become instantly creative,—new forms, of external beauty, or of internal passion, would crowd upon his mind, by their *analogy* to ideas and feelings previously existing; and this single change of the direction of the suggesting principle would be sufficient to produce all those wonders, which the poet of imagination ascribes to the influence of inspiring genii,—

“ who conduct
The wandering footsteps of the youthful bard
New to their* springs and shades; who touch his ear
With finer sounds; who heighten to his eye
The bloom of nature; and before him turn
The gayest, happiest attitudes,† of things.”‡

Even in all those “thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,” and those boundless stores of imagery, which a great poet lavishes with magnificent profusion, there is probably not a single image which has not been an object of our own perception, and therefore capable of being again awakened in our mind, in conformity with the primary laws of suggestion; nay, there is perhaps not a single image which has not repeatedly been thus awakened in our mind. It is not, therefore, in consequence of any more copious store of images, that an original poet is enabled to group them in more beautiful variety, since the forms which he combines are stored in the memory of all, and are common to him with the dullest versifier; nor is it from any superior tenacity of general memory, that they rise more readily to his imagination. They *might* rise to both minds, and they *do* rise to both minds, but they rise on different occasions, in consequence, merely, of the different directions of the suggesting principle. How many are there, who have seen an old oak, half leafless, amid the younger trees of the forest, and who are therefore capable of remembering it when they think of the forest itself, or of events that happened there! But it is to the mind of Lucan that it rises, by *analogy*, on the conception of a veteran chief—as in that exqui-

* Your, Orig.

† Attitude, Orig.

‡ Pleasures of Imagination, Book I. v. 52—57.

site simile, which, in contrasting the heroes of Pharsalia, he uses to illustrate the character of Pompey, and the veneration still paid to that ancient greatness, of which little more was left than the remembrance of its glory;—

“Stat magni nominis umbra
Qualis frugifero quercus sublimis in agro
Exuvias veteres populi, sacrataque gestans
Dona ducum; nec jam validis radicibus hærens
Pondère fixa suo est; nudosque per æra ramos
Effundens, trunco, non frondibus, efficit umbram;
At quamvis primo nutet casura sub Euro
Tot circum sylvæ firmo se robore tollant
Sola tamen colitur.”*

The *inventions of poetic genius*, then, are the *suggestions of analogy*,—the prevailing suggestions of common minds, are those of mere contiguity; and it is this difference of the occasions of suggestion, not of the images suggested, which forms the distinctive superiority of original genius. Any one, who has had the pleasure of reading the beautiful simile, which I have quoted to you from the Pharsalia, may, on the sight of a *decaying oak*, feel immediately the relation of analogy which this majestic trunk, still lifting as proudly to the storm, and spreading as widely its leafless arms, bears to the *decay of human grandeur*, more venerable, perhaps, in its very feebleness, than in all the magnificence of its power. The mind of every one, therefore, is capable of the suggestion of the one analogous object by the other, as much as the mind of Lucan. The only difference is, that, to produce this suggestion in a common mind, it was necessary, previously, to make the one conception successive, in point of time, to the other,—to produce, in short, a proximity of the very images that could be obtained only by a perusal of the verses, in which the images are immediately proximate:—while the suggestion, in the mind of the original author, though perhaps not more clear and perfect, than it was afterwards to be, in the memory of many of those who have read the simile, and felt its justness and beauty, differed, notwithstanding, in this most important respect, that in *him*, it did not require such previous contiguity to produce the suggestion, but arose, by its mere analogy, in consequence of the greater tendency of the inventive mind to suggestions of this particular class.

Copious reading, and a retentive memory, may give to an individual of very humble talent, a greater profusion of splendid images, than existed in any one of the individual minds, on whose sublime conceptions he has dwelt, till they have be-

* Pharsalia, Lib. I. v. 135—143.

come, in one sense of the word, *his own*. There is scarcely an object which he perceives, that may not now bring instantly before him the brightest imagery; but, for this suggestion, however instant and copious, previous coexistence, or succession of the images, was necessary; and it is his memory, therefore, which we praise. If half the conceptions which are stored in his mind,—and which rise in it now in its trains of thought by simple suggestion, as readily as they arose in like manner in accordance with some train of thought in the mind of their original authors, had but risen by the suggestion of analogy, as they now arise by the suggestion of former proximity, what we call *memory*, which is, in truth, only the same suggestion in different circumstances, would have been *fancy*, or *genius*; and his country and age would have had another name to transmit to the reverence and the emulation of the ages that are to follow.

It is the same with inventive genius in the sciences and the severer arts, which does not depend on the mere knowledge of all the phenomena previously observed, or of all the applications of them that have been made to purposes of art, but chiefly on the peculiar tendency of the mind to suggest certain analogous ideas, in successions, different from those ordinary successions of grosser contiguity, which occur to common minds. He may, perhaps, be called a philosopher, who knows accurately what others know, and produces, with the same means which others employ, the same effects which they produce. But he alone has philosophic genius, to whose speculations analogous effects suggest analogous causes, and who contrives practically, by the suggestions of analogy, to produce new effects, or to produce the same effects by new and simpler means.

The primary laws of association, then, it appears, as far as they operate in our intellectual exertions, are greatly modified by original constitutional diversities. They are not less modified by constitutional diversities of another kind. These are the diversities of what is called temper, or disposition. It is thus we speak of one person of a *gloomy*, and of another of a *cheerful* disposition; and we avoid the one, and seek the company of the other, as if with perfect confidence, that the trains of thought which rise by spontaneous suggestion to the minds of each will be different, and will be in accordance with that variety of character which we have supposed. To the cheerful, almost every object which they perceive is cheerful as themselves. In the very darkness of the storm, the cloud which hides the sunshine from their eye, does not hide it from their heart: while, to the sullen, no sky is bright, and no scene

is fair. There are future fogs, which to their eyes, pollute and darken the purest airs of spring; and spring itself is known to them less as the season which follows and repairs the desolation of winter that is past, than as the season which announces its approaching return.

The next secondary law of suggestion to which I proceed, is one akin to the last which we have considered. The primary laws are modified, not by constitutional and permanent differences only, but by differences which occur in the same individual, according to the varying emotion of the hour. As there are persons, whose general character is gloomy or cheerful, we have, in like manner, our peculiar days or moments in which we pass from one of these characters to the other, and in which our trains of thought are tinctured with the corresponding varieties. A mere change of fortune is often sufficient to alter the whole cast of sentiment. Those who are in possession of public station, and power and affluence, are accustomed to represent affairs in a favourable light: the disappointed competitors for place to represent them in the most gloomy light; and though much of this difference may, unquestionably, be ascribed to wilful mis-statement in both cases, much of it is, as unquestionably, referable to that difference of colouring in which objects appear to the successful and the unsuccessful.

"Ask men's opinions;—Scoto now shall tell
How trade increases, and the world goes well,
Strike off his pension, by the setting sun,
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone."^a

The same remark may be applied to the different periods of life, to the happy thoughtlessness of youth, and to the cautious, calculating sadness of old age. The comparative gaiety of our earlier years is not merely a cause, but an effect also, of the tendency of the mind, at that period, to suggest images of hope and pleasure, on almost every occasion.

If even a slight momentary feeling of joy or sorrow have the power of modifying our suggestions, in accordance with it, emotions of a stronger and lasting kind must influence the trains of thought still more;—the meditations of every day rendering stronger the habitual connexions of such thoughts as accord with the peculiar frame of mind. It is in this way that every passion, which has one fixed object,—such as love, jealousy, revenge, derives nourishment from itself, suggesting images that give it, in return, new force and liveliness. We see, in every thing, what we feel in ourselves;

^a Pope's Moral Essays, Ep. I. v. 158—161.

and the thoughts which external things seem to suggest, are thus, in part at least, suggested by the permanent emotion within.

When Eloisa, in Pope's celebrated Epistle, thinks of the invention of letters, the only uses which her train of thought suggests, are those which are analogous to the circumstances of her own passion.

"Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid;
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires;
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush and pour out all the heart;
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pôle."^{*}

The temporary diversities of state, that give rise to varieties of suggestion, are not mental only, but corporeal; and this difference of bodily state furnishes another secondary law, in modification of the primary. I need not refer to the extreme cases of intoxication or actual delirium,—to the copious flow of follies, which a little wine, or a few grains of opium, may extract from the proudest reasoner. In circumstances less striking, how different are the trains of thought in health and in sickness,—after a temperate meal and after a luxurious excess! It is not to the animal powers only, that the burthen of digestion may become oppressive, but to the intellectual also; and often to the intellectual powers even more than to the animal. In that most delightful of all states, when the bodily frame has recovered from disease, and when in the first walk beneath the open sunshine, amid the blossoms and balmy air of summer, there is a mixture of corporeal and mental enjoyment, in which it is not easy to discriminate what images of pleasure arise from every object, that, in other states of health, might have excited no thought or emotion whatever.

"See the wretch, that long has toss'd
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost,
And breathe and walk again!
The meanest flow'ret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise."[†]

There is yet another principle which modifies the primary laws of suggestion with very powerful influence. This is the

^{*} V. 51—58.

[†] Gray's Ode, On the Pleasures arising from Vicissitude, Stanza vi.

Principle of habit. I do not speak of its influence in suggesting images, which have been already frequently suggested in a certain order,—for it would then be simpler to reduce the habit itself to the mere power of association. I speak of cases, in which the images suggested may have been of recent acquisition, but are suggested more readily in consequence of general tendencies produced by prior habits. When men of different professions observe the same circumstances, listen to the same story, or peruse the same work, their subsequent suggestions are far from being the same; and could the future differences of the associate feelings that are to rise, be foreseen by us at the time, we should probably be able to trace many of them to former professional peculiarities, which are thus always unfortunately apt to be more and more aggravated by the very suggestions to which they have themselves given rise. The most striking example, however, of the power of habit in modifying suggestion, is in the command which it gives to the orator, who has long been practised in extemporary elocution; a command not of words merely, but of thoughts and judgments, which, at the very moment of their sudden inspiration, appear like the long weighed calculations of deliberative reflection. The whole divisions of his subject start before him at once; image after image as he proceeds, arises to illustrate it; and proper words in proper places are all the while embodying his sentiments, as if without the slightest effort of his own.

In addition then, to the primary laws of suggestion, which are founded on the mere relation of the objects or feelings to each other, it appears that there is another set of laws, the operation of which is indispensable to account for the variety in the effects of the former. To these I have given the name of *secondary laws of suggestion*;—and we have seen, accordingly, that the suggestions are various as the original feelings have been, 1st, Of longer or shorter continuance; 2dly, More or less lively; 3dly, More or less frequently present; 4thly, More or less recent; 5thly, More or less pure, if I may so express it, from the mixture of other feelings; 6thly, That they vary according to differences of original constitution; 7thly, According to the differences of temporary emotion; 8thly, According to the changes produced in the state of the body; and 9thly, According to general tendencies produced by prior habits.

The first four laws, which relate rather to the momentary feelings themselves than to the particular frame of mind of the individual, have, it must be remembered, a double opera-

tion. When the two associate feelings have both, together, or in immediate succession, been of long continuance, very lively, frequently renewed in the same order, and that recently, the tendency to suggest each other is most powerful. But the greater tendency,—though then most remarkably exhibited,—is not confined to cases in which these laws are applicable to both the associate feelings. It is much increased, even when they apply only to that one which is second in the succession. The sight of an object which is altogether new to us,—and which, therefore, could not have formed a stronger connexion with one set of objects than with another,—will more readily recall to us, by its resemblance or other relation, such objects as have been long familiar to us, than others which may have passed frequently before us, but with which we are little acquainted. The sailor sees every where some near or distant similarity to the parts of his own ship; and the phraseology, so rich in nautical metaphors, which he uses, and applies, with most rhetorical exactness, even to objects perceived by him for the first time, is a proof, that for readiness of suggestion, it is not necessary that the secondary laws of suggestion should, in every particular case, have been applicable to both the suggesting and the suggested idea.

Even *one* of these secondary laws, alone, may be sufficient to change completely the suggestion, which would otherwise have arisen from the operation of the primary laws; and it is not wonderful, therefore, that when many of them, as they usually do, concur in one joint effect, the result in different individuals should be so various. Of the whole audience of a crowded theatre, who witness together the representation of the same piece, there are probably no two individuals, who carry away the same images, though the resemblances, contingencies, contrasts, and in general what I have called the *primary*, in opposition to the *secondary* laws of suggestion, may have been the same to both. Some will perhaps think afterwards of the plot, and general development of the drama; some, of the merits of the performers; some will remember little more, than that they were in a great crowd, and were very happy; a gay and dissipated young man will perhaps think only of the charms of some fascinating actress; and a young beauty will as probably carry away no remembrance so strong, as that of the eyes which were most frequently fixed upon hers.

By the consideration of these secondary laws of suggestion, then, the difficulty, which the consideration of the primary laws left unexplained, is at once removed. We see now, how

one suggestion takes place rather than another, when, by the operation of the mere primary laws, many suggestions might arise equally ; the influence of the secondary laws modifying this general tendency, and modifying it, of course, variously, as themselves are various.

LECTURE XXXVIII.

THE DEGREE OF LIVELINESS OF THE SUGGESTING FEELINGS
INFLUENCES GREATLY THAT OF THE FEELINGS SUGGESTED.

My last Lecture, Gentlemen, was employed in an inquiry, which very naturally arises from the consideration of the various relations according to which suggestion may take place ; —why, if the same object, as either perceived or imagined by us, is capable, by its almost innumerable relations, of suggesting the conception of various other objects, it suggests, at any particular time, *one* of these, rather than another ? To say, that certain objects suggest certain other objects which are similar to them, opposite to them in quality, or formerly proximate in place or time, is to say nothing in explanation of this difficulty, but only to state the very difficulty itself ; since it is to state various relations, according to which various conceptions may indifferently arise. It is evident, therefore, that whatever may be the number of these *primary* laws of suggestion,—or general circumstances of relation, according to which the parts of our trains of thought may suggest each other,—there must be other circumstances, which modify and direct the operation of the primary laws. To these modifying circumstances I gave the name of *secondary laws of suggestion* ; the classification of which,—though not less interesting or important than the classification of the general circumstances which constitute the *primary* laws,—has been altogether neglected, even by those philosophers who have endeavoured to arrange the primary relations.

The chief part of my last lecture was employed, accordingly, in inquiring into the general circumstances which constitute the secondary laws of suggestion ; those circumstances by which it happens, that one suggestion takes place rather than another, when according to the mere primary laws either suggestion might equally occur.

To repeat then, briefly, that enumeration which was the result of our inquiry, the occasional suggestions that flow from the primary laws, on which our trains of thought depend, are various, as the original feelings have been, 1st, Of longer or

shorter continuance ; 2dly, More or less lively ; 3dly, Of more or less frequent occurrence ; 4thly, More or less recent ; 5thly, More or less pure from the occasional and varying mixture of other feelings ; 6thly, They vary according to differences of original constitution ; 7thly, According to differences of temporary emotion ; 8thly, According to changes produced in the state of the body ; and, 9thly, According to general tendencies produced by prior habits. Many of these differences, it is evident, may concur ; but even a single difference in any one of these respects may be sufficient to account for the particular varying suggestion of the moment.

The next inquiry to which I would direct your attention, is to the difference of liveliness of the feeling which forms a part of a train of thought, according as that which suggested it may have been itself more or less lively.

The conception of an object may, it is evident, be suggested in two ways,—by the perception of some other object really existing without ; or by some other conception, previously existing in a train of internal thought. But, though it may be suggested in either way, it is by no means indifferent, with respect to it, in which of the two ways the suggestion has taken place.

“The influence of perceptible objects,” says Mr. Stewart, “in reviving former thoughts and former feelings, is more particularly remarkable. After time has, in some degree, reconciled us to the death of a friend, how wonderfully are we affected the first time we enter the house where he lived ! Every thing we see,—the apartment where he studied,—the chair upon which he sat,—recall to us the happiness we have enjoyed together ; and we should feel it a sort of violation of that respect we owe to his memory, to engage in any light or indifferent discourse when such objects are before us. In the case, too, of those remarkable scenes, which interest the curiosity from the memorable persons or transactions which we have been accustomed to connect with them in the course of our studies, the fancy is more awakened by the actual perception of the scene itself, than by the mere conception or imagination of it. Hence the pleasure we enjoy in visiting classical ground ; in beholding the retreats which inspired the genius of our favourite authors, or the fields which have been dignified by exertions of heroic virtue. How feeble are the emotions produced by the liveliest conception of modern Italy, to what the poet felt, when, amidst the ruins of Rome,

‘He drew th’ inspiring breath of ancient arts,
———And trod the sacred walks,
Where, at each step, imagination burns !’

"The well-known effect of a particular tune on Swiss regiments when at a distance from home, furnishes a very striking illustration of the peculiar power of a perception, or of an impression on the senses, to awaken associated thoughts and feelings; and numberless facts of a similar nature must have occurred to every person of moderate sensibility, in the course of his own experience.

"'Whilst we were at dinner,' says Captain King, 'in this miserable hut, on the banks of the river Awatska,—the guests of a people with whose existence we had before been scarce acquainted, and at the extremity of the habitable globe,—a solitary half-worn pewter spoon, whose shape was familiar to us, attracted our attention; and, on examination, we found it stamped on the back with the word, *London*. I cannot pass over this circumstance in silence, out of gratitude for the many pleasant thoughts, the anxious hopes, and tender remembrances, it excited in us. Those who have experienced the effects that long absence, and extreme distance from their native country produce on the mind, will readily conceive the pleasure such a trifling incident can give.'"^{*}

Of the truth of these delightful influences, who is there that can doubt? Distant as we are from those lands, which, in the studies of our boyhood, endeared and consecrated by so many remembrances, were to us almost like the very country of our birth, it is scarcely possible to think of ancient Rome or Greece, without mingling, with an interest more than passion, in the very ages of their glory. Some name or exploit instantly occurs to our mind; which, even in the faintness of our conception, is sufficient to transport us, for some few moments, from the scene of duller things around. But, when we tread on the soil itself,—when, as Cicero says, speaking of Athens, "*Quocunque ingredimur, in aliquam historiam vestigium ponimus*,"—all which history has made dear to us is renewed to our very eyes. There are visionary forms around us, which make the land on which we tread, not the country that is, but the country that has been. We see again the very groves of *Academy*;

"And Plato's self
Seems half-emerging from his olive bowers,
To gather round him all the Athenian Sons
Of Wisdom."

"*Tanta vis admonitionis est in locis*," says Cicero, in a passage of his work *De Finibus*, in which he describes the peculiar vividness of our conceptions, on the actual view of scenes, ennobled by the residence of those whom we have been accus-

^{*} Philosophy of the Human Mind, Chap. V. Part I. Sect. 1.

tomed to revere,—“Naturæ nobis datum dicam, an errore quodam, ut cum ea loca videamus, in quibus memoria dignos viros acceperimus multum esse versatos, magis moveamur, quam si quando eorum ipsorum aut facta audiamus aut scriptum aliquod legamus? Velut ego nunc moveor. Venit enim mihi Platonis in mentem, quem accepimus primum hic disputare solitum; cujus etiam illi hortuli propinqui, non memoriam solum mihi afferunt, sed ipsum videntur in conspectu meo hic ponere. Hic Speusippus,—hic Xenocrates,—hic ejus auditor Polemo, cujus ipsa illa sessio fuit quam videamus.”*

After these observations of Cicero, at a time when Greece was to him, in a great measure, that land of former greatness, which his own country now is to us, it may be interesting to you to compare with the impression, thus described by him, the impression as described by one of our own contemporaries, after an interval of so many ages. I shall quote to you, therefore, a few passages of a Letter, written from Athens, by the very ingenious French poet, the Abbe de Lille, who visited Greece in company with his friend M. de Choiseul, the ambassador from France to Constantinople.

“At length,” says he, “we were forced to *lie to*, by a contrary wind, if I can call *that* a *contrary* wind which gave an opportunity of beholding Athens.

“I shall not endeavour to express to you the pleasure which I felt, on setting my foot on that celebrated land. I could have wept for joy. I *saw*, at last, what I had only *read* before. I recognized every thing which I had known from my infancy;—all was at once familiar to me and new. But what was my emotion on seeing the first monument of that city, which is destined to be for ever interesting!

“I gazed, and gazed again, as if my eyes could never be weary, on those magnificent columns of the finest Parian marble, interesting by their own beauty,—by that of the temples which they adorned,—by the glorious ages which they recall to memory, and by their external influence, as the standard of good and bad taste, in every nation and age, that for ever will be striving to imitate their noble proportions. I passed from one to the other,—I touched them,—I measured them, with insatiable avidity. In vain were they falling to ruins;—I could not hinder myself from looking on them as imperishable,—I believed that I was making the fortune of my name, in engraving it on their marble. But, too soon, I perceived, with grief, my illusion. These precious remains have more than one enemy, and, of their enemies, *Time* is far from being the least. The barbarous ignorance of the Turks destroys,

* Lib. V. c. 1.

sometimes in a single day, what whole ages have spared. I saw lying, at the gate of the commandant, one of those beautiful columns which I mentioned to you. An ornament of the Temple of Jupiter was about to adorn his Haram. The temple of Minerva,—the finest work of antiquity,—the magnificence of which was so ruinous to Pericles, is enclosed, as it were, in a citadel, constructed partly at its expence. We mounted to it by steps, composed of its precious fragments, treading under foot the sculptures of Phidias and Praxiteles. I felt as if to tread on them, was to be an accomplice in the profanation, and I avoided them as carefully as I could, shrinking back almost involuntarily wherever I set my foot.

“There are still to be seen seventeen beautiful columns, the remains of one hundred and ten, which supported what is said to have been the Temple of Adrian. Before these is a threshing-floor, paved with its magnificent fragments. Between two of these pillars, a Greek hermit had made his dwelling a few years back, to live and die there,—more proud of the homage of the populace who feed him, than Themistocles of the acclamations of Greece. These detached columns excite a sort of pity, even by their magnificence. I asked who it was who had mutilated them, for it was easy to see that it was not the effect of time. I was told that they had been broken down for making mortar. I wept with very rage.

“Every where through the city is there the same cause for grief; not a threshold of a door,—not a step of a stair, which is not a fragment of ancient marble, torn by force from some monument,—the whole one mixture of meanness and magnificence,—a wretched rafter of fir resting, perhaps, on columns that had supported the temple of a god.

“With what a mixture of pain and pleasure did I see every where, some portion of an inscription, certainly the epitaph of a great man,—an arm, a foot that might have belonged to a Venus or a Minerva, fixed among common stones, in a common wall! I perceived in a court, a marble fountain,—I entered, to take a nearer view,—it had been formerly a magnificent tomb, adorned with the finest sculptures,—I threw myself prostrate before it, and kissed the tomb. In the heedlessness of my adoration I overturned the pitcher of a child who was laughing at my strange behaviour. From laughter he passed to tears and cries,—I had nothing on me to appease him with; and Heaven knows when he would have been comforted, if my Turks, good souls, had not threatened to beat him.

“Shall I tell you all the folly of the emotions which I felt? At the moment when I entered Athens, almost palpitating, the least relics of it appeared sacred. You know the story of

the savage, who had never seen any pebbles. I did like him, —I filled first the pockets of my coat,—then the pockets of my waistcoat, with bits of sculptured marble ; and, then, like the savage, but with how much more regret ! I threw them all away.”

I must not extend any further, however, a quotation which is already too long. Some of the actions described,—the prostrations, the tears, the kisses, may appear a little beyond the sageness of British enthusiasm. But the picture is not the less striking, for that air of national emotion, which runs through it,—an emotion which harmonizes so well with the quick feelings of that people, by the remembrance of whom it was kindled,—and which makes the visitor seem almost a native of the very soil which he describes.

Even to the sober temperance of *our* enthusiasm, however, such a spectacle as that of *Athens*, would be a little dangerous. We may *think* of it calmly,—we may *read* of it calmly. But he must be cold indeed, who could set his foot on the very soil, or see but a single column of all those ruins of which he had calmly read and thought, without some feelings that might have appeared extravagant, even to himself, if described as the feelings of any other being.

In such circumstances, the Genius of ancient Greece himself, might seem almost present to a poetic mind, like that which, warmed by the mere images of her departed glory, could so beautifully invoke his descent ;—

“Genius of ancient Greece ! whose faithful steps,
Well pleased, I follow through the sacred paths
Of Nature and of Science ; nurse divine
Of all heroic deeds, and fair desires !
Descend, propitious, to my favour’d eye
Such in thy mien, thy warm exalted air,
As when the Persian tyrant, foil’d and stung
With shame and desperation, hid his face
Among the herd of satraps and of kings,
And at the lightning of thy lifted spear,
Crouch’d like a slave !—Bring all thy martial spoils,
Thy palms, thy laurels, thy triumphal songs,
Thy smiling band of arm’d thy godlike sires
Of civil wisdom, thy heroic youth
Warm from the schools of glory. Guide my way
Through fair Lyceum’s walk, the green retreats
Of Academus, and the thymy vale,
Where oft, enchanted with Socratic sounds,
Iliacus pure devolved his tuneful stream
In gentle murmurs. From the blooming store
Of these auspicious fields, may I, unblamed,
Transplant some living blossoms, to adorn
My native clime ;—while, far above the mead

Of Fancy's toil* aspiring, I unlock
 The springs of ancient Wisdom! while I join
 Thy name, thrice honour'd! with the immortal praise
 Of Nature;—while to my compatriot youth
 I point the high example of thy sons
 And tune to Attic themes the British lyre.”†

It is this peculiar tendency of objects of perception, to throw a brighter colouring on the ideas they suggest, that gives the chief value to the monuments of national gratitude. The conquests of the Roman generals must have been known to all the citizens of Rome; but it was in the triumphal procession to the capitol, that they must have felt most proudly the grandeur of the Republic, and the honour of the individual victor; and must have caught that emulation, which was to lead them afterwards through fields of equal danger, to ascend the same glorious car. Themistocles, we are told, could not sleep, for thinking of the trophies of another distinguished chief; and it was thus, perhaps, that the victory of Marathon, in the combat of a later period, again delivered Greece. The trophy, the obelisk, the triumphal arch, would, indeed, be of little interest, if they were only to recall to us the names and dates of the actions they commemorate; but, while they record past honours, they are, in truth, the presages, and more than presages, of honours to come. In Sparta, an oration was every year pronounced on the tomb of Leonidas. Is it possible to suppose, that, in such a scene, and with such an object before them, the orator, and the assembled nation, who listened to him, felt no deeper emotion, than they would have done, if the same language had been addressed from any other place, unconnected with so sacred a remembrance? “To abstract the mind,” says Dr. Johnson, in a passage which has become almost trite from frequent quotation, and which is strongly marked with all the peculiarities of his style,—“to abstract the mind from all local emotion, would be impossible, if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish, if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, —whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and from my friends,” he continues, “be such frigid philosophy, as may conduct us, indifferent and unmoved, over any ground which has been dignified by wis-

* Fancy's plume.—Orig.

† Pleasures of Imagination, v. 567, 604, with the exclusion of v. 571, 579; and the substitution, from the second form of the poem, (B. I. v. 707, 8,) of “hid his face,” &c. to “Kings,” instead of

“gnashed his teeth

To see thee rend the pageants of his throne.”—v. 583, 4.

dom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plains of Marathon,—or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.”*

When Antony, in his funeral eulogium of Cæsar, uncovered the body before the people, he knew well what powerful persuasion the wounds, which he pointed out, would give to his oratory. It has been well remarked, “that never had funeral eloquence so powerful an impression, for it prepared the slavery of twenty nations. The dead body of Lucretia had freed Rome from the fetters of its tyrants,—the dead body of Cæsar fastened on it again its chains.”

“This influence of perceptible objects in awakening associated thoughts and associated feelings,” says Mr. Stewart, “seems to arise, in a great measure, from their permanent operation as exciting or suggesting causes. When a train of thought takes its rise from an idea or conception, the first idea soon disappears, and a series of others succeeds, which are gradually less and less related to that with which the train commenced; but, in the case of perception, the exciting cause remains steadily before us; and all the thoughts and feelings which have any relation to it, crowd into the mind in rapid succession; strengthening each other’s effects, and all conspiring in the same general impression.”†

This explanation of a very striking phenomenon, is simple and beautiful; and, it may be remarked, in confirmation of it, that it is not *every* object of perception, which renders the trains of ideas that succeed it more vivid, but only such objects as are, in themselves, *interesting*; and, therefore, lead the mind to dwell on them, giving that time, therefore, which Mr. Stewart supposes to be necessary, for gathering and bringing forward the crowd of associate ideas, which conspire in heightening the particular emotion. The sight of any thing indifferent to us, may suggest various conceptions, without any peculiar liveliness of the conceptions suggested. In the instance of the pewter spoon, so pathetically related by Captain King,—an instance, I may remark by the way, which shows how much it is in the power of circumstances to give interest, and even a species of dignity, to the most vulgar object, there can be no doubt, that, often before the discovery of it, innumerable objects, familiar to all the crew, must have brought their distant home to their remembrance. But such a spoon, found in a country so distant, must have been an object of astonishment; and the importance which the surprise

* Journal of a Tour, &c.—Works, v. IX. p. 319. Edit. Edin. 1806.

† Philosophy of the Human Mind, Chap. V. Part 1. Sect. 1.

at the discovery gave to it, must have caused them to *dwell* on it, till it awakened all those tender remembrances, which an object more familiar, and therefore, less interesting, would have failed to excite.

Just, however, as I conceive Mr. Stewart's explanation to be, to the whole extent to which the circumstances assigned by him can operate, I am inclined to think, that there is another circumstance, which concurs very forcibly in the effect, and is probably the *chief* source of the vivid emotion. That there is something more than the mere permanence of the object of perception, concerned in giving additional liveliness to the ideas it suggests, is, I think, evident from this, that, when the external object is *very* interesting, it produces a considerable effect, before the permanence can have operated so far as to have collected and condensed, if I may so express it, any very considerable number of ideas. After the first impulse of emotion, indeed, the longer the object continues present, so as to produce a greater number of associate thoughts and feelings,—all, as Mr. Stewart says, “strengthening each other's effects, and all conspiring in the same general impression,” the more lively, of course, or at least, the more permanent, must the emotion become. Yet still, the first *burst* of feeling almost at the very moment of the perception, remains unexplained. To a woman of lively sensibility, who, after many years of happy wedlock, has been deprived by death of the father of her children, and who has learned, at length, that sort of tender resignation which time alone inspires, so as to think of his memory, not indeed without sorrow, but with a sort of tranquil sadness,—to such a person the discovery of a letter, a book, a drawing, or any other trifling and unexpected memorial, is sufficient to fill the eyes and the heart with instant and overwhelming emotion. It is probable, that Captain King had often thought, for a longer time together, of Britain,—and had thus gathered in his imagination more circumstances connected with his home,—than at the moment, when he began to be powerfully affected by the sight of the spoon. Beside the mere permanence, therefore, of objects of perception, there must be some other circumstance of influence, which *precedes* the effect of the permanence, and probably continues to augment it.

This additional circumstance appears to me to be the following: When any object of perception is so interesting as to lead us to pause in considering it, the associate feelings which it suggests, are not consecutive merely to the perception; but, as the perception is continued for a length of time, they coexist, and are mingled with it, so as to form with it one

complex feeling. With the perception, however, is, of course, combined, the belief of the actual external reality of its object; and this feeling of reality being a part of that complex whole, of which the coexisting associate ideas are also constituent parts, mingles with them all, so as, when the imaginary part readily harmonizes with the real, to diffuse over the whole, which is felt as if one scene or group, a sort of faint temporary impression of reality. In such a process, the illusive impression of reality, which the perception communicates to the coexisting associate ideas, must of course be greater in proportion as the perception is itself more lively; and in proportion, too, as by the interest which it excites, it leads the mind to dwell on it longer, so as to produce that heightened effect of emotion, so justly ascribed by Mr. Stewart to the groups of kindred ideas and feelings. Yet, independently of the influence of these groups, as a number of conceptions, the mere illusion produced by the mingling reality of the perception, with which they blend and harmonize, may, of itself, in very interesting cases, be sufficient to account for that sudden burst of overpowering emotion, which, otherwise, it would be so difficult to explain.

It is not to be supposed, indeed, that the illusion remains very long. On the contrary, there is reason to believe, that, almost every moment, the conviction of the absolute *unreality* of what is merely conceived, recurs, and the whole which seemed to exist before us vanishes again, and is lost; but, almost every moment, likewise, the illusion itself recurs, by the mere coexistence of the perception of the real object with the unreal, but harmonizing conceptions. That the illusion is frequently broken, however, and the feeling of the presence of a number of beloved objects renewed and lost in rapid succession, is far from unfavourable to the violence of the emotion which it produces; since innumerable facts shew, that the mind is never so readily moved to extreme emotion, as when it fluctuates between two opposite feelings. In the sudden alternations of joy and grief, hope and fear, confiding love and jealousy, the agitation of *each* seems not to lessen the violence of the *other*, but to communicate to it, in addition, no small portion of its own violence. Hence it happens, that eyes, which can retain their tears, with firm and inflexible patience under the pressure of any lasting affliction, dissolve instantly into the very softness of sorrow, not on any increase of misery, but on the sudden impulse of some unexpected joy. The agitation of an interesting allusion, therefore, rapidly conceived, and rapidly dispelled, is the very state which, from our knowledge of the analogous phenomena of mind, might be supposed

ed the most likely to produce an overflow of any tender emotion.

I have already stated the general mode in which I conceive perception to give peculiar vividness to the associate feelings which it suggests.

The general doctrine, however, will perhaps be best illustrated by the analysis of what takes place in a particular instance. When the Swiss is at a distance from his country, some accidental image, in a train of thought, may lead him in fancy to his native mountains; but, in this case, the ideas of his imagination are not attached to any thing external and permanent, and are, therefore, comparatively faint. When, however, he actually hears, in all the vividness of external sense, the song of his home,—the conception of his home is immediately excited, and continues to coexist with the impression produced by the well-known air. That air, however, is not a faint imagination, but a reality. It is not the remembrance of a perception, but is, in truth, the very same perception, which once formed a part of his complicated sensations, when the song was warbled along his valley, and the valley and the song were together present to his eye and ear. That actual song, and, not the *perception* indeed, but the *conception* of the valley, are now again present to his mind: and it is not wonderful, therefore, that the reality of the song, as actually coexisting and blending with the conception of the scene, in the same manner as they had often been mingled when both were real, should communicate to it, in the momentary illusion, a portion of its own vividness.

There is a very pleasing example of the influence which we are at present considering, related by the late Dr. Rush of Philadelphia, in the volume which he published of his Introductory Lectures. “During the time I passed at a country-school, in Cecil County, in Maryland,” says this ingenious and amiable medical philosopher, “I often went on a holiday, with my schoolmates, to see an eagle’s nest, upon the summit of a dead tree in the neighbourhood of the school, during the time of the incubation of that bird. The daughter of the farmer, in whose field this tree stood, and with whom I became acquainted, married, and settled in this city about forty years ago. In our occasional interviews, we now and then spoke of the innocent haunts and rural pleasures of our youth, and, among other things, of the eagle’s nest in her father’s field. A few years ago, I was called to visit this woman when she was in the lowest stage of a typhus fever. Upon entering her room, I caught her eye, and, with a cheerful tone of voice, said only, *The eagle’s nest*. She seized my hand, with-

out being able to speak, and discovered strong emotions of pleasure in her countenance, probably from a sudden association of all her early domestic connexions and enjoyments with the words I had uttered. From that time she began to recover. She is now living, and seldom fails, when we meet, to salute me with the echo of the 'eagle's nest.' ”*

In this very striking case, according to the theory which I have stated to you, it was not, I conceive, the mere remembrance of the nest, and of her early enjoyments, that produced the excitement of lively feeling so delightful at the moment, and so solitary in its seeming consequences. This mere remembrance might have been produced by the same words, uttered in any tone, by any speaker. But, if the suggestion had arisen from the voice of a stranger, how very different, we have every reason to suppose, would the effect have been, to the mind in which the images were awakened! It was the presence of *him*, who had been her companion, in the years, and scenes, and pleasures recalled, that made the remembrance, for the time, something more than mere imagination,—his felt *reality* as a *part* of the former *whole* all present to her mind,—a reality, the illusive effects of which were probably aided in a high degree by the *cheerful tone* that harmonized with the images excited, when a sudden or more serious tone would perhaps have dissolved or lessened the illusion. The friend of her youth was present, while some of the most interesting events of her youth, of which his presence and cheerful voice formed a part, were suddenly brought before her; and it is not wonderful, therefore, that, in the sudden happiness of the remembrance, the whole, for the moment, should have seemed present with him.

“A house, a farm, a fruit-tree, and a classical book,” says the same writer, “have often carried the mind back to the innocent and delightful scenes of a country school. A peculiar colour in dress, a tune, and a line of poetry, have often revived the raptures of courtship; while the fife and the drum have renewed, in a veteran soldier, the transports of ‘his youthful victories and glory. An old native African obtained permission from his master, some years ago, to go from home, in order to see a lion that was conducted as a show through the state of New Jersey. The moment he saw him, in spite of the torpid habits of mind and body contracted by fifty years’ slavery, he was transported with joy, which he vented by jumping, dancing, and loud acclamations. He had been familiar

* Lect. XI. On the Utility of a knowledge of the Faculties of the Mind to a Physician, p. 269.

with that animal, when a boy, in his native country ; and the sight of him suddenly poured upon his mind the recollection of all his enjoyments, from liberty and domestic endearments, in his own country, in the early part of his life.”*

In these cases, in like manner, I conceive the chief influence of the perception to have consisted in the diffusion of its own felt reality, over the associate feelings with which it continued to coexist and blend. It is not the mere remembrance, therefore, of the military music, to which he marched, in days of long past fatigue, or peril and glory, that produces in the veteran the vivid emotion. It must be the very sound itself. The drum, or the trumpet, must be heard by him, so as to restore to him the past, as if present again with all the lively feelings of other years ;—while every other moment, breaking the charm, and convincing him of the unreality of the scenes and persons that are only imagined, gives a melancholy tenderness to the pleasure, as if the objects of it were alternately recovered and lost. The tumultuous emotions of the old Negro did, indeed, arise, as Dr. Rush says, from the sudden pouring on his mind of early and delightful remembrances, but *not*, as he supposes, from this alone ; since these very remembrances had probably recurred innumerable times when the emotion was far weaker. It was because the lion, with the sight of which the African had been familiar in his youth, and which after so long and so sad an interval, brought before him again by suggestion, the woods or the waters of his native land,—was a living thing truly existing before him,—a part of that complex group of images which formed the conception of the land of his birth, of his parental home, of his early friendships, of his freedom ; and, as *itself real*, shedding, in some measure, a part of its own reality on the other images that coexisted with it. It seems probable, even that the strong emotion of terror, or of adventurous daring, which, in his own land, had been excited by the presence of that mighty animal,—and which the mere sight of the formidable object could scarcely fail to awaken again, in some slight degree, by the influence of mere association,—would tend very powerfully to increase the influence of the mere reality, by the additional liveliness which it would give to the harmonizing parts of the remembered scene.

It may perhaps be thought, that, in supposing this diffusion of the feeling of external reality,—from an object perceived, to the suggested conceptions that coexist with it,—I assume more, in the present case, than any analogous phenomena jus-

* Lect. ult. On the Pleasures of the Mind, p. 448—9.

tify. To those, however, who are acquainted with the theory of vision,—as explained to you in former Lectures, it must on the contrary appear, that the explanation takes for granted nothing more, than the possibility of that which must be allowed to take place, during almost every moment of our waking hours, in by far the most important class of our perceptions. All, which we see by the eye,—even if superficial extension be truly seen by it,—is a mere expanse of light, various perhaps in tint, more or less brilliant, and more or less extended. It is by the suggestion and combination of the associate ideas of another sense, that we *seem* to perceive longitudinal distance, and all the figures which depend on it. Yet the *associate ideas*, which are of course only imaginary, and the *real sensations*, are so blended in our mind, that we ascribe external reality equally to both parts of the complex whole. We do not see, and remember, or infer; but the sight, and the mere remembrance, or inference, form, as it were, one common and equal sensation, which we term *vision*. The *diffusion*, of which I spoke, or, in other words, the communication of the feeling of reality from an object of perception to conceptions suggested by it, and continuing to coexist with the direct perception, here unquestionably takes place,—and takes place at every moment of vision. When I suppose, therefore, the Swiss, on hearing the familiar song of his native cottage, to spread over the image of his cottage that reality, which is actually felt in the song, I suppose only an operation, of precisely the same kind with that, which took place, as often as the cottage itself was a real object of his sight.

It is by a similar operation, that the superstitious, in twilight, incorporate their fears with the objects which they dimly perceive, till the whole thus compounded, assumes the appearance of external reality. The moanings of the wind are the voice of a spirit, to which their apprehension readily invents a language; and the white sheet, or other swadowy outline, gives a sort of permanent and terrifying body to the spectres of their own mind. It is imagination, indeed, still; but it is imagination combined with perception, and readily harmonizing with it; and the spectral forms and voices seem truly to exist, because there are forms which are truly seen, and sounds which are truly heard.

LECTURE XXXIX.

THE DEGREE OF LIVELINESS OF THE SUGGESTING FEELINGS,
AFFECTS THAT OF THE FEELINGS SUGGESTED.—ON THE
VIRTUAL COEXISTENCE OF FEELINGS.

GENTLEMEN, my last Lecture was occupied with the consideration of a very important difference in our suggestions, according as they arise from the perception of objects really existing without, or from those mere conceptions of objects, which form a part of our trains of fancy. I quoted to you some ingenious remarks of Mr. Stewart on this subject, in which he endeavours to account for the difference, by the *longer duration* of the perception, which allows more thought and feelings, in unison with it, to mingle together, and thus to heighten, by combination, the emotion, which each, separately, would have produced.

Of the very powerful influence which the greater permanency of our *perceptions*, than of our mere *conceptions*, must have,—by giving room for the coexistence of various relative feelings,—there can be no doubt. But, as the emotion is, in many cases, almost instantaneous,—so rapid at least, that, if the difference of time were all, which in ordinary circumstances, distinguished the effect of the perception from that of the conception, the mere remembrance of the object which affects us, (being, though fugitive, at least as lasting, as the momentary interval, between the primary perception and the burst of feeling,) might equally have produced the overwhelming tenderness of sorrow ;—it seemed to me necessary to have recourse to some other circumstance, in addition to that supposed by Mr. Stewart.

This circumstance, which I conceived to be necessary for explaining fully the phenomenon, I represented to you to be *the felt reality of the object perceived*, as coexisting and blending with the conception that harmonizes with it, and thus giving to the whole complex group the temporary illusion of reality. That this is only one of many analogous phenomena, and, indeed, that nothing more is assumed, in the explanation,

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than must be allowed truly to take place, at almost every moment of our waking hours, I proved to you by various examples;—particularly by the example of *vision*,—in which there is a constant extension to our mere conceptions of that external reality, which exists only in a part of the complex whole which we seem to perceive;—the *form* which we give to the bodies seen by us, and which we believe to be as much an object of our sight, as their *colour*, being the suggestion of our memory only, and as imaginary, in relation to our percipient mind, as any other conceptions, which any other perceptions excite. If, indeed, we admit, as we cannot but admit, that we do not see, visually, any space, larger than the mere plane of the nervous expansion in the eye—or rather, as I endeavoured to shew you in a former Lecture, that we do not see directly and originally any space whatever—and that, on either of these suppositions, the forms and distances, which we perceive, derive all their felt present reality, from the reality of the existing sensation of colours which blends with them,—it cannot surely seem a very bold assumption to suppose, that what is thus indisputably true, of one set of sensations, when coexisting with one set of conceptions, may be true, of the same set of sensations, when coexisting with another set of conceptions, at least as vivid as the former.

I may remark, as an analogous illustration of this tendency of the mind to combine the reality of *perception* with the harmonizing conceptions which it suggests, and with which it continues to blend, that an effect in some degree similar, different, indeed, as might be supposed, in force, but analogous in kind,—seems to take place, in the combination of any very vivid conception with other mere conceptions,—when these two harmonize and unite readily as a complete whole. There is, as it were, a diffusion of the vividness of the one, over the faintness of the other. The more vivid,—that is to say, the more nearly approaching to the strength of reality,—the one conception may be, the more fully it is diffused in unison with the other, and the more difficult, consequently, does it become, to regard this other as separate from it,—so difficult, indeed, in many cases, as almost to resist the influence of the most undoubting speculative belief. In the case of our *emotions*,—the very nature of which is to throw a peculiar vividness on the conceptions that harmonize with them, there can be no doubt as to this diffusion of lively feeling,—by the influence of which, in impassioned reverie, our conceptions, that would otherwise be comparatively faint, sometimes appear to us more truly real, than the objects really existing without. It is not wonderful, therefore, that the effect which our emotions, as

more lively feelings harmonizing with certain conceptions, produce in vivifying those conceptions with which they harmonize, should be produced, in some degree by our conceptions. When, for example, by the classical studies of our early years, our minds have become almost as well acquainted with the warriors of Greece and Troy, as with the warriors of our own time, and the gates and towers of Ilium seem, as it were, to be present to our very eyes,—if we strive to think of the Troad, in its present state of desolation, it is scarcely possible for us to conceive it as it is. Our livelier conception of the past diffuses itself in some measure over our conception of the present scene; and, notwithstanding all the information which we have received, and the full credit which we give to the veracity of the travellers from whose report we receive it, we still, when we think of the scene, imagine on it at least some vestiges of past grandeur existing, with a sort of shadowy reality. If we were on the very spot, our eye would still look in vain for these, as if the monuments that are present to our thought, when these, too, as feelings, are comparatively lively, in diffusing their own liveliness over the fainter conceptions that may harmoniously mingle with them, were necessarily to be as lasting as that remembrance of them, which is never to fade; and there can be no question that, even now, when so many ages have intervened, and when our knowledge of the state of the country admits not of the slightest doubt, we should feel, from moment to moment, some portion of the expectation, and, in no slight degree, the disappointment also, which Cæsar must have felt, in that visit to the ancient seat of his fabled ancestors, of which the Poet of Pharsalia has given so picturesque a narrative.—

“Circuit exustæ nomen memorabile Trojæ,
Magnaue Phœbei quærit vestigia muri.
Jam sylvæ steriles et putres robore trunci
Assaraci pressere domos, et templa Deorum
Jam lassa radice tenent;—ac tota teguntur
Pergama dumetis; etiam periære ruinæ.
Aspicit Hæsiões scopulos, silvasque latentis
Anchisæ thalamos;—quo iudex sederet antro;
Unde puer raptus cœlo;—quo vertice Nais
Luserit Cœnone;—nullum est sine nomine saxum.
Inscius in sicco serpentem pulvere rivum
Transierat, qui Xanthus erat;—securus in alto
Gramine ponebat gressus;—Phryx incola manes
Hectoreos calcare vetat. Discussa jacebant
Saxa, nec ullius faciem servantia sacri;—
Herceas, monstratur ait, non respicis aras?”

* Pharsalia, lib. ix. v. 964—979.

The difficulty which we feel in this case, in imagining the absolute desolation of the Troad, arises from the greater vividness of our conception of ancient Troy, than of our conception of the scene which the same spot now presents,—a vividness which almost incessantly mingles the more lively with the fainter conceptions, in spite of our effort to separate them. Our calm belief attends the latter of these conceptions ; but there is an illusion of reality attached to the greater vividness of the former, which almost every moment mingling with the other ; though it is, every other moment, overcome by the opposite belief, which is too strong to be wholly subdued. This constant mingling and separation of the two, forms that feeling of perplexity and effort of which we are conscious, in attempting to consider, for any length of time, the scene as it truly is, and as we truly believe it to be.

To lessen this feeling of effort, as if by a more ready transition, nothing is so effectual as the conception of that state of decay which is intermediate between grandeur and absolute desolation.

"Aspice murorum moles, præruptaque saxa,
Obrutaque horrenti vasta theatra situ!
Hæc sunt Roma. Viden, velut ipsa cadavera tantæ
Nobis adhuc spirent imperiosa minas."

"See the wide waste of all-devouring years!
How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears!
With nodding arches, broken temples spread!
The very tombs now vanish like their dead.
Perhaps, by its own ruins saved from flame,
Some buried marble half-preserves a name."

Rome, thus in ruins is easily conceived by us ; for the ruins, in their magnificent decay, are themselves a vivid picture of that grandeur of which we have been accustomed to think. But Rome, if it had no monument of art remaining, and had only its seven naked hills to mark its ancient site, scarcely could be conceived by us, for a few moments in succession ; its former grandeur rising on our remembrance, without any intermediate conception into which it might softly fade ; and mingling, therefore, its own entire reality, as vividly conceived by us, with the fainter conceptions of that bare soil on which all its miracles of splendour arose.

This influence of our mere conceptions, however, even when comparatively vivid, though illustrating by analogy the influence of perception, is still, as might be supposed, far inferior to the influence of that of *actual perception*, which I con-

¹ Pope's Epistle to Addison, on his Medals, v. 1—4 and 15—16.

sider as diffusing its felt reality to the associate *conceptions* that blend and harmonize with it.

With respect to the more important theory of this influence, I may remark, that even though the perception of the kindred harmonizing object were not to operate positively, by blending the feelings of its own reality with the conceptions that mingle with it, its negative influence would still be very powerful. It would at least tend, by occupying our perception with a harmonizing object, to diminish the impressions produced by other objects,—impressions which, *not* harmonizing with the particular associate ideas, would at once break the illusion which gives substance and colouring to their shadowy forms. It is, indeed, this inconsistency of our perceptions with our ideas of suggestion, which in our waking hours, in almost every instance, prevents that belief of the reality of the objects of our imagination, which otherwise we should be disposed to entertain. Though no other effect, therefore, were allowed to be produced by a perception which interests us, and which itself harmonizes with the trains of thought suggested by it, its negative influence would still be very powerful. It would be, in a slight degree, like that of sleep, which excludes, or nearly excludes all sensation, and allows the trains of ideas which pass through the mind,—the hills and lakes, perhaps, and pastimes and friends of our youth,—to assume, for the time, an impression of actual reality, as if present with us once more.

In many of these cases, in which the perception of new, or long-lost objects, gives warmth and animation to our trains of thought, there is another circumstance which must have considerable influence. An object, that is *daily* before our eyes, becomes associated with innumerable ideas, which have no peculiar harmony or agreement with each other; and though it may suggest these variously, at different times, it is still apt to mingle some of them together, especially if it occupy the attention for any length of time. A memorial which we have received from a friend, for example, must in a very short time, if it remain in our possession, be associated with many events and feelings that have no relation to our friend. These, as more recent, may become of readier suggestion, in conformity with that secondary law which I stated to you; and, at last, by mingling in the suggestion many irrelative remembrances, cannot fail to weaken more and more the interest which the primary, and more tender image, would otherwise afford. But an object newly discovered, such as any unexpected relic of a long lost friend, presents the instant image of him to our mind, and presents it unmixed with other concep-

tions, that could not have coexisted with it, without weakening its particular impression.

There is yet another circumstance which I conceive must be taken into account, in every such case of unexpected discovery:—This is the influence of the feeling of *astonishment* itself. In common circumstances, for which we are prepared, we readily, and almost unconsciously, exercise a self-command, which keeps down any violent emotion. But, when we are struck with new and unexpected circumstances, this self-command is often completely suspended; and we yield to the first emotion that arises, however inconsistent it may be with the general character of our mind. The sudden appearance of a foe in ambush, spreads terror to the breasts of those who would have marched undaunted in the open field, in the face of any danger that could have been opposed to them. It is probable, therefore, that when, in the instance quoted to you yesterday, the crew of Captain King's ship melted into tears on discovering, in a remote and barbarous country, a pewter spoon stamped with the word "London," it was partly under the influence of the sudden astonishment which they must have felt,—an astonishment which, if it had arisen from circumstances of a different kind, might perhaps have excited a panic of terror, as it then excited, what, in relation to the rugged sternness of a ship's company; might almost be considered as a sort of panic of tender emotion.

I have already instanced, as illustrative of the diffusion of the felt reality of a perception over the coexisting imagery of our internal thought, the terrors of the superstitious, to whom the wild moanings of the wind, and the shadowy forms seen in the obscurity of twilight, realize, for the moment, the voices and the spectral shapes which their fancy has readily mingled with them. I might show in like manner, various other instances, since the whole field of mind seems to me to present examples of this species of illusive combination supposed by me, in which the felt reality of something truly existing, is diffused over images of unexisting things. There is scarcely one of our moral affections which it may not, as I conceive, augment or variously modify, as in an after-part of the Course, I shall have frequent opportunities of pointing out to you. In the case of jealousy, for example,—to hint merely at present what is afterwards to be more fully developed,—what undue importance does the slightest fact, that harmonizes with the suspicions previously entertained, give to those very suspicions in the minds of persons, whose better judgment, if free from the influence of that gloomy passion, could not have failed to discover the futility of the very circumstances to

which they attach so much importance ;—the felt truth of the single fact observed communicating, as I conceive, for the time, to the whole coexisting and blending and harmonizing images of suspicion, that reality which it alone possessed. Who is there, in like manner, who must not frequently have observed the influence of a single slight success, in vivifying to the sanguine their most extravagant hopes ? the reality of this one happy fact giving instantly a sort of obscure reality even to those extravagant conceptions which are all considered together with the realized wish, as parts of one great whole. Slight as these hints are, they may serve, at least for the present, to give you some notion of the extensive applicability of a principle, which is, in truth, as wide as the wide variety of feelings that may relate to an imaginary object.

These observations on the influence which objects of perception have, by their permanence, as well as by their reality, in giving additional liveliness to our associate feelings, lead me to remark a property of the suggesting principle, which, however much neglected, seems to me, in the various applications that may be made of it, of the greatest importance, since, without it, it is impossible to explain many of the most striking phenomena of thought. We are so much accustomed to talk of the *successions* of our ideas, of the *trains* of our ideas, of the *current* of our thought ; and to use so many other phrases of mere succession, to the exclusion of all notions of coexistence, in speaking of the modifications of the principle of suggestion, that, by the habitual use of these terms, we are led to think of our ideas as consecutive only, and to suppose that because there is truly a certain series of states of the mind in regular progression, the state of mind at one moment must be so different from the state of mind of the moment preceding, that one idea must always fade as a new one arises. That the sequence may sometimes be thus exclusive in the very moment, of all that preceded the particular suggestion, I do not deny, though there are many circumstances which lead me to believe, that, if this ever occur, it is at least far from being the general case.

Thus, to take an instance in some degree similar to those which we have before considered,—when, at a distance from home, and after an interval of years, we listen to any simple song with which the remembrance of a friend of our youth is connected, how many circumstances not merely rise again, but rush upon us together ? The friend himself,—the scene where we last sat and listened to him,—the domestic circle that listened with us,—a thousand circumstances of that particular period, which had perhaps escaped us, are again present to

our mind : and with all these is mingled the actual perception of the song itself. As the parts of the song succeed each other, they call up occasionally some new circumstance of the past ; but we do not, on that account, lose the group which were before assembled. The new circumstance is only added to them, and the song still continues to blend with the whole, the pleasure of its own melody, or rather mingling with them in mutual diffusion, at once gives and borrows delight.

If this virtual *coexistence*, in the sense now explained, which I trust, you will always understand as the sense intended by me, be true, of the case in which perception mingles with suggestion,—it is true, though in a less remarkable degree, of our conceptions alone. Had the same ballad, as in the former case, not been actually *sung*, but merely suggested by some accidental circumstance, though our emotion would have been less lively, and though fewer objects and events, connected with the scene, might have arisen, it would still probably have suggested the friend, the place, the time, and many other circumstances, not in separate and exclusive succession, like the moving figures of a continued train, but multiplying and mingling as they arose. Of the innumerable objects of external sense, which pass before our eyes, in the course of a day, how many are there, which excite only a momentary sensation,—forgotten, almost as soon as it is felt ; while, on many others, we *dwell* with the liveliest interest. In like manner, there are many of our ideas of suggestion, which are as indifferent to us, as the thousand objects that flit before our eyes. They exist, therefore, but for a moment, or little more than a moment, and serve only for the suggestion of other ideas, some of which perhaps, may be equally shortlived, while others, more lively and interesting, pause longer in the mind,—and, though they suggest ideas connected with themselves, continue with them, and survive, perhaps, the very conceptions which they suggest. I look at a volume on my table,—it recalls to me the friend from whom I received it,—the remembrance of him suggests to me the conception of his family,—of an evening which I spent with them,—and of various subjects of our conversation. Yet the conception of my friend may continue, mingled, indeed, with various conceptions, as they rise successively, but still coexisting with them,—and, is perhaps, the very part of the complex group, that, after a long train of thought, during which it had been constantly present, suggests at last some new conception, that introduces a different train of its own, of which the conception of my friend no longer forms a part.

But for this *continuance* and *coexistence*, of which I speak, I cannot but think, that the regular prosecution of any design would

be absolutely impossible. When we sit down to study a particular subject, we must have a certain conception, though a dim and shadowy one, of the subject itself. To study it, however, is not to have that conception alone, but to have successively various other conceptions, its relations to which we endeavour to trace. The conception of our particular subject, therefore, must, in the very first stage of our progress, suggest some other conception. But this second conception, if it alone were present, having various relations of its own, as well as its relation to the subject which suggested it, would probably excite a third conception, which had no reference to the original subject,—and this third, a fourth,—and thus a whole series, all equally unrelated to the subject which we wished to study. It would hence seem impossible, to think of the same subject, even for a single minute. Yet we know that the fact is very different, and that we often occupy whole hours in this manner, without any remarkable deviation from our original design. Innumerable conceptions, indeed, arise during this time, but all are more or less intimately related to the subject, by the continued conception of which they have every appearance of being suggested; and, if it be allowed, that the conception of a particular subject both suggests trains of conceptions, and continues to exist together with the conception which it has suggested, every thing for which I contend, in the present case, is implied in the admission.

What would be that selection of images, of which poets speak, if their fancy suggested only a fleeting series of consecutive images? To select, implies not the succession, but the coexistence of objects of choice; and there can be no discrimination and preference of parts of a train of thought, if each separate part have wholly ceased to exist, when another has arisen. The conception of *beauty* calls up some immediate image to the poetic mind, and kindred images after images arise,—not fading, however, at each suggestion, but spreading out all there mingled loveliness, to that eye, which is to choose and reject. With what exquisite truth and beauty is this process described, by one, to whom the process was familiar, and who knew well to draw from it the happiest results!

“ Thus at length
Endow'd with all that nature can bestow,
The child of Fancy oft in silence bends
O'er these mix'd treasures of his pregnant breast,
With conscious pride. From them he oft resolves
To frame he knows not what excelling things,
And win he knows not what sublime reward

Of praise and wonder. By degrees the mind
 Feels her young nerves dilate :—the plastic powers
 Labour for action ;—blind emotions heave
 His bosom ;—and with loveliest frenzy caught,
 From earth to heaven he rolls his daring eye,
 From heaven to earth. Anon ten thousand shapes,
 Like spectres trooping to the wizard's call,
 Flit swift before him. From the womb of earth,
 From ocean's bed they come ; the eternal heavens
 Disclose their splendours, and the dark abyss
 Pours out her births unknown. With fixed gaze
 He marks the rising phantoms :—now compares
 Their different forms, now blends them, now divides,
 Enlarges and extenuates by turns,
 Opposes, ranges in fantastic bands,
 And infinitely varies. Hither now,
 Now thither, fluctuates his inconstant aim
 With endless choice perplex'd. At length his plan
 Begins to open. Lucid order dawns ;
 And as from Chaos old the jarring seeds
 Of nature, at the voice divine repair'd
 Back to its place, till rosy earth unveil'd
 Her fragrant bosom, and the joyful sun
 Sprung up the blue serene ; by swift degrees
 Thus disentangled, his entire design
 Emerges. Colours mingle, features join,
 And lines converge ;—the fainter parts retire,
 The fairer, eminent in light, advance,
 And every image on its neighbour smiles.*

There is, then, it appears, a continued coexistence of some of our associate feelings, with the feelings which they suggest. And it is well for us, that nature has made this arrangement. I do not speak at present of its importance to our intellectual powers, as essential to all continuity of design, and to every wide comparison of the relations of things, for this I have already endeavoured to demonstrate to you. I speak of the infinite accession which it affords to our happiness and affections. By this, indeed, we acquire the power of fixing, in a great degree, our too fugitive enjoyments, and concentrating them in the objects which we love. When the mother caresses her infant, the delight which she feels is not lost in the moment, in which it appears to fade. It still lives in the innocent and smiling form that inspired it, and is suggested again, when the idea of that smile passes across her mind. An infinity of other pleasures are, in the progress of life, associated in like manner ; and with these additional associations, the feeling which her child excites, becomes proportionately more complex. It is not the same unvarying image, exciting the remembrance, first of one pleasure, and then of another, for, in that case, the whole delight would not, at any

* Pleasures of Imagination, Book III. v. 373—408.

one moment, be greater than if the two feelings alone coexisted ; but a thousand past feelings are present together, and continuing with the new images which themselves awake, produce one mingled result of tenderness, which it would be impossible distinctly to analyze. Why is it, that the idea of our *home*, and of our *country*, has such powerful dominion over us,—that the native of the most barren soil, when placed amid fields of plenty, and beneath a sunshine of eternal spring, should still sigh for the rocks, and the wastes, and storms which he had left?

“ But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know ?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own ;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long night of revelry and ease.
The naked negro, panting at the Line,
Boasts of his golden sands, and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.”*

In vain may we labour to think, with Varro, as a consolation in banishment, that, “ wherever we go, we must still have the same system of nature around us,”—or, with Marcus Brutus, that, whatever else may be torn from the exile, “ he is still permitted at least to carry with him his own virtues.” In vain may we peruse the arguments, with which Seneca quaintly attempts to show, that there can be no such thing as banishment, since the country of a wise man is, wherever there is good,—and the existence of what is good for him, depends, not on the accident of place, but on his own will. *Exulabis. Non patria mihi interdicitur, sed locus. In quamcumque terram venio, in meam venio. Nulla terra exilium est. Altera patria est. Patria est, ubicumque bene est ; illud autem, per quod bene est, in homine, non in loco est. In ipsius potestate est, quæ sit illi fortuna. Si sapiens est, peregrinatur ; si stultus exulat.*” All this reminds us of the Stoic, who, tortured with bodily pain, and expressing the common signs of agony, still maintained, at intervals, with systematic obstinacy, that this was no affliction :—

“ Pain’s not an ill, he utters—with a groan.”

And if it was truly during the period of his dismal residence in Corsica, that the philosopher made this vain attempt to prove the impossibility of his banishment, it is probable, that,

* Goldsmith’s Poems.—Traveller,—v. 63—72.

while he was thus laboriously endeavouring to demonstrate that *his country* was still *with him*, on the barren rocks to which he was condemned, his own Corduba or *Rome* was rising on his memory, with painful tenderness; and that the very arguments, with which he strove to comfort himself, would be read by him, not with a groan, perhaps, but at least with an inward sigh. His poetry was, unquestionably, far more true, to nature than his philosophy,—if he was indeed the author of those pathetic poems on his exile, in some verses of which, he speaks of the *banished*, as of those on whom the rites of burial, that separate them from the world, had been already performed, and prays the earth of Corsica to lie light on the ashes of the *living*—

“Parce relegatis, hoc est jam parce sepultis.”
Vivorum cineri sit tua terra levis.”†

In the instance of Seneca, indeed, whose relegation was not the effect of crime on his part, but of the artifices of an adulterous empress, the remembrances attached to the land from which he was separated, may be supposed to have been more powerful, because they were not accompanied with feelings of remorse and shame, that might have rendered the very thought of return painful to the criminal. But in the bosom of the criminal himself, there is still some lingering affection, which these dreadful feelings are not able wholly to subdue; and he returns, at the risk of life itself, to the very land which had thrown him from her bosom, and marked him with infamy. There is, perhaps, no human being, however torpid in vice, and lost to social regard, who can return, after a long absence, to the spot of his birth, and look on it with indifference, and to whom the name of his country presents no other image, than that of the place in which he dwells.

What, then, is this irresistible power which the mere sound of *home* can exercise over our mind? It surely does not arise from the suggestion of a number of conceptions, or other feelings, in separate succession; for no single part of this succession could of itself be sufficiently powerful. It is because home does not suggest merely a multitude of feelings, but has itself become the name of an actual multitude; and though, in proportion as we dwell on it longer, it suggests more and more additional images, still these are only added to the group which formerly existed, and increase the general effect; which could not be the case, if the suggestion of a single new idea

* Al. solutis.

† Seneca Epig. ad Corsicam, v. 7, 8.

extinguished all those which had preceded it. It is probable even, that there is no one interesting object, which has been of frequent occurrence, that is precisely the same as it arises to our mind at different times, but that it is always more or less complex, being combined with conceptions or other feelings that coexisted with it when present to the mind on former occasions. The very circumstance of its being interesting, and therefore lively, will render it less fugitive whenever it occurs in a train of thought, and will thus give it an opportunity of combining itself with more ideas of the train, which, though accidentally mingled with it at the time, may still, from the laws of suggestion, form with it, afterwards, one complex and inseparable whole.

What extensive applications may be made of this doctrine of the *continuance* of the suggesting feeling, in *coexistence* with the feelings which it suggests, will be seen, when we proceed to the consideration of various intellectual phenomena, and still more, of our emotions in general, particularly of those which regard our taste and our moral affections. It is this condensation of thoughts and feelings, indeed, on which, in a great measure, depends that intellectual and moral progress, of which it is the noblest excellence of our being, even in this life, to be susceptible, and which may be regarded as a pledge of that far nobler progression which is to be our splendid destiny in the unceasing ages that await us, when the richest acquisitions of the sublimest genius, to which we have looked almost with the homage of adoration, on this mortal scene, may seem to us like the very rudiments of infant thought. Even then, however, the truths which we have been capable of attaining here, may still, by that condensation and diffusion of which I have spoken, form an element of the transcendent knowledge which is to comprehend all the relations of all the worlds in infinity, as we are now capable of tracing the relations of the few planets that circle our sun; and, by a similar diffusion, those generous affections, which it has been our delight to cultivate in our social communion on earth, may not only prepare for us a purer and more glorious communion, but be themselves constituent elements of that ever increasing happiness, which, still prolonging, and still augmenting the joys of virtue, is to reward, through immortality the sufferings, and the toils, and the struggles of its brief mortal career.

LECTURE XL.

REASONS FOR PREFERRING THE TERM SUGGESTION, TO THE
PHRASE ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.

THE latter part of my Lecture yesterday, Gentlemen, was employed, in illustrating a distinction, which seems to me of great consequence, in its applications to the whole theory of the intellectual phenomena, the distinction of the trains of our thought from other trains of which we are accustomed to speak, in this most important circumstance, that, in our mental sequences, the one feeling, which precedes and induces another feeling, does not, necessarily, on that account, give place to it; but may continue, in that virtual sense of combination, as applied to the phenomena of the mind, of which I have often spoken,—to *coexist*, with the new feelings which it excites, outlasting *it*, perhaps, and many other feelings, to which, during its permanence, it may have given rise. I pointed out to you, how important this circumstance in our mental constitution is to us, in various ways;—to our intellectual acquirements,—since, without it, there could be no continued meditation, but only a hurrying confusion of image after image, in wilder irregularity than in the wildest of our dreams,—and to our virtue and happiness, since, by allowing the coexistence and condensation of various feelings in one complex emotion, it furnishes the chief source of the delight of those moral affections, which it is at once our happiness to feel, and our virtue to obey.

After these remarks, on a distinction, which it appears to me of essential importance to make, I proceed to the consideration of a question of still more importance in the theory of our trains of thought,—at least, in the light in which these have been commonly regarded by philosophers. Its importance in this respect, is, however, I must confess, its principal attraction; and it will require from you a little more attention and patience, than the greater number of the discussions which have recently engaged us.

Before entering on this particular part of my Course, which

treats of the phenomena commonly classed together under the general term *association of ideas*, I remarked the error of this seeming limitation to our ideas, of a tendency, which is common to them with all our other feelings; and at the same time mentioned, that there were other reasons afterwards to be stated, which led me to prefer to this phrase a term more strictly indicative of the simple fact of the rise of certain states or affections of the mind, after certain other states or affections of mind: unwilling as I was, to alter, without some urgent motives, a phrase, which the universal language of philosophers, and even the popular language on this most popular part of intellectual philosophy, might be considered almost as having fully and finally established. The term which I preferred, as most strictly expressive of the simple fact of the mere antecedence of one feeling, and sequence of another feeling, was *suggestion*; and instead, therefore, of inquiring into the laws of *association*, I inquired into the general circumstance, on which *suggestion* depends. In the course of our discussions, indeed, I have continued sometimes to avail myself, as you must have remarked, of the more familiar phrase *association*. But I have done this only in cases in which the use of it appeared without danger,—or, at least, when any misconception that might arise from it, was sufficiently obviated, by the use of the corresponding term *suggestion*, as explaining and restricting its meaning. The examination of the question, on which we are about to enter, will shew the reason which chiefly led me to the preference of the one of these terms to the other; and though, as I have already said, the discussion is not of a kind that admits of pleasing illustration, I trust that you are sufficiently impressed with the paramount importance in science of the *useful* to the *agreeable*,—or rather, that the *useful* is itself agreeable to you, by the mere circumstance of its utility.

That, when two objects have been perceived by us in immediate succession, the presence of the one will often suggest the other,—though this second object, or a similar external cause, be not present,—is that great fact, of association, or suggestion, which we must admit, whatever opinion we may form with respect to its nature, or whatever name we may give to it. But when the former of these two objects first suggests the conception of the latter, in the absence of this latter, and at a considerable interval of time, after the first co-existence of the two perceptions, or their first proximity to each other, we may inquire, whether the suggestion be the consequence of a law, or general tendency of the mind, first operating at that moment of the suggestion itself:—or the

consequence of another earlier law of mind, distant from that of the mere perception itself, but operating at the same time, when both objects were originally perceived together, whether, during the original perception of the two objects, at the period long preceding the first suggestion of one by the other, there was, beside the simple perception of each, some other intellectual process, or operation, by which a union might be supposed to be formed of the two conceptions, in all their future recurrences,—or, simply, whether such be not the natural constitution of the mind, that one affection of it succeeds another affection of it, and that the successions occur in a certain order; in short, whether the laws that regulate recurrence be laws of *association*, in the strictest sense of that word, as expressive of some former connecting process,—or merely laws of *suggestion*, as expressive of the simple tendency of the mind, in the very moment in which it is affected in a certain manner, to exist immediately afterwards in a certain different state.

At first sight, the question, which this distinction implies, may seem to be a question only as to the use of a *term*, and to involve little actual difference; or, if the actual difference which it involves be admitted, it may seem a question which it is not in our power to solve; since, on either supposition, whether the suggestions arise from some earlier process of mysterious association, at the time of the first coexistence or proximity of the perceptions, or from some equally mysterious limitation of the subsequent spontaneous suggestions to a certain series, the suggestions themselves must be the same, and must follow in the same order.

It will appear, however, on a more attentive consideration, that the distinction, far from being verbal merely, is, in truth, a most important one, and has had a powerful, and, as I conceive, a most injurious influence on all the arrangements which have been made of them by philosophers,—and that the discovery of the period of the primary influence of the laws that regulate suggestion is not beyond the reach of observation,—on that view of the phenomena which supposes them to result from tendencies to suggestion of various kinds, such as the resemblances, contrasts, and contiguities, of which writers on this branch of intellectual physiology are accustomed to speak.

It is, indeed, chiefly with a view to this belief, that I think it necessary to enter into the discussion, since the assertors of a connecting process of association, as that on which suggestion in every case depends, have been also strenuous asserters of various forms of association itself; and have, in consequence of the perplexities, in which this double belief

has involved them, been led into those cumbrous arrangements of the intellectual phenomena, from the error of which I am desirous of freeing you.

I have already, in treating of the primary laws of suggestion, stated to you my belief, that, by a more refined analysis than writers on this subject have been accustomed to make, the varieties of suggestion might all be found to be reducible to one general tendency of succession, according to the mere order of former proximity or coexistence; and I cannot but think that this reduction has appeared more difficult than it truly is, in consequence of the unfortunate phrase *association of ideas*,—which seeming to confine the tendency of suggestion to our ideas alone, made it impossible, in many cases, to discover the necessary proximity—when the proximity had never really existed, with respect to the ideas in the train, but was to be found only in some emotion, or internal sentiment or judgment, that was common to the two.

In treating of the suggestions of resemblance, accordingly, I ventured to give you an example of this very nice analysis, in which similar objects were supposed to be suggested by similar objects, in consequence merely of some part which was the same in both, and which excited, by the influence of former proximity, the other parts, which coexisted with it, as one great whole.

In cases of the more shadowy resemblance of analogy, in like manner,—as in those comparisons of objects with objects which constitute the similes and metaphors of poetry,—though there may never have been in the mind any proximity of the very images compared, there may have been a proximity of each to an emotion of some sort, which, as common to both, might render each capable indirectly of suggesting the other. When, for example, the whiteness of untrodden snow brings to our mind the innocence of an unpolluted heart,—or a fine morning of spring the cheerful freshness of youth,—they may do this only by the influence of a common emotion excited by them. The tendency to suggestions of analogy, which, in distinction from the tendency to suggestion of the grosser contiguity of objects themselves, or their direct images, I stated to be the great characteristic or constituent of inventive genius, may thus be only another form, or, at least, a very natural result of that susceptibility of vivid emotion, which, even by those who have not formed the same theory of genius, is usually conceived to be characteristic of the poetic temperament. The livelier the emotion may be, the longer must it continue to coexist with objects, and the quicker and surer, therefore, must it be to recall such objects as have at any time

coexisted with it. There may, therefore, when there is no proximate association of ideas, be a proximity as real in the mixed suggestions of ideas and emotions.

In contrast, I might perhaps say, in like manner, that suggestion takes place, not indeed by the union of causation with resemblance, as Mr. Hume strangely supposed, but by resemblance alone, and therefore, according to the view now given, by proximity,—a resemblance, however, not in the contrasted object itself, but in some emotion, or other secondary feeling, to which that contrasted object gives rise. All objects that are *strikingly contrasted* must agree, at least, in this one respect, that they are very strange of their kind. When we see any one, for example, with a single feature of his face of very unusual dimensions, as a very large nose, the feeling that rises in our mind almost immediately after gazing on it, is the reflection how very singular a nose this is. This reflection is itself a certain state of the mind, which, if produced in any way, may afterwards excite, as in the ordinary cases of suggestion, the accompanying conception of the object which first produced it. When we happen afterwards to see an individual with a nose as remarkably short, the very same reflection will as instantly arise; and this sameness of the proximate feeling, may be sufficient, by mere proximity, to induce, on the perception of one of the objects, the conception of the contrasted object—that is contrasted in form, indeed, but still similar in the sentiment which it excites. In the case of every other relation, too, it may be said, in like manner, that the relative suggests its correlative, because, whatever be the circumstance of agreement in which the relation consists, this circumstance is common to both, and may form a connecting link of mere *proximity*, as in any other case of resemblance, when the common circumstance is suggested by either of the two.

That some such fine and minute proximity as this, may be detected in every case of suggestion, seems to me in the highest degree probable at least. But still, as the process by which I evolve it, is a very subtle one, and there is, therefore, from its subtilty, a greater possibility of its being fallacious;—as the suggestions of contrast and analogy seem, in the retrospects of our consciousness, equally immediate as those of proximity itself, and as, whether the feelings have been at any time truly proximate or not, the great mystery of the suggestion itself remains the same,—I thought it safer, in our illustration of them, to consider them as distinct tribes.

In my own view of suggestion, however, in which I regard all our associate feelings as admitting of a possible reduction to a fine species of proximity, I do not consider any influence

distinct from that of the mere existence of the original feelings themselves, in their state of proximity, to be indicated by our consciousness, or at all necessary to the subsequent suggestions ; but as the assertors of this necessity, with whom I contend, are all assertors of distinct species of suggestions, my argument with them will proceed on their own principles, and take for granted, that there are suggestions of resemblance, contrast, &c. which are not specifically the same as those of mere proximity. You will remember, then, that my argument is a relative argument, and view it always in the relation which it is meant to bear to the opinions of others rather than my own.

Proceeding, accordingly, on the general belief of distinct tribes of suggestions, in our inquiry into the evidence which the phenomena afford of a previous influence of association, let us take for example, then, *a case of contrast*, in which the perception or conception of one object, suggests immediately the conception of some other object, of which the qualities are so dissimilar, as to be absolutely opposite to those qualities which we are perceiving or conceiving at the moment.

The first sight of a person of stature remarkably beyond the common size, is sufficient, in many cases, to bring instantly before us in conception, the form of some one, with whom we may happen to be acquainted, of stature as remarkably low. In consequence of what law of mind does this suggestion take place ?

If we say merely, that such is the nature of the mind, that it is not affected by external objects alone, but that the state or affection of mind which we call a conception or idea of an object,—in whatever manner excited,—may give immediate rise to other ideas, of which no external cause at the moment exists before us ; that one idea, however, does not suggest indifferently any other idea, but only such as have some peculiar relation to itself ; that there is a considerable variety of such relations, resemblance, contiguity, and others ; and that of this variety of relations, according to which ideas may spontaneously suggest each other, *contrast* is one ;—we deliver an accurate statement of the facts, and of the whole facts, and whatever goes beyond this, to some earlier mysterious process of union,—even though it could, by a skilful effort of ingenuity, be reconciled with the phenomena,—must still be a supposition only ; for, if we trust the evidence of our consciousness, which affords the only evidence, we have no knowledge of any intermediate process that can have the name of association, but simply of the original perceptions, and the subsequent suggestion. Of this the slightest retrospect will convince any one. It is to our consciousness, then, at the time of the

perception, and the time of the suggestion, that we must look. Now all of which we are conscious at the time of perception might be precisely the same, though there were no memory whatever after perception ceases, or though in remembrance, there were no such order of suggestions afterwards, as is supposed to justify the supposition of some pre-existing association, but on the contrary, the utmost irregularity and confusion. Our consciousness during perception, is thus far from indicating any process of association; and all of which we are conscious, at the time of the suggestion itself, is the mere succession of one feeling to another, not certainly of any prior process on which this suggestion has depended. The laws of suggestion, then, as opposed to what may be called association,—or, in other words, the circumstances which seem to regulate the spontaneous successions of our ideas, without reference to any former intellectual process, except the simple primary perceptions, from which all our corresponding conceptions are derived,—form a legitimate theory, being a perfect generalization of the known facts, without a single circumstance assumed. To these laws,—which require no prior union of that which suggests with that which is suggested,—the particular case which we are considering is easily referable, being one of the very cases comprehended in the generalization. The sight of a gigantic stanger brings before us the image of our diminutive friend; because, such is the nature of the mind, that in whatever manner the primary ideas may have been induced,—and though there may never have been any coexisting or immediate succession of them before,—*opposites*, by the very circumstance of their opposition, *suggest opposites*. It is as much a law of the mind, that one perception or conception shall introduce, as it were, spontaneously the conception of some similar object,—or of one so dissimilar as to be contrasted with it,—or of one which formerly succeeded it,—or of one in some other way related to it,—and that it shall introduce such *RELATIVE* conceptions alone,—as it is a law of mind, that the influence of *light* on the retina, and thus indirectly on the sensorium, shall be followed by the sensation of *vision* and not of sound; and, however mysterious and inexplicable the one process may be, it is not more inexplicable than the other. It is as little necessary to the *suggestion* that there should be any prior union or association of ideas, as, to *vision*, that there should be any mysterious connexion of the organ with light, at some period prior to that in which light itself first acted on the organ, and the visual sensation was its consequence. As soon as the presence of the rays of light at the retina has produced a certain

affection of the sensorium, in that very moment the mind begins to exist in the state which constitutes the sensation of colour,—as soon as a certain perception or conception has arisen, the mind begins to exist in the state, which constitutes what is said to be some associate conception. Any prior connexion or association is as little necessary in one of these cases as the other. All that is prior, is not any process connecting light with the organ, or the conception of a giant with the conception of a dwarf, but only certain original susceptibilities of the mind, by which it is formed, to have in the one case some one of the sensations of vision when light is at the retina,—in the other case, to have in certain circumstances, the conception of a dwarf as immediately consecutive to that of a giant.

In tracing, accordingly, each separate suggestion in the trains of our thought to the nature of the mind,—its original energies or susceptibilities,—as operating at the time of the suggestion, and to the laws which then regulate its affections, we find a place for the instance of contrast which we are considering, and see how, when one external object alone is present, a giant may suggest a dwarf, or a dwarf a giant. The laws of mind, like the laws of matter, are only the brief expression of certain general circumstances, in which many phenomena agree; and the laws of *suggestion*,—if we do not look back to any *association* or connexion previous to the suggestion itself,—do fairly comprehend the particular case considered by us.

Let us next consider, whether this suggestion can be accounted for on the other supposition, which ascribes our trains of ideas to associations previous to the suggestion itself,—to laws of *association*, in short, in the sense in which that phrase is distinguishable from laws of *suggestion*.

To treat the question with all due candour, I shall make no objection to the term *association*, as if it implied too gross an analogy to corporeal things; for, unfortunately, it has this fault only in common with almost every current phrase in the Philosophy of Mind. If we are obliged to speak of mental analyses, of complex affections, of groups of images, and trains of thought, we may well be allowed to speak of the images of these trains as associated, if no objection but that of its seeming materialism can be urged against the phrase. Nor could any objection be fairly made to the association of ideas, as implying a sort of connexion which it is impossible to explain,—if there truly were any consciousness of any thing more than the original perceptions at the time when the association is supposed; but, when there is no consciousness of any thing

more, it may be allowed us, at least, to require some proof of the connecting process that is supposed, more than the mere fact of a subsequent suggestion, that may be explained without it.

Even though we were not to require any proof of this kind, however,—making all the admissions which in candour we are bound to make, and more than candour requires of us,—to the hypothesis which ventures, in the case of suggestion, to go beyond the tendency of the mind at the moment of the suggestion itself, and to ascribe it to some prior mental state or process,—of which we are unconscious, but which the hypothesis supposes to be necessary for the subsequent suggestion, and to which unknown state or process it gives the name of *association*,—we are not, because we make these admissions, to make any further concession,—such, at least, as would imply in itself an absolute contradiction. If suggestion, in every case, depend on association,—that is to say, if, before objects or feelings can suggest each other, they must have been, at some former period, associated together in the mind, it is evident, that, at some former period, at whatever distance of time it may have been before suggestion, both ideas or feelings must have existed together; for it would surely be absurd to speak of associations actually formed between feelings which either had not begun, or had already ceased, before the supposed association. But this supposition of *prior coexistence*, though it might explain the mutual suggestion of objects that have been contiguous, as Hume expresses it, in place or time, cannot explain the case at present under consideration, if contrast be considered as different from contiguity; for it is the very *first* perception of the giant which is supposed by us to induce the conception of the dwarf. It, therefore, cannot admit of being *associated* with the idea of the dwarf till it have actually *suggested* it, for, till the moment of the actual suggestion, the two ideas never have existed together; and if it have already suggested it without any former association, it is surely absurd to have recourse to a subsequent association to account for the prior suggestion, and to say, that that which is *first* in a series of changes, owes its existence to that which is *second*, and is produced by that which itself produces.

The particular case of suggestion which we have supposed, then, if contrast be truly a simple principle of suggestion, seems absolutely decisive of the question, because it excludes every *association* of the two ideas prior to the suggestion itself. In suggestions of objects formerly contiguous, it might have been supposed by those, who in explaining the phenomena of our consciousness, trust more to a gratuitous hypothesis, than to

the evidence of consciousness itself, that, as the perceptions originally *coexisted*, or were *immediately successive*, some mysterious connexion of those states of mind might be formed at the time of this coexistence, or immediate proximity, that might deserve to be expressed by the particular name of association,—in consequence of which connexion, the one state afterwards was to induce the other. But when there has been no such coexistence or succession,—as in the case of the first suggestions of contrast,—what association can there have been on which the suggestions may be supposed to have depended? The association, in such a case, is manifestly nothing more than the momentary influence of the tendency of the suggestion itself; and to say that the suggestion depends on association, is the same thing as it would be to say, that suggestion depends upon suggestion. It depends, indeed, on the relation of the suggesting object to the object suggested,—as similar, opposite, contiguous in time or place, or in some other way related,—the tendency to suggest relative feelings after relative feelings being one of the original susceptibilities of the mind, essential to its very nature,—but it depends on nothing more; and an object, therefore, the very moment of our first perception of it, may suggest some object that is related to it in one or other of these ways as readily, as after we have perceived it a thousand times; though it surely would be a very strange use of a very common term to speak of any previous association in this case, and to say, that objects were *associated* before they had *existence*, as they must have been, if this first suggestion had depended on any prior union, or process of any kind.

I need not repeat, that my argument, in this discussion, proceeds on that universal opinion of philosophers, in which our suggestions are considered as of various classes, and not on that more subtle analysis, by which I have endeavoured to show, that there may possibly be only a finer species of proximity in all,—though in this case, too, it is equally evident, that the process of association, if it were gratuitously supposed as something different from the original feelings themselves, would be at once equally hypothetical and equally inefficacious for explaining the subsequent suggestions. That an object seen for the first time does suggest many relative conceptions, no one surely will deny; and this single consideration, I cannot but think,—if the distinction universally made, of various principles of suggestion, be admitted,—should, of itself, have led to juster notions of our trains of thought. It appears to me, indeed, as I have said on that view of our suggestions, to be absolutely decisive of the question; since,

whatever might be supposed in other cases, in *this case*, at least, there cannot have been any previous connexion of that which suggests with that which is suggested. It proves, that the tendency of the mind, in suggestion, is not to exist successively in states which have been previously associated, but simply to exist in successive states, which have to each other certain relations, permanent or accidental,—those relations which, in former Lectures, were considered by us, as reducible to certain primary laws of suggestion.

I am aware that this long argument, on a single point, and that, in itself, not a very interesting one, must have appeared to you rather a heavy tax upon your patience. But, though it is a point not very interesting in itself, or in the sort of discussion and illustration which it admits, it is one which is very interesting, in the applications that may be made of it; particularly as a clear view of the distinction which I wish to impress on your minds, will free you from much misconception, which has clouded the language and opinion of philosophers on this subject, and will prepare you, I flatter myself, for admitting, more readily, that simple arrangement of the intellectual phenomena, which I have ventured to submit to you.

In some former severe discussions like the present, I endeavoured to extract for you some little consolation, from that very fortitude of attention which the discussion required,—pointing out to you the advantage of questions of this kind, in training the mind to those habits of serious thought and patient investigation, which, considered in their primary relation to the intellectual character, are of infinitely greater importance than the instruction which the question itself may afford. “Generosos animos labor nutrit.” In the discipline of reason, as in the training of the athlete, it is not for a single victory, which it may give to the youthful champion, that the combat is to be valued, but for that knitting of the joints, and hardening of the muscles,—that quickness of eyes and collectedness of effort, which it is forming for the struggles of more illustrious fields.

That the perception of a giant, which never before had coexisted with the idea of a dwarf, should yet be sufficient, without some prior association, to induce that idea, may seem very wonderful; but wonderful as it is, it is really not more mysterious, than if the two ideas had coexisted, or succeeded each other, innumerable times. The great mystery is in the simple fact of the *recurrence* or spontaneous rise of any idea, *without* the recurrence of the external cause which produced it, and when that external cause has ceased, perhaps, to have any existence. This fact, however, we must admit, whatever be our

theory; and it is all which is necessary to the one theory: while the other, by supposing, or vaguely implying some actual union or association, *prior* to the suggestion, introduces a new mystery, and, in consequence of the very mystery which it introduces, renders the phenomena, which it professes to explain, still more difficult to be conceived; since the association, which it supposes to be necessary to the suggestion, must, on that supposition, in many cases, be the *effect* of that very suggestion, to which it is supposed to give rise.

You will now then, I hope, perceive,—or, I flatter myself, may already have perceived, without the necessity of so much repetition of the argument,—the reasons which led me to prefer the term *suggestion* to *association*, as a more accurate general term, for all the spontaneous successions of our thought; since, by making the suggestion itself to depend on an association or combination of ideas prior to it, we should not merely have assumed the reality of a process, of which we have no consciousness whatever, but should have excluded, by the impossibility of such previous combination, many of the most important classes of suggestions,—every suggestion that arises from the relations of objects which we perceive for the first time, and, indeed, every suggestion that does not belong, in the strictest sense, to Mr. Hume's single class of contiguity in time.

That our suggestions do not follow each other loosely and confusedly, is no proof of prior associations in the mind, but merely of the general constitutional tendency of the mind, to exist, successively, in states that have certain relations to each other. There is nothing in the nature of our original perceptions, which could enable us to infer this regularity and limitation of our subsequent trains of thought. We learn these from *experience* alone; and experience does not teach us, that there is any such intervening process of mysterious union, as is supposed, but only, that when the mind has been affected in a certain manner, so as to have one perception or conception, it is, successively, and of itself, affected in certain other manners, so as to have no other relative conceptions. If the *association of ideas* be understood to mean nothing more than this succession of ideas arising without an external cause, and involving no prior union of the ideas suggesting and suggested,—nor, in short, any influence previous to that which operates at the moment of the suggestion itself, though it would certainly, with this limited meaning, (which excludes what is commonly meant by the term association,) be a very awkward phrase,—still, if it were always understood in this limited sense alone, it might be used with safety. But in this sense, the

only sense in which it can be used without error,—it must always be remembered, that the association of ideas denotes as much the successions of ideas of objects which never have existed together before, as the successions of ideas of objects which have been perceived together,—that there are not two separate mental processes, therefore, following perception, and necessary to the succession,—*one* by which ideas are primarily associated, and *another* by which they are subsequently suggested,—but that the *association* is, in truth, only another word for the fact of the *suggestion* itself. All this however, being admitted, it may perhaps be said,—what advantage is to be gained from the use of a similar term, or even from the more accurate distinction which such a term denotes?

The principal advantage that is to be derived from it, is the great simplification which it allows of the phenomena by the removal of much of that mystery, which a more complicated theory had made to hang over some of the processes of thought. When suggestion was supposed to depend on former associations of ideas, and when, in many cases, it must have been felt to be difficult, or rather impossible, to discover any coexistence or immediate succession of the primary perceptions, by which such association could be supposed to be formed; it could scarcely fail to happen,—as, indeed, truly took place,—that many cumbrous distinctions and still more cumbrous hypotheses, would be formed, to account for the apparent anomalies.

It is the use of this unfortunate phrase, indeed, rather than of the simpler term *suggestion*, which appears to me to have filled our intellectual systems with the names of so many superfluous powers. The supposed necessity in our trains of thought, of some previous association, of course rendered it necessary, that the conceptions ascribed to this cause, should be such as before existed in a similar form, since, without this previous existence, they could not be supposed to admit of previous connexion; and, therefore, when the suggestions were very different, so as to have the semblance almost of a new creation, it became necessary to invent some new power distinct from that of association, to which they might be ascribed. What was in truth a mere simple suggestion, flowing from the same laws with other suggestions, became in this manner something more, and was ranked as a product of fancy, or imagination,—nothing being so easy as the invention of a new name. A similar illusion gave rise to the supposition of various other intellectual powers,—or, at least, favoured greatly the admission of such powers, by the difficulty of accounting suggestions which could not have arisen from previ-

ous associations ; and one simple power or susceptibility of the mind was thus metamorphosed into various powers, all distinct from each other, and distinct from that power of which they were only modifications.

The chief circumstances which probably led to the belief of some actual union or association of ideas, previous to suggestion, I conceive to have been the peculiar importance of that order of suggestions, of which *proximity*, and therefore former coexistence, or immediate succession of the direct objects of thought, are the distinguishing characteristic. If there had been no such order of suggestions as this, but conception had followed conception merely according to the other relations, such as those of analogy or contrast, we never should have thought of any association, or other prior influence, distinct from the suggestion itself. But, when objects perceived together, or in immediate succession, arise again together, or in immediate succession, as if linked by some invisible bonds, it is a very natural illusion, that the suggestion itself should seem to depend on a mysterious union of this kind. The illusion is greatly strengthened by these circumstances, that it is to the relation of direct proximity of objects, we have recourse, in all those processes of thought, which have commonly been termed recollections, or voluntary reminiscences. We think of all the variety of events that happened at the time at which we know, that the same event, now forgotten by us, occurred, and we pursue this whole series, through its details, as if expecting to discover some tie that may give into our hand the fugitive feeling, which we wish to detect. The suggestion which we desire, does probably at length occur, in consequence of this process ; and we are hence very naturally accustomed to look back to a period preceding the suggestion, as to the real source of the suggestion itself.

It must be remembered too, that although the mind were truly susceptible of the influence in its trains of thought, of various relations of a different kind, as well as those of contiguity, even these suggestions, though originally different, would seem, at length, reducible to this one paramount order ; because, after the first suggestion which might have arisen from mere analogy or contrast, a real contiguity, in point of time, would be formed of the suggesting and suggested conception, which had become proximate in succession ; and the same suggestion, therefore, when it recurred, might seem to have arisen as much from this contiguity, in a prior train of thought, as from the contrast or analogy, which of themselves might

have been sufficient to produce it, without any such proximity of the direct images themselves.

In all these ways, it is very easy to perceive how, in considering every simple suggestion, our thoughts should be continually turned to the past, and the suggestion itself, therefore, be converted into association; the exceptions being forgotten, or receiving a different name, that we might satisfy ourselves with a general law, though exceptions so important, and so innumerable, might themselves have served for a proof that the general law was inaccurate.

After these remarks, then, I trust that you will not merely have seen the reasons which led me to prefer to the use of the ambiguous phrase *association*, the substitution of the simpler term *suggestion*, but that you will be disposed also to admit the justness of that distinction, on which the substitution was founded. The importance of the distinction, however, you will perceive more fully, in the applications that are afterwards to be made, of it, in reducing under simple suggestion, phenomena ascribed by philosophers to many different intellectual powers.

To this I shall proceed in my next Lecture.

LECTURE XLI.

REDUCTION OF CERTAIN SUPPOSED FACULTIES TO SIMPLE SUGGESTION,—I. CONCEPTION,—II. MEMORY.

GENTLEMEN, my last Lecture was employed in considering the nature of that tendency of the mind, by which it exists, successively in the states which constitute the variety of our conceptions, in our trains of thought; my object being to ascertain whether this tendency depend on any previous intellectual process, constituting what has been termed a union or association of ideas, or, simply on the relations of the conceptions themselves, at the moment of suggestion, without any previous union or association whatever of the idea or other feeling which suggests, with the idea or other feeling which is suggested. I explained to you the reasons which seem to lead us, in every case, in which conception follows conception, in trains that have a sort of wild regularity, to look back to the past, for some mysterious associations of our ideas, by which this regular confusion of their successions may be explained; though, in the phenomena themselves, there is no evidence of any such association, or earlier connecting process of any kind, all of which we are conscious being merely the original perception and the subsequent suggestion.

It is, in a great measure, I remarked, in consequence of obscure notions, entertained with respect to this supposed ASSOCIATION of ideas, as something prior and necessary to the actual operation of the simple principle of spontaneous suggestion, that the phenomena of this simple principle of the mind have been referred to various intellectual powers, from the impossibility of finding, in many cases, any source of prior association, and the consequent necessity of inventing some new power for the producing of phenomena, which seemed not to be reducible to suggestion, or to differ from its common forms, merely because we had encumbered the simple process of suggestion, with unnecessary and false conditions.

My next object, then, will be to show, how truly that variety of powers, thus unnecessarily, and, therefore, unphilosophi-

cally devised, are reducible to the principle of simple suggestion; or, at least, to this simple principle, in combination with some of those other principles, which I pointed out, as parts of our mental constitution, in my arrangement of the phenomena of the mind.

It will be of advantage, however, previously to take a slight retrospect of the principal points, which may be considered as established, with respect to simple suggestion; that we may see more clearly what it is, from which the other supposed powers are said to be different.

In the first place, we can have no doubt of the general fact of suggestion, that conception follows conception, in our trains of thought, without any recurrence of the external objects, which as perceived, originally gave occasion to them.

As little can we doubt that these conceptions, as internal states of the mind, independent of any immediate influence of external things, do not follow each other loosely, but according to a certain general relation, or number of relations, which constitute what I have termed the primary laws of suggestion, and which exercise their influence variously, in different persons, and at different times, according to circumstances, which, as modifying the former, I have denominated secondary laws of suggestion.

In the third place, we have seen, that they do not *follow* each other merely, the suggesting idea giving immediate place to the suggested; but that various conceptions, which arise at different moments, may *coexist*, and form one compound feeling, in the same manner as various perceptions, that arise together, or at different moments may coexist, and form one compound feeling of another species,—all that complexity of forms and colours, for example, which gives a whole world of wonders at once to our vision, or those choral sounds which flow mingled from innumerable vibrations that exist together, without confusion, in the small aperture of the ear, and in a single moment, fill the soul with a thousand harmonies, as if, in the perception of so many coexisting sounds, it had a separate sense for every separate voice, and could exist with a strange diffusive consciousness, in a simultaneous variety of states.

Lastly, we have seen that no previous association, or former connecting process, of any kind is necessary for suggestion,—that we have no consciousness of any intermediate process between the primary perception and the subsequent suggestion, and that we are not merely without the slightest consciousness of a process, which is thus gratuitously supposed, but that there are innumerable phenomena which it is not very easy to re-

concile with the supposition, on any view of it, and which certainly, at least, cannot be reconciled with it, on that view of the primary laws of suggestion, which the assertors of a distinct specific Faculty of Association have been accustomed to take.

Let us now, then, apply the knowledge which we have thus acquired, and proceed to consider some of those forms of suggestion, which have been ranked as distinct intellectual powers.

That which its greater simplicity leads me to consider first, is what has been termed by philosophers the *Power of Conception*, which has been defined, the power that enables us to form a notion of an absent object of perception, or of some previous feeling of the mind. The definition of the supposed power is sufficiently intelligible ; but is there reason to add the power thus defined, to our other mental functions, as a distinct and peculiar faculty?

That we have a certain mental power, or susceptibility, by which, in accordance with this definition, the perception of one object may excite the notion of some absent object, is unquestionably true. But this is the very function which is meant by the power of suggestion itself, when stripped of the illusion as to prior association ; and if the conception be separated from the suggestion, nothing will remain to constitute the power of suggestion, which is only another name for the same power. I enter, for example, an apartment in my friend's house during his long absence from home ; I see his flute, or the work of some favourite author, lying on his table. The mere sight of either of these, awakes instantly my conception of my friend, though at the moment, he might have been absent from my thought. I see him again present. If I look at the volume, I almost think that I hear him arguing strenuously for the merits of his favourite, as in those evenings of social contention, when we have brought poets and philosophers to war against poets and philosophers. If I look at the flute, I feel instantly a similar illusion. I hear him again animating it with his very touch,—breathing into it what might almost, without a metaphor, be said to be the breath of life,—and giving it not utterance merely, but eloquence. In these cases of simple suggestion, it is said the successive mental states which constitute the notions of my friend himself, of the arguments which I again seem to hear and combat, of the melodies that silently enchant me,—are conceptions indicating, therefore, a power of the mind from which they arise, that in reference to the effects produced by it, may be called the power

of conception. But, if they arise from a peculiar power of conception,—and if there be a power of association or suggestion, which is also concerned, how are these powers to be distinguished, and what part of the process is it which we owe to this latter power? If there were no suggestion of my friend, it is very evident that there could be no conception of my friend; and if there were no conception of him, it would be absurd to speak of a suggestion, in which nothing was suggested. Whether we use the term suggestion, or association, in this case, is of no consequence. Nothing more can be accurately meant by either term, in reference to the example which I have used, than the tendency of my mind, after existing in the state which constitutes the perception of the flute or volume, and of the room in which I observe it, to exist immediately afterwards in that different state, which constitutes the conception of my friend. The laws of suggestion or association are merely the general circumstances, according to which conceptions, or certain other feelings, arise. There is not, in any case of suggestion, both a suggestion and a conception, more than there is in any case of vision, both a vision and a sight. What one glance is to the capacity of vision, one conception is to the capacity of suggestion. We may *see* innumerable objects in succession; we may *conceive* innumerable objects in succession. But we see them, because we are susceptible of vision: we conceive them, because we have that susceptibility of spontaneous suggestion, by which conceptions arise after each other in regular trains.

This duplication of a single power, to account for the production of a single state of mind, appears to me a very striking example of the influence of that misconception, with respect to association, which I occupied so much of your time in attempting to dissipate. If association and suggestion had been considered as exactly synonymous, implying merely the succession of one state of mind to another state of mind,—without any mysterious process of union of the two feelings *prior* to the suggestion, the attention of inquirers would, in this just and simple view, have been fixed on the single moment of the suggestion itself:—and I cannot think that any philosopher would, in this case, have contended for *two* powers, as operating together at the very same moment, in the production of the very same conception; but that *one* capacity would have been regarded as sufficient for this one simple effect, whether it were termed, with more immediate reference to the secondary feeling that is the effect, the power of conception, or with more immediate reference to the primary feeling which precedes it as its cause, the power of suggestion or association.

It is very different, however, when the *conception*,—the one simple effect produced,—is made to depend, not merely on the tendency of the mind to exist in that state, at the particular moment at which the conception arises, but on some process of *association*, which may have operated at a considerable interval before; for in that case the process of association, which is supposed to have taken place at one period, must itself imply one power or function of the mind, and the actual suggestion, or rise of the conception, at an interval afterwards, some different power or function.

With respect to the supposed intellectual power of conception, then, as distinct from the intellectual power of association or suggestion, we may very safely conclude, that the belief of this is founded merely on a mistake as to the nature of association;—that the power of suggestion and the power of conception are the same, both being only that particular susceptibility of the mind, from which, in certain circumstances, conceptions arise,—or, at least, that if the power of conception differs from the more general powers of suggestion, it differs from it only as a part differs from the whole,—as the power of taking a single step differs from the power of traversing a whole field,—the power of drawing a single breath from the general power of respiration,—the moral susceptibility by which we are capable of forming one charitable purpose from that almost divine universality of benevolence, in a whole virtuous life, to which every moment is either some exertion for good, or some wish for good which comprehends within its sphere of action,—that has no limits but physical impossibility,—every being whom it can instruct or amend, or relieve or gladden; and, in its sphere of generous DESIRE, all that is beyond the limits of its power of benefitting.

The next supposed intellectual power to which I would call your attention, is the *power of memory*.

In treating of our *suggestions*, and consequently, as you have seen, of our *conceptions*, which are only parts of the suggested series, I have, at the same time, treated of our *remembrances*, or, at least, of the more important part of our remembrances, because our remembrances are nothing more than conceptions united with the notion of a certain relation of time. They are conceptions of the past, felt as conceptions of the past,—that is to say, felt as having a certain relation of antecedence to our present feeling. The remembrance is not a simple but a complex state of mind; and all which is necessary to reduce a remembrance to a mere conception, is to separate from it a part of the complexity,—that part of it which constitutes the notion of a certain relation of antecedence. We are con-

scious of our present feeling, whatever it may be ; for this is, in truth, only another name for our consciousness itself. The moment of present time, at which we are thus conscious, is a *bright point*,—ever moving, and yet, as it were, ever fixed,—which divides the darkness of the future from the twilight of the past. It is, in short, what Cowley terms the whole of human life,—

“ A weak *isthmus*, that doth proudly rise
Up betwixt two eternities.”*

The present moment, then, though ever fleeting, is to us, as it were, a fixed point ; and it is a point which guides us in the most important of our measurements, in our retrospects of the past, and our hopes of the future. The particular feeling of any moment before the present, as it rises again in our mind, would be a simple conception, if we did not think of it, either immediately or indirectly, in relation to some other feeling earlier or later. It becomes a remembrance when we combine with it this feeling of relation,—the relation which constitutes our notion of *time* ;—for time, as far as we are capable of understanding it, or rather of feeling it, is nothing more than the varieties of this felt relation, which, in reference to one of the subjects of the relation, we distinguish by the word *before*,—in reference to the other, by the word *after*. It is a relation, I may remark, which we feel nearly in the same manner as we feel the relation which bodies bear to each other, as coexisting in space. We say of a *house*, that it is *two miles* from a particular village, half a mile from the river, a mile from the bridge, with a feeling of relation very similar to that with which we say of one event, that it occurred a month ago,—of another event, that it occurred in the memorable year of our first going to school,—of another, that it happened in our infancy. There is some *point* to which, in estimating distance of space, we refer the objects which we measure, as there is a *point of time* in the present moment, or in some event which we have before learned to consider thus relatively, to which, directly or indirectly, we refer the events of which we speak as past or future, or more or less recent.

If we had been incapable of considering more than two events together, we probably never should have invented the word *time*, but should have contented ourselves with simpler words, expressive of the simple relation of the two. But we

* Cowley's Ode on Life and Fame, Stanza I. ver. 10, 11, slightly altered.
“ Vain weak-built Isthmus, that dost proudly rise
Up betwixt two eternities.”—*Orig.*

are capable of considering a variety of events, all of which are felt by us to bear to the state of mind which constitutes our present consciousness, some relation of priority or subsequence,—which they seem to us to bear also reciprocally to each other; and the varieties of this relation oblige us to invent a general term for expressing them all. This general word, invented by us for expressing all the varieties of priority and subsequence, is *time*,—a word, therefore, which expresses no actual reality, but only relations that are felt by us, in the objects of our conception. To think of time is not to think of any thing existing of itself, for time is not a thing but a relation; it is only to have some conceptions of objects, which we regard as prior and subsequent; and without the conception of objects of some kind, as subjects of the relation of priority and subsequence, it is as little possible for us to imagine any time, as to imagine brightness or dimness without a single ray of light,—proportional magnitude, without any dimensions,—or any other relation without any other subject. When the notion of *time*, then, is combined with any of our conceptions, as in memory, all which is combined with the simple conception is the feeling of a certain relation. To be capable of remembering, in short, we must have a capacity of the feelings which we term *relations*, and a capacity of the feelings which we term *conceptions*, that may be the subjects of the relations; but with these two powers no other is requisite—no power of memory distinct from the conception and relation which that complex form denotes.

When I say that *time*, as far as we are capable of understanding it, is nothing more than a certain felt relation of certain conceptions of our own mind, I am sufficiently aware of the necessity of this qualifying clause with respect to the limits of our understanding, and of the truth of the very striking remark of St. Austin on this most obscure subject, that he knew well what time was *till* he was asked about it, and that *then* he knew nothing of it.—“*Quid ergo est tempus? Quis hoc facile explicuerit? Si nemo a me quærat, scio. Si quærenti explicare velim, nescio.*”

It is truly one of those subjects, which, instead of growing clearer as we gaze upon it, grows more obscure beneath our very gaze. All of which we can be said to be *conscious*, is certainly the present moment alone. But of that complex state of mind, which forms to us the present moment, there are parts which impress us irresistibly, and beyond all the power of scepticism, with the relation, which, as I have already said, we term *priority*, in reference to the one, and *succession* or *subsequence*, in reference to the other; *time*, as felt by us, be-

ing this relation of the two, and nothing more. It is not because we have a previous notion of time that we regard objects as prior and posterior, more than we regard objects as large or small, because we have a previous notion of magnitude; but time, as a general word, is significant to us merely of the felt varieties of the relation of priority and subsequence, as magnitude is a general word, expressive of the felt varieties of comparative dimensions.

But I have already dwelt too long on a point, which I may very probably have made *darker* to you than it was before; but which, impressed as I am with the truth of St. Austin's remark, I scarcely can venture to flatter myself with the hope of having made much more distinctly conceivable by you.

Obscure as the relation of priority and succession may be, however, which is all that mingles with conception in our remembrance, it is still only a certain relation; and the feeling of this relation does not imply any peculiar power, generically distinct from that which perceives other relations, whether clear or obscure; unless, indeed, we should be inclined to invent a separate name of some new faculty of the mind for every relation with which the mind can be impressed, in the almost infinite variety of these feelings. Memory, therefore, is not a distinct intellectual faculty, but is merely *conception* or *suggestion* combined with the feeling of a particular relation,—the relation to which we give the name of *priority*, a feeling that is not essential, indeed, to the accompanying conception itself, but that admits of being combined with it, in the same manner as the relation of place, or any other relation, admits of being combined with other conceptions or perceptions. It cannot be denied, for example, that in the darkness of the night, after an interval of many years, and at the distance probably of many thousand miles, we have the faculty of *conceiving*, or of beholding again, almost with the same vividness as when we trod its steep ascent, the *mountain* which we have been accustomed perhaps to ascend in our boyhood, for the pleasure of looking down, from its topmost rock, with a sort of pride at the height which we had mastered. To behold mentally this eminence again, without any feeling of the relation of past time, is to have only a conception of the mountain. We cannot think of the mountain itself, however, even for a few moments, without thinking also of the scene which we have been accustomed to survey from it,—the humbler hills around, that served only to make the valley between appear lower, than we should otherwise have conceived it to be, and to make us feel still more proudly the height which we had attained,—the scattered villages,—the woods,—the

streams, in various directions, mingling and resting in the motionless expanse of the lake. By comprehending gradually more of these objects in our mental view, we have widened our conception, indeed, but it is still a conception only ; and we are not said to exercise any power distinct from that of conception or suggestion. Yet we cannot thus conceive the landscape as a whole, without feeling various relations which its parts bear to each other in space, as near or distant, high or low,—the wood hanging over the village,—the spire gleaming through the trees,—the brook hurrying down to the mill, and the narrow path-way by its side. These relations, which give unity to the scene, are relations of space only, and they do not hinder our complex feeling from being denominated simply a conception. So far, then, no new power is said to be concerned. If, however, in addition to all these local relations, we introduce but a single relation of time,—the thought of the most trifling circumstance which occurred when we last ascended the same mountain, and beheld the same scene,—though this new part of the complex feeling have arisen, according to the same exact laws of suggestion, as the conception of the mere scene, the conception is then instantly said to indicate a *new power*, and what was before a conception is a conception no longer. In one sense, indeed, there is truly the operation of a new power, for there is a new relation most certainly felt ; and every relation felt implies a power or susceptibility in the mind of feeling this relation. But the relations of coexistence in space are not less relations than those of succession in time ; and both or neither, therefore, when coexisting with our conception, should be said to indicate a new intellectual faculty.

The state of mind, in memory, is, as I have already said, a complex one,—a *conception* and a *feeling of relation*. But it admits of very easy analysis into these two parts, and, therefore, does not require the supposition of any new power to comprehend it, more than the complex state of mind, which results from the combination of the simple sensations of warmth and fragrance, requires the supposition of a new power to comprehend it, distinct from the separate senses to which the elementary feelings, if existing alone, would be referred. The conception, which forms one element of the remembrance, is referable to the capacity of simple suggestion, which we have been considering ; the feeling of the relation of priority, which forms the other element of the remembrance, is referable, like our other feelings of relation, to the capacity of relative suggestion, which we are afterwards to consider. It is merely as this relation of priority is or is not felt, that the

state of mind, in which there is pictured some absent object or past feeling, has the name of a conception or the name of a remembrance ; and that part of the complex whole, which is a mere conception, does not differ from the common products of suggestion, but as we have seen in treating of our conceptions in general, is merely a particular form, or result, of that general power of suggestion, which gives a second being to the whole shadowy train of our thought. Indeed, since one of the relations, according to which association or suggestion is said to take place, is, by every writer who treats of the laws of association, allowed to be that of *priority*, or former succession in time, it would surely have been a very singular arrangement, if the conceptions, arising according to this very relation, were to be held as not fairly referable to the class to which they have previously been ascribed ; and that what renders them *associate* should be itself the very cause, for which, and for which alone, they are to be excluded from the class of associations.

Simple memory, then, it appears, is nothing more than a *particular suggestion*, combined with the feeling of the relation of priority ; and all the conceptions, therefore, which it involves, arise according to the laws which regulate suggestion in general. The same resemblances, contrasts, contiguities, give rise to our conceptions of objects, whether we do or do not consider those objects in the relation of priority, which they bear to our present feeling, or to any other event. In journeying along a road which I have never passed before, some form of the varying landscape may recall to me the scenery around the home which I have left ; and it suggests it equally by its mere resemblance, whether it recall it to me as a *simple picture*, or remind me, at the same time, that it *is* the very home which I have left, and that, as many weeks have intervened since I saw it, many weeks are likely also to pass before I see it again.

In *simple memory*, then, it will be allowed, that conception follows conception by the ordinary laws of suggestion, as much as in those conceptions to which we do not attach, that is to say, with which there is not combined, any notion of time. But there is a species of memory, which is said to be under our control,—that memory, combined with desire of remembering something forgotten, to which we commonly give the name of *recollection*. We *will* the existence of certain ideas, it is said, and they arise in consequence of our violation ; though, assuredly, to *will* any idea, is to know that we will, and therefore to be conscious of that very idea which we surely need not *desire* to know, when we already know it, so well as to will its actual existence.

The contradiction implied in this direct volition of any particular idea, is, indeed, so manifest, that the assertion of such a direct power over the course of our thought, is now pretty generally abandoned. But still it is affirmed, with at least equal incongruity, that we have it in our power to will certain conceptions indirectly, and that there is, therefore, a species of memory which is not mere suggestion, but follows, in part at least, other laws. This indirect volition, however, as I have shewn in some paragraphs of my Essay on Cause and Effect,* is only another form of that very direct volition of ideas, the absurdity of which it is introduced to obviate. Thus, if I wish to remember a piece of news which was communicated to me by a friend, it is acknowledged, indeed, that I cannot *will* the conception of this immediately and directly, since that would be to know it already; but I am said to have the power of *calling up* such ideas as I know to have coexisted with it, the place at which the news was told me, the person who told it, and various circumstances of our conversation, at the same time; and this supposed power of calling up such relative ideas, is that indirect power over our course of thought which we are said to possess. But, surely, if these ideas of the circumstances that formerly accompanied the event which I wish to remember, arise, of themselves, to the mind, according to the simple course of suggestion, there is not even indirect volition in the parts of the spontaneous train; and, if they do not arise of themselves, but are separately *willed*, there is then as direct volition, and consequently as much absurdity, involved in this calling up of the person, the place, and the other accompanying circumstances, as in calling up the very conception itself, which is the object of all this search. In either case, we must be supposed to will to know that, of which the will to know it implies the knowledge. The only difference is, that instead of one direct volition, which is acknowledged, or which must be acknowledged to be absurd, we have now many separate direct volitions, and have consequently multiplied the inconsistency which we wished to avoid. The true and simple theory of the recollection is to be found in the permanence of the desire, and the natural spontaneous course of the suggestion. I do not call up the ideas of the person and the place; but these by their relations to the desire which I feel, arise *uncalled*; and when these have arisen, the suggestion of some part of the conversation at that place, and with that person, is a very natural effect of this mere concep-

* See particularly, 2d Edit. p. 72—79. 3d Edit. p. 73—79. The whole question about the direct or indirect volition of Ideas, is fully discussed in Sect. III. of 3d Edit. of that Essay, p. 41—79.

tion of the person and of the place. If that particular part of the discourse be thus simply suggested, which I wished to remember, my object is gained, and my desire, of course, ceases; if not, my desire still continuing, and being itself now more strongly, because more recently associated with the conceptions of the person and the place, keeps them constantly before me, till, in the variety of the suggestions to which they spontaneously give rise, I either obtain, at last, the remembrance which I wish, or, by some new suggestion, am led into a new channel of thought, and forget altogether that there was any thing which I wished to remember. What is termed *voluntary recollection*, then, whether direct or indirect, is nothing more than the coexistence of some vague and indistinct desire with our simple trains of suggestion.

It is a complex feeling, or series of feelings, of which the continued desire, and a variety of successive relative conceptions, are parts; but the coexistence of the train of conceptions, with an unsatisfied desire, though a complex state of mind, is not the exercise of any new power, distinct from the elementary powers or feelings which compose it. We have only to perform our mental analysis, as in any other complex phenomenon of the mind, and the elements instantly appear.

Such, then, is *memory*, not a *simple* affection of the mind, the result of a peculiar power, but a combination of two elementary feelings, the more important of which is to be traced to the laws of simple suggestion, while the other element is referable to a power that is afterwards to be considered by us.

In my remarks on the *secondary laws of suggestion*, I considered, very fully, those circumstances which diversify the general power of suggestion, in different individuals, and which thus give occasion to all the varieties of conception or remembrance, in individuals, to whom the mere primary laws of suggestion may be supposed to have been nearly equal. It will not be necessary for me, therefore, to revert to these at present, as explanatory of the varieties of memory; since the same secondary laws, which diversify our suggestions, as mere conceptions, without any notion of priority combined with them, diversify them, in like manner, when the notion of this relation is combined with them.

In estimating the power of memory, however, in those striking diversities of it which appear in different individuals, I must warn you against an error into which you may naturally fall, if you pay attention chiefly to the more obvious suggestions, which arise and display themselves in the common intercourse of life. It is in this way, that a good memory, which is, in itself, so essential an accompaniment of profound and ac-

curate judgment, has fallen into a sort of proverbial disrepute, as if unfriendly to judgment, or indicative of a defect in this nobler part of our intellectual constitution. In the cases, however, which have led to this very erroneous remark, it is not the *quantity*, if I may so express it, of the power of memory, but the peculiar *species* of it, that, by the sort of connexions which it involves, presents itself to us more readily, and seems more absurd, merely by coming thus more frequently before our view.

What we are too ready to consider, exclusively as memory, is the suggestion which takes place, according to the mere relations of contiguity in time and place, of the very objects themselves, without regard to the conceptions, which arise, in our trains of thought, by the same power of spontaneous suggestion, but which arise according to other relations, and which, therefore, we think of ascribing to the same simple power. It is not a good memory, in its best sense, as a rich and retentive *store* of conceptions, that is unfriendly to intellectual excellence, poetic or philosophic, but a memory of which the predominant tendency is to suggest objects or images which existed before, in this very order, in which, as objects or images, they existed before, according to the merely imitative relations of contiguity. The richer the memory, and consequently the greater the number of images, that may arise to the poet, and of powers and effects, that may arise to the philosopher, the more copious, in both cases, will be the suggestions of *analogy*, which constitute poetic invention or philosophic discovery,—and the more copious the suggestions of analogy may be, the richer and more diversified, it is evident, must be the inventive power of the mind. It is the *quality* of memory, then, as suggesting objects in their old and familiar sequences of contiguity,—not the *quantity* of the store of suggestions, that is unfriendly to genius, though, as I before remarked, this very difference of quality may, to superficial observers, seem like a difference of the *quantity* of the actual power.

It is in common conversation chiefly, that we judge of the excellence of the memory of others, and that we feel our own defects of it, and the species of relation which forms by far the most important tie of things, in ordinary discourse, is that of previous contiguity. We talk of things which happened at certain times, and in certain places; and he who remembers these best, seems to us to have the best memory, though the other more important species of suggestion, *according to analogy*, may, in his mind, be wholly unproductive, and though no greater number of images, therefore, may be stored in it, and no greater number of spontaneous suggestions arise; but,

on the contrary, perhaps, far fewer than in the more philosophic minds, whose admirable *inventions* and *discoveries*, as we term them, we admire, but whose supposed bad *memories*, which are in truth only different modifications of the same principle of suggestion, we lament.

The most ignorant of the vulgar, in describing a single event, pour out a number of suggestions of contiguity, which may astonish us indeed, though they are a proof, not that they remember more, but only that their prevailing suggestions take place according to one almost exclusive relation. It is impossible to listen to a narrative of the most simple event, by one of the common people, who are unaccustomed to pay much attention to events, but as they occur together, without being struck with a readiness of suggestion of innumerable petty circumstances, which might seem like superiority of memory, if we did not take into account the comparatively small number of their suggestions of a different class. They do not truly remember more than others, but their memory is different in *quality* from the memory of others. Suggestions arise in their minds, which do not arise in other minds; but there is at least an equal number of suggestions that arise in the minds of others, of which their minds, in the same circumstances, would be wholly unsusceptible. Yet still, as I have said, to common observers, their memory will appear quick and retentive, in a peculiar and far surpassing degree. How many trifling facts, for example, does Mrs. Quickly heap together, to force upon Sir John Falstaff's remembrance, his promise of marriage. The passage is quoted by Lord Kames, as a very lively illustration of the species of recollections of a vulgar mind.

"In the minds of some persons, thoughts and circumstances crowd upon each other by the slightest connexions. I ascribe this to a bluntness in the discerning faculty; for a person who cannot accurately distinguish between a slight connexion and one that is more intimate, is equally affected by each; such a person must necessarily have a great flow of ideas, because they are introduced by any relation indifferently; and the slighter relations, being without number, furnish ideas without end. This doctrine is, in a lively manner, illustrated by Shakspeare:—

'*Falstaff*. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

'*Hostess*. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself, and thy money too. Thou didst swear to me on a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, on Wednesday in Whitsun-week, when the Prince broke thy head for likening him to a singing man of

Windsor, thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not Goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me Gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound. And didst not thou, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people, saying, that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book oath, deny it, if thou canst.—*Second Part, Henry IV. Act 2. scene 2.*'

"On the other hand, a man of accurate judgment cannot have a great flow of ideas; because the slighter relations, making no figure in his mind, have power to introduce ideas. And hence it is, that accurate judgment is not friendly to declamation or copious eloquence. This reasoning is confirmed by experience; for it is a noted observation, That a great or comprehensive memory is seldom connected with a good judgment."*

It is not from any defect of memory, as Lord Kames thinks, that fewer of the ideas, which prevail in common conversation, arise to a mind of accurate judgment; but, because the *prevailing tendencies to suggestion*, in such a mind, are of a species that have little relation to the dates, &c. of the occurrences that are the ordinary topics of familiar discourse. The memory differs in *quality*, not in *quantity*; or, at least, the defect of these ordinary topics is not itself a proof, that the general power of suggestion is less vigorous.

In the case of extemporary eloquence, indeed, the flow of *mere words*, may be more copious, in him, who is *not* accustomed to dwell on the permanent relations of objects, but on the slighter circumstances of perception and local connexion. Yet this is far from proving that the memory of such a person, which implies much more than the recurrence of verbal signs, is *less comprehensive*; on the contrary, there is every reason to suppose, that, unless probably in a few very extraordinary cases, which are as little to be taken into account, in a general estimate of this kind, as the form and functions of monsters in a physiological inquiry, the whole series of suggestions, of which a profound and discriminating mind is capable, is greater, upon the whole, than the number of those, which rise, so readily, to the mind of a superficial thinker. The great dif-

* Elements of Criticism, Chap I.

ference is, that the wealth of the one is composed merely of those smaller pieces, which are in continual request, and, therefore, brought more frequently to view,—while the abundance of the other consists chiefly in those more precious coins, which are rather deposited than carried about for current use, but which, when brought forward, exhibit a magnificence of wealth, to which the petty counters of the multitude are comparatively insignificant.

LECTURE XLII.

REDUCTION OF CERTAIN SUPPOSED MENTAL FACULTIES TO
SIMPLE SUGGESTION,—III. IMAGINATION.

GENTLEMEN, the inquiries which have occupied us with respect to the phenomena of the *principle of suggestion*, have, I trust, shown you what that *principle is*, as distinguished from the other principles of our mental constitution. It becomes necessary, however, in justification of that simple arrangement which I ventured to propose to you, to consider this principle not merely in relation to the phenomena which I have included under it, but also in relation to other arrangements, and to show, that this one general tendency of the mind is sufficient to account for a variety of phenomena which have been referred to peculiar powers of the understanding. This I endeavoured to prove in my last Lecture, with respect to two of these supposed intellectual powers,—the powers, as they have been termed, of *Conception* and *Memory*.

In the first place, I showed, of conception, that, far from being distinguishable from suggestion, it is only a particular instance, or operation, of that very principle; what are called the laws of suggestion or association, in relation to our mere ideas, being nothing more than the general circumstances, according to which conceptions follow conceptions, in our trains of thought. A particular conception, indeed, as one state of mind, differs from that general tendency of suggestion, in consequence of which it arises; but it differs from it only in the same way as any other particular feeling differs from that general mental susceptibility to which we trace it; as our sensation of a particular sound, or odour, for example, differs from the senses of smell and hearing, by which we are capable of perceiving all the varieties of sounds and odours. The power of suggestion is that capacity of the mind, by which conceptions arise; as the power of vision is that capacity of the mind, by which we are sensible of the varieties of light; and we might as well speak of a power of seeing a particular colour, distinct from vision, as of a power of conceiving the same

particular colour, distinct from the influence of the general tendency of the mind that is termed by us *suggestion*. When I hear the sound of my friend's name,—and the conception of my friend immediately arises,—there is not, in the production of this one mental state, the operation both of a power of association or suggestion, and of a power of conception; but there is a development of that *single* capacity, or property of the mind, in consequence of which, certain conceptions arise, after certain other conceptions or perceptions. We may call this particular property either the capacity of conception, or the capacity of suggestion, as we please; the one term—*conception*—having more immediate reference to the object conceived, the other—*suggestion*—to the conceiving mind; but the feeling itself of which we speak,—the particular conception suggested,—whether we regard it in reference to the mind in which it rises, or to the object which it seems to represent; and, by whatever word, or combination of words, we may choose to designate it, is still only *one* affection of the mind,—as a *man* is still the same individual being, whatever name we may give to him,—whether we call him simply *a man*, or speak of him by his own individual appellation, or in his different relations to other beings, like himself, a son, a brother, a father. The mistake which has led to this distinction of the power of conception from the power of suggestion, by which our conceptions arise, I showed to be that vague, but universal mistake, as to the nature of association, which supposes a certain mysterious union of the suggesting and suggested idea, to precede their mutual suggestion,—in which case, this supposed mysterious union, and the rise of the conception itself, occurring at different periods, might indeed be allowed to be indicative of mental powers or properties.

After showing our conceptions to be only particular modifications or examples of the general power of suggestion,—which would be a word absolutely without meaning, if nothing were suggested,—I proceeded to consider our *remembrances*, analyzing these into two distinct parts, a particular conception of some object or feeling remembered, and the accompanying feeling of a certain relation of priority to our present consciousness. The simple conception which forms one of the elements of the remembrance, and differs in no respect from the conceptions that are unaccompanied with the notion of a relation of time, is of course reducible to the power of simple suggestion, to which all our conceptions are to be referred; the feeling of the relation of priority which forms its other element, is, like our feeling of every other relation, an effort of that general susceptibility of relation suggested, which we

are to consider afterwards. The remembrance, therefore, being a complex feeling, is a proof of these two susceptibilities of the mind, to which we owe the constituent elementary feelings; but it is not a proof of any third power, more than the sight of a rose, combined with the perception of its fragrance, is a proof that we possess some third sense or power, distinct from those which give us the elementary sensations of colour and odour, of which our complex sensation is formed. What we term *memory*, then, in distinction from *mere conception*, is not a *new* power, but merely a complex result of different mental capacities; as my complex feeling when I look at an extensive landscape, and regard the various contiguities, or other local relations, of the parts to each other, high or low, above or beneath, remote or near, is a proof, indeed, that I have a capacity of discerning relations, as well as a capacity of vision, but not a proof of any power distinct from both, and requiring, therefore, a separate place in our primary classifications of the intellectual functions. The relations of time, in this respect, do not differ from the relations of place; our conceptions may be combined with the one as much as with the other; and the remembrance, in every case, is a mere conception, like any other mere conception, combined with a certain feeling of relation, and nothing more.

Of the inestimable *advantages* which we receive from that composition of feelings which constitutes memory, I have already treated too fully, to need to recall them to your attention. You know it as that to which we are indebted for all the knowledge which we possess,—not merely for every thing which raises us above the ignorance and superstition of the vulgar, to the noble luxuries of science and enlightened belief, but for every thing which raises us above that state of unreflecting imbecility, compared with which, the dull glimpses of thought that determine the half-instinctive actions of the idiot, in avoiding danger, and seeking the gratification of his animal appetites, would be wisdom and philosophy. In the rich, and ever-ready stores of a well-cultivated mind, we have the only image, which we can in any way acquire, of the Omniscience of the Sovereign Intellect, of that BEING, to whom omniscience, in all its infinity of comprehension of whatever *is*, and of whatever is to be, is the knowledge only of the wonders of *His own creative power*. We acquire our knowledge slowly, but we retrace it rapidly. The universe itself, when we have enriched our memory with the knowledge of its laws, may thus, in some measure, be said to be comprized in a single retrospective thought of man,—in a single thought of the

frail and dependent creature, who, as an individual, is scarcely to be counted as any thing in that very infinity which he comprehends and measures :—

“What wealth, in Memory’s firm record,
Which should it perish, could this world recall,
In colours fresh originally bright,
From the dark shadows of o’erwhelming years.”

Nor is it only *intellectual* wealth which we thus acquire and preserve ; it is by our remembrances that we are truly *moral beings*, because we owe to them the very conception of every thing which can be the object of morality. Without them there could be no esteem,—no gratification for kindness received—no compassion for those who are in sorrow—no love of what is honourable and benevolent. How many of our purest affections might we trace through a long series of reciprocal kindnesses, to the earliest years of our boyhood—to the field of our sports—to the nursery—to the very cradle in which our smile answered only still fonder smiles that hung ceaseless around it ! The Greeks, in their *Theogony*, by a happy allegorical illustration of the importance of this principle, to all the exercises of fancy and the understanding, fabled the Muses to be *Daughters of Memory*. They might, with equal truth, have given the same parentage to the *Virtues*.

The next class of phenomena, ascribed erroneously to a peculiar intellectual power, which remains to be considered by us, is that which comprehends the phenomena of imagination. We not merely perceive objects, and conceive or remember them simply as they were, but we have the power of combining them in the various new assemblages,—of forming at our will, with a sort of delegated omnipotence, not a single universe merely, but a *new* and *varied* universe, with every succession of our thought. The materials of which we form them are, indeed, materials that exist in every mind ; but they exist in every mind only as the stones exist shapelessly in the quarry, that require little more than mechanic labour to convert them into common dwellings, but that rise into palaces and temples only at the command of architectural genius.

“Indistinct,
In vulgar bosoms, and unnoticed, lie
These stores of secret wealth. But some there are
Conscious of Nature, and the rule which Man
O’er Nature holds ; some who, within themselves
Retiring, from the trivial scenes of chance
And momentary passion, can at will
Call up these fair exemplars of the mind,

Review their features, scan the secret laws
 Which bind them to each other, and display,
 By forms, or sounds, or colours, to the sense
 Their latent charms. The Bard, nor length, nor depth,
 Nor place, nor form controls. To eyes, to ears,
 To every organ of the copious mind,
 He offereth all its treasures. Him the hours,
 The seasons him obey; and changeful time
 Sees him at will keep measure with his flight,
 At will outstrip it. To enhance his toil,
 He summoneth from the uttermost extent
 Of things, which God hath taught him, every form
 Auxiliar, every power; and all beside
 Excludes imperious. His prevailing hand
 Gives to corporeal essence life and sense,
 And every stately function of the soul.
 The soul itself to him obsequious lies
 Like matter's passive heap; and, as he wills,
 To reason and affection he assigns
 Their just alliances, their just degrees;
 Whence his peculiar honours; whence the race
 Of men, who people his delightful world,
 Transcend as far the uncertain sons of earth,
 As earth itself to his delightful world
 The palm of spotless beauty doth resign.”*

Such are the sublime functions of imagination. But we must not conceive, merely because they are sublime, that they comprehend the whole office of imagination, or even its most important uses. It is of far more importance to mankind, as it operates in the common offices of life,—in those familiar feelings of every hour, which we never think of referring to any faculty, or of estimating their value in reference to other classes of feelings. What are all those *pictures of the future*, which are for ever before our eyes, in the successive hopes, and fears, and designs of life, but imaginations, in which circumstances are combined that never perhaps, in the same forms and proportions, have existed in reality, and which, very probably, are never to exist but in those very hopes and fears which we have formed? The writer of romance gives secret motives and passions to the characters which he invents, and adds incident to incident in the long series of complicated action which he develops. What he does, we, too, are doing every hour;—contriving events that never are to happen,—imagining motives and passions, and thinking our little ro-

* Pleasures of Imagination, second form of the poem, B. IV. v. 66—130,—with the substitution, in v. 68, of “Stores of secret wealth,” instead of

“Pleasing stores, unless the casual force
 Of things external prompt the heedless mind
 To recognise her wealth.”

The addition after “sense,” in v. 78. (or v. 11, as quoted) of “Their latent charms,” in the next verse, the exclusion of the verses from 79 to “will,” in v. 108, and the exclusion also of v. 127.

manances, of which ourselves, as may be supposed, perhaps are the *primary heroes*, but in the *plot* of which there is a sufficient complication of adventures of those whom we love, and those whom we dislike, *connected* with the main piece, or episodically intermingled. Our romances of real life, though founded upon facts, are, in their principal circumstances, fictions still; and, though the fancy which they display may not be as brilliant, it is still the same in kind with that which forms and fills the history of imaginary heroes and heroines. The dullest plodder over the obscurest desk, who sums up, in the evening, his daily tables of profit and loss, and who rises in the morning with the sole object of adding a few cyphers to that book of pounds and pence, which contains the whole annual history of his life, —even he, while he half lays down his quill to think of future prices, and future demands, or future possibilities of loss, has his visions and inspirations like the sublimest poet, visions of a *very different kind*, indeed, from those to which poets are accustomed, but involving as truly the inspirations of fancy.

For these humble cases of imagination, it might perhaps be admitted, by those who are not aware how exactly they resemble in kind the sublimer examples of it, that no peculiar intellectual power different from simple suggestion is necessary. But is there not some peculiar power exerted in the splendid works of eloquence and poetic art,—in those fictions which seem to give all the reality of nature to ideal things, or to add some new majesty or loveliness even to the very magnificence of nature itself, and which would seem, therefore, to raise art above nature, if this very art were not one of the forms which nature itself assumes?

In these, too, if we analyze the phenomena with sufficient minuteness, we shall find results similar to those which we discovered in our analysis of the former tribes of phenomena, ascribed in like manner erroneously to peculiar powers.

To this analysis let us now proceed.

Imagination has been generally regarded as implying, a *voluntary selection and combination of images*, for the production of compounds different from those which nature exhibits. This opinion, to whatever extent it may be true, is certainly false in part at least.

We have seen, in considering some other mental processes, that these are rendered very different in appearance by the union of *desire*;—that mere perception, in this way, becomes *attention*,—mere memory, *recollection*. A similar difference is produced by the union of the same feeling in the phenomena which we are at present considering.

Imagination then, may be considered in two different lights ; as it takes place without desire,—or, as it takes place with desire or intention. Let us consider, then, in the first place, those new complex conceptions, which, when there is no accompanying desire, arise and start, as it were, upon the mind, in its passive trains of thought.

That there is imagination, or new combination of images and feelings, unaccompanied with any desire, and consequently, altogether void of selection, is as true, as that there is memory without intentional reminiscence. In the trains of our thought, conceptions rise often simply as they have existed before ; they rise often mixed in various forms and proportions, as they never have existed before ; and in both cases equally without any desire on our part. We as little will the varying scenery of our reveries, and all the strange forms which seem to people them, as we will the conception of any one with whom we are acquainted, when it rises to us in instant suggestion, merely on reading his familiar name.

I may conceive gold, it is said,—I may conceive a mountain ; and these states of my mind, which are only faint transcripts of the past, are simple conceptions. But if I conceive a *golden mountain*,—which I never saw,—I must, it is said, have put together these two conceptions ; and this conception, different from any thing in nature, is, in strict language, not a mere *conception*, but an *imagination*.

Has any thing, however, taken place in this last case, different from what occurred in the two former ?

The argument, which I used in treating of voluntary reminiscence, is equally applicable in the present instance. I then shewed you the absurdity of supposing that we can will the existence of any particular idea ; since this would be to suppose us either to will without knowing what we willed, which is absurd,—or to know already what we willed to know, which is not less absurd. In like manner, I cannot have selected the images of gold and a mountain with the intention of forming the compound of a golden mountain ; since it is very evident, that if I willed that particular compound, I must have had the conception of a golden mountain previously to my conception of a golden mountain. The argument in this case is surely demonstrative ; and the same argument will apply equally to every other individual case that may be supposed, whether the images be few or many,—transient, or continued through the longest reveries. If we select images with the view of forming a particular compound, we must already have formed this compound ; and to select them for no purpose whatever, is, in truth, no to select at all.

But if there cannot have been any selection of images, for comparing with them the notion of a golden mountain, how happens it that the conception of this object, so different from any thing we have ever seen, should arise in the mind?

For the solution of this supposed difficulty, I might remark, that it is far from necessary to suggestion, that there should be any complete resemblance of the object suggested to that which suggests it, or that they should formerly have been proximate as the direct images of things existing together; and that, on the same principle as that by which a *giant* suggests a *pigmy*, or, still more, as analogous objects suggest objects merely analogous,—a tempest, for example, the short violence of mortal tyranny, or a day of vernal sunshine, the serene benevolence of its God,—so the mere conception of a mountain of one substance or colour, may suggest the analogous conception of a mountain of gold. But, though this general tendency to analogous suggestions might seem, perhaps, sufficient to explain the whole difficulty, the true theory of this, and of every other species of complex conception, appears to me to depend, not on this general tendency merely, but, in a great degree also, on that fact with respect to suggestion, which I stated and illustrated in a former Lecture,—the fact that various conceptions, in that particular sense of coexistence or complexity, which I explained to you as all that can be understood in the case of mind, may exist together, forming one complex feeling, and that one part of this complexity may suggest one conception, while another part suggests a different conception, that may in like manner unite, and form one harmonizing whole. The conception of the colour of gold, for example, and the conception of a mountain, may be thus, as it were, separately suggested, by parts of some preceding group of images coexisting in the mind; or the conception of a mountain remaining, its greenness or brownness, which are parts of the complex feeling, may, as colours, suggest various other colours, in the same way as if the conception of the form of the mountain had ceased; the colours thus suggested by some former colour,—that of gold among the rest,—coalescing, as they arise, with the remaining conception of the projecting mass; and all this happens, not in consequence of any selection of ours, but merely in conformity with the common laws of suggestion; with those laws, by which, as I have shewn to you, in every instance of vision, a mere sensation of colour continues to coexist with what is in truth only an associate conception of some particular tangible form, and to blend itself, in intimate diffusion, with the conception which it has suggested,—as if the eye were itself capable of originally distinguish-

ing convexity, concavity, and every varied form of position and magnitude.

The momentary groups of images that arise, independently of any desire or choice on our part, and arise in almost every minute, to almost every mind, constitute by far the greater number of our imaginations ; and to suppose a predetermining selection necessary to every new complex conception, would therefore be almost to annihilate imagination itself. It might leave it, indeed, to the writers of poetry and romance, and to all who are in the habit of embellishing their conversation with the graces and the wonders of extemporary romance ; but in the greater number of mankind, it would be to annihilate it wholly ; since, in them, there is no intentional creation of images, but their fancy presents to them spontaneous images ; or rather, to speak more accurately, since *fancy* is but a general term, expressive of the variety of these very states of the mind, their mind, in consequence of its own original susceptibilities of change, exists, of itself, successively, in those various states which constitute the feelings referred to fancy or imagination.

Such is imagination, considered, as it most frequently occurs, without any accompanying desire ;—a mode of the general capacity of simple suggestion,—and nothing more. But there are, unquestionably, cases in which desire, or intention of some sort, accompanies it during the whole, or the chief part of the process ; and it is of these cases chiefly that we are accustomed to think, in speaking of this supposed power. Such is the frame of the mind, in composition of every species, in prose or verse. In this state, conceptions follow each other, and new assemblages are formed. It is a continued exercise of imagination :—What, then, is the analysis of our feelings in this state of voluntary thought, when there is a desire of forming new groups of images, and new groups of images arise ?

In the first place, to sit down to compose, is to have a general notion of some subject which we are about to treat, with the desire of developing it, and the expectation, or perhaps the confidence, that we shall be able to develop it more or less fully. The desire, like every other vivid feeling, has a degree of permanence which our vivid feelings only possess ; and, by its permanence, tends to keep the accompanying conception of the subject, which is the object of the desire, also permanent before us ; and while it is thus permanent, the usual spontaneous suggestions take place ; conception following conception, in rapid but relative series, and our judgment, all the time, approving and rejecting, according to those relations

of fitness and unfitness to the subject, which it perceives in the parts of the train.

Such I conceive to be a faithful picture of the *state* or successive *states* of the mind, in the process of *composition*. It is not the exercise of a single power, but the development of various susceptibilities,—of desire,—of simple suggestion, by which conceptions rise after conceptions,—of judgment or relative suggestion, by which a feeling of relative fitness or unfitness arises, on the contemplation of the conceptions that have thus spontaneously presented themselves. We think of some subject,—the thought of this subject induces various conceptions related to it. We approve of some, as having a relation of fitness for our end, and disapprove of others, as unfit. We may term this complex state, or series of states, *imagination*, or *fancy*,—and the term may be convenient for its brevity. But, in using it, we must not forget, that the term, however brief and simple, is still the name of a state that is complex, or of a succession of certain states ;—that the phenomena comprehended under it, being the same in nature, are not rendered, by this use of a mere word, different from those to which we have already given peculiar names, expressive of them as they exist separately ;—and that it is to the classes of these elementary phenomena, therefore, that we must refer the whole process of imagination in our philosophic analysis : unless we exclude analysis altogether, and fill our mental vocabulary with as many names of powers, as there are complex affections of the mind.

The feeling of which I have spoken, as most important in fixing our train of thought so as to allow continuous composition, is the vivid feeling of desire, coexisting with the conception of the particular subject ; since this conception of the subject, which is essential to the desire itself, must exist as long as the particular desire or intention exists, and from the influence of the common laws of suggestion, cannot thus continue in the mind without inducing successively various other conceptions related to the primary subject, and to each other.

There is another circumstance, however, which contributes very powerfully to keep the train of suggestion steadily related to the particular subject which we wish to consider, or, at least to recall our thoughts to it, when they have wandered from it so far, as to have introduced trains of their own absolutely unconnected with our subject. This is the constant presence of the same objects of perception around us. I remarked to you, when I treated of the secondary laws of suggestion, the important influence which our conceptions have in awaking each other, according as they have been more or less

recently combined ; even the worst memory being able to repeat a short line of poetry, immediately after reading it, though, in a very short time, it might wholly forget it. There is then, most unquestionably, a peculiar readiness of suggestion of recent images or feelings. Accordingly, when we sit down to compose, the thought of our subject is soon associated with every object around us,—with all that we see,—with every permanent sound,—with the touch of the pen or the pencil which we hold,—with our very tactual and muscular feelings as we sit. All these sensations, indeed, have been frequently connected with other subjects, but they more readily suggest our present subject, because they have coexisted with it more recently. When, therefore, we are led away, almost insensibly, to new trains of thought,—which might not, of themselves, for a long period, lead us back again to those conceptions which occupied us, or to the desire which accompanied them,—we are rapidly brought back to these by the sight of some book which meets our eye,—of the desk or table before us,—or by some other of those sensations which I have already mentioned. In our efforts of composition, there is a constant action of these causes,—some of which would lead us away, while others bring us back. The general laws of suggestion would, in many cases, fill our mind with conceptions foreign to our object, and they do frequently produce this effect ; but as often are we recalled, by the permanence of our desire, or, still more frequently, by the same laws of suggestion which had disturbed and distracted us,—operating *now*, in their connexion with the objects of sense before us, in the way already mentioned, and thus repairing the very evil to which they had given occasion.

Such are the means with which nature has provided us for keeping the trains of our suggestion, not steadily indeed, but almost steadily related to one particular object, which we wish to consider, or to illustrate and adorn. Do the conceptions, however, which arise during this period, and which are ascribed to fancy or imagination, arise by the simple laws of suggestion ? or are they to be ascribed to the operation of some distinct power ?

According to the analysis which I have given you,—if that analysis be faithful,—there is no operation of any distinct power, but merely the rise of various images according to the ordinary laws of simple suggestion, in coexistence with feelings that arise from some other common principles of the mind, particular desire, and the feeling of relation.

In the creations of our fancy, it is very evident that the con-

ceptions which arise must have some relation to each other, or the new combinations would be mere wildness and confusion; and to the relations, according to which conceptions may arise, there is scarcely any limit. The first line of a poem, if I have previously read the poem, may suggest to me the second line, by its relation of former contiguity; it may suggest by resemblance of thought or language, some similar line of another author; it may suggest, by contrast, some of those ludicrous images which constitute *parody*; or it may suggest some image in harmony with its own subject, and some appropriate language with which to invest it, as when it suggested to its author the second line, and all the following lines of his poem. In this variety of suggestions, some of which would be called simple conceptions, or remembrances, while others would be ascribed to the inventive power of imagination, it is precisely the same principle which operates,—that principle of our mental constitution, by which one conception existing, induces of itself some other conception relating to it. In the inventive process, indeed, when it is long continued, there is this peculiarity, to distinguish it from the suggestions to which we do not give that name, that the process is accompanied with *intention*, or the desire of producing some new combination, together with the *expectation* that such a combination will arise, and with *judgment*,—as it is termed in *science*,—that discerns the greater or less aptness of the means that occur to us, for that end which we have in view; or with *taste*,—which is the name for the particular judgment in the fine arts,—that discerns, in like manner, the aptness of the new combinations which arise, for producing that end of pleasure which it is our wish to excite. But still the new suggestions, or successions of thought, in which all that is truly inventive in the process consists, is nothing more than the operation of that principle of the mind to which *memory* itself is reducible,—the general tendency of our conceptions to suggest, in certain circumstances, certain other conceptions related to them.

This tendency, as we have already seen, is variously modified in various minds; and, in a former Lecture, I pointed out to you, and illustrated at considerable length, the nature of those prevailing tendencies of suggestion, which distinguish the conceptions of inventive genius from the humbler conceptions of common minds; the mystery of which difference,—that appears so wonderful when we consider only the products of suggestion in the two cases,—we traced to this very simple circumstance, that, in the mind of inventive genius, conceptions follow each other, chiefly according to the relations of analogy, which are infinite, and admit, therefore, of constant

novelty ; while in the humbler mind, the prevailing tendencies of suggestion are those of former contiguity of objects in place and time, which are of course, limited, and, by their very nature, limited to conceptions that cannot confer, on the mind in which they arise, the honour of *originality*. In that process of fancy which we have now been considering, it must be remembered, that the splendid creations which it exhibits, when the process is complete, depend on this prevailing direction of the course of thought to analogous objects, rather than to such as have been merely proximate in time and place. But we must not conceive that the brilliant wonders, to which this tendency of suggestion gives birth, are to be referred, merely because they are brilliant and wonderful, to some power distinct from that simple suggestion to which they owe their being.

These remarks are, I trust, sufficient to shew the nature of that simple and general principle on which the separate suggestions that become permanently embodied in the delightful pictures of fancy, depend. It may be necessary, however, to illustrate, a little more fully, the nature of that *selection*, of which writers on the subject of imagination so frequently speak.

I have already shewn, that, in far the greater number of imaginations,—in all those which enliven the momentary reveries, that form so large a part of our mental history of each day, though, from the constant recurrence of objects of perception, more vivid and more intimately connected with our permanent desires, they pass away, and are forgotten almost as soon as they have arisen, in all those visions of the future, which occupy, with their own little hopes and fears, the great multitude of mankind, the combinations of fancy which arise, are far from implying any selection by that mind to which they arise, but occur to it, independent of any choice, by mere suggestion, or by the coexistence and combination of some conception as it arises, with that remaining perception or conception which suggested it, or with some other remaining conception of a complex group.

The selection, however, which we have to consider, is that which is supposed to take place in cases of imagination, where there is an undoubted desire of producing some new and splendid result.

“We seem to treat the thoughts that present themselves to the fancy in crowds,” it has been said, “as a great man treats those [courtiers] that attend his levee. They are all ambitious of his attention—he goes round the circle, bestowing a bow upon one, a smile upon another ; asks a short question of a

third, while a fourth is honoured with a particular conference; and the greater part have no particular mark of attention, but go as they came. It is true, he can give no mark of his attention to those who were *not there*; but he has a sufficient number for making a choice and distinction."*

Of this selection I may remark, in the first place, as, indeed, I have already repeatedly remarked,—that when many images are together in our mind, we cannot combine two of them, with the view of forming a third, because this would be, in truth, to have already formed that third which we are supposed to will to form. In the second place, I may remark, that we cannot, by any direct effort of will, banish from our mind any thought which we may conceive to be incongruous to our subject, so as to retain only such as are congruous. To *desire* to *banish*, is, in truth effectually to *retain*; the very desire making the particular thought more vivid than it otherwise would have been.

" We vainly labour to forget
What by the labour we remember more."

We cannot select any two images, therefore, out of many, with the express design of forming that third which results from them, since the design itself would imply their previous combination. We cannot banish a third, fourth, or fifth image, coexisting with these two, from our feeling of their incongruity with the plan already considered by us, since the wish of banishing them would only give to them a firmer place. We do not truly *separate* the two images from the group by any direct effort of our will—for our will could have no power of producing the separation; but Nature, by certain principles with which our mind is endowed, forms the *separation* for us, and consequently, the *new assemblage* which remains after the separation of the rejected parts. This it does for us, according to the simple theory which I have been led to form of the process, in consequence of our feeling of approbation—the feeling of the congruity of certain images with the plan already conceived by us; for this feeling of approbation, and therefore, of increased interest, cannot arise and continue, without rendering more lively the conceptions to which it is attached, producing, in short, a prominence and vividness of these particular conceptions; in consequence of which, they outlast the fainter conceptions that coexisted with them. This vivifying influence of our mere approbation, operates very nearly in the same way as, in the process of attention formerly con-

* Reid on the Intellectual Powers, Essay iv. chap. 4.

sidered by us, we found, that of a multitude of objects, all equally present to our eye, and all producing, or at least capable of producing, an impression of some sort on the sentient mind, the mere feeling of interest, and the consequent desire of further knowledge, rendered some, in a single moment, more prominent than others, as if almost annihilating the others that were equally before our view, but which faded more rapidly from their comparative indistinctness.

The vividness of our mere approbation, then, might be sufficient of itself to vivify, in some degree, the conceptions with which it harmonizes, as our desire in attention renders more vivid the perceptions to which it directly relates. But it is not merely as approbation that it operates,—it operates also indirectly by inducing that very feeling, or combination of feelings, which we term attention; and adding, therefore, all the vivacity, which attention gives, to the relative and harmonizing image. When a conception arises to the poetic mind that seems peculiarly related to the primary conception of the subject, there is of course an instant approbation of it; and, in consequence of this approbation, an almost instant desire of considering the image more fully, and developing or embodying, in the most powerful language, that beautiful relation which is perceived. There arises, in short, as I have said, that complex feeling of attention, which consists in the union of a certain desire with a certain perception or conception; and when attention is thus excited, it is not wonderful that all the usual consequences of attention should follow, in the increased vividness of the conception to which we attend, and the lessened vividness, and therefore more rapid decay of the co-existing images that have no relation to our desire.

Of the various images that exist in the mind of the poet, in those efforts of fancy which we term *creative*, because they exhibit to us results different from any that have been before exhibited to us, he does not, then, banish by his will, because he is not capable of thus directly banishing a single image of the confused group; but he has already some leading conception in his mind; he perceives the relation which certain images of the group bear to this leading conception; and these images instantly becoming more lively, and therefore more permanent, the others gradually disappear, and leave those beautiful groups which he seems to have brought together by an effort of volition, merely because the simple laws of suggestion that have operated without any control on his part, have brought into his mind a multitude of conceptions, of which he is capable of feeling the relation of fitness or unfitness to his general plan. What is suitable remains—not because he wills it to

remain, but because it is rendered more vivid by his approval and intent admiration. What is unsuitable disappears—not because he wills it to disappear—for his will would, in this case, serve only to retain it longer ; but simply because it has not attracted his admiration and attention, and therefore fades like every other faint conception. Nature is thus, to him, what she has been in every age, the only true and everlasting muse—the Inspirer to whom we are indebted as much for every thing which is magnificent in human art, as for those glorious models of excellence, which in the living and inanimate scene of existing things she has presented to the admiration of the genius which she inspires.

LECTURE XLIII.

REDUCTION OF CERTAIN SUPPOSED FACULTIES, TO SIMPLE SUGGESTION—IV. HABIT—ADVANTAGES DERIVED FROM THE ACCURATE REFERENCE OF THE PHENOMENA OF SUGGESTION, TO LAWS WHICH OPERATE ON THE TIME OF THE SUGGESTION ONLY, IN THE REFUTATION OF MECHANICAL THEORIES OF ASSOCIATION—REFUTATION OF HARTLEY'S THEORY.

GENTLEMEN, we were engaged yesterday in considering and analyzing the complex phenomena, usually referred to a distinct intellectual faculty, which has been termed the Power of Imagination or Fancy; and particularly, in tracing the most important elements of these complex states, or successions of states of the mind, to that principle of simple suggestion which has been the subject of our late examination.

The various analyses into which we were led, in considering imagination, first, as it occurs *without desire*, in the short reveries of every hour, and afterwards, as it occurs in combination with desire, in the intentional processes of composition, were too long to admit of minute recapitulation; and, I flatter myself, that you do not need any recapitulation to bring their *results* at least, fully before you.

That in those short reveries which, intermingled as they are with our perceptions of actual things, and often giving their own colours to them, form so much of human happiness, and often too so much of human misery—imagination, the producer of new forms, does not imply any new or peculiar faculty distinguishable from common suggestion, was made, I hope, sufficiently apparent; and I trust you were equally convinced, that in the longest process of intentional composition, the new combinations that arise to us are as little capable of being directly willed;—that they do not imply in us any power of combining by our will various conceptions, or of banishing from our mind, by any effort of our mere will, other conceptions which appear to us inappropriate.

As we cannot will the existence of any group of images, or of any image in a group, since this very will to produce it

would imply its actual present existence as an object of our will; so, what we call *selection*, cannot single from the group an image to the direct exclusion of others, since the operation of the mere will to exclude any image, by rendering it more vivid as an object of our desire, would tend more effectually to retain it. But there are, in that selection of which we speak, a feeling of the relation of certain parts of a complex group, to one leading conception of a particular subject—a consequent approbation of them, as in preference fit for our purpose, and a continued exclusive attention to them; or, in other words, a continued desire of tracing and developing and embodying, in the fittest language, the peculiar relations which these parts of the complex group are felt by us to bear to the plan which we had primarily in view. The common effects, therefore, of attention or desire, take place in this, as in every other instance. The particular images to which we attend, become instantly more vivid, and, therefore, more prominent, so as to separate themselves, by their mere permanence, from the fainter conceptions that fade more rapidly; the remaining images, which were all that seemed to us to harmonize in the wider group, thus mingling together, as if we had formed by our very will the direct combination, and excluded by our very will those incongruous parts, which our will, if we had vainly attempted to make the experiment, could have served only to render more vivid, and therefore, more lasting.

It is thus, without any exertion of faculties, different in kind from those which are exercised, in the humblest intellectual functions of vulgar life,—by the mere capacity of *simple suggestion*, which, as long as the conception of any subject, or part of a subject remains,—presents, in accordance with it, image after image, by the capacity of feelings of relation in the perceived fitness or unfitness of certain images for a particular design,—by that primary general desire, which constituted, or gave birth to the design itself, and other more particular and subordinate desires, which form the chief elements of the varying process of attention to the varying images in the train of thought,—all those miracles of human art have arisen, which have not merely immortalized their authors, but which confer a sort of dignity,—and a dignity of no slight species, even on those who are capable merely of admiring them, with an admiration that feels their real excellence. Indeed, next to the glory of producing them, and, perhaps, not inferior to it in happiness, is the pleasure of being able thus to appreciate and admire.

Simple as the faculties may be, however, which are concerned in the complex process of imagination, to the fancy itself, by

which these miracles are produced, there are truly no limits,—not in external things, for these it can mingle at pleasure,—not in the affections of the soul, for these, in its spiritual creations, are as obedient to it as the mere forms of matter,—not even in infinity itself, for after it has conceived *one* infinity, it can still, in its speculations, add to it *another* and another, as if what would be *impossible in nature*, were *possible in it*.

“What wealth in souls,
That, scorning limit, or from place or time,
Bold on creation’s confines walk and view
What was and is, and more than e’er shall be,
Souls that can grasp whate’er the Almighty made,
And wander wild through things impossible.”

The conceptions, which rise and mingle in our living pictures of fancy, being derived, not merely from the various climes of the earth which we inhabit, but from every part of the immensity of the universe, give to our imagination, if we consider it relatively to the objects of conception, a species of virtual omnipresence, or a rapidity of passage almost as wonderful as omnipresence itself. “Tot virtutes accepimus tot artes, animum denique,” says Seneca, “animum denique, cui nihil non eodem quo intendit momento pervium est, sideribus, velociorem, quorum post multa sæcula futuros cursus antecedit.”* To the same purpose, but more quaintly, says an ingenious French writer, comparing the velocity of our thought with that of the swiftest of material things. “Whatever rapidity we may give to light, what is it to that of my imagination? I wish to rise to the planet Saturn, at the distance of three hundred millions of leagues from the earth. *I am there*. I will to ascend still higher, to the region of the fixed stars, at a distance from the earth, which is no longer to be counted by millions of leagues, but by millions of millions. I have already passed over all this immensity that intervenes. Would I explore the twelve famous constellations of the Zodiac? The Sun takes twelve months to journey through them. I have already traversed them all, in less time than it would have taken for me to pronounce their names.”

“Adde quod in terris nihil est velocius illa,
Et formas subit extemplo quascunque, locosque;
Nunc fera, nunc volucris: nunc prisca: mœnia Romæ.
Nunc petit Ægyptum viridem, fontesque latentes
Ambiguos Nili, et Libyæ deserta peragrat.
Abdita nunc terræ ingreditur; nunc proxima Soli
Inter et errantes per cælum volvitur ignes,
Et sola æternum videt indefessa Tonantem.

* De Beneficiis, Lib. II. c. xxix.

*Proximaque aequatur, ceptisque audacibus urget.
Quaque magis into diversa a corpore fertur,
Hoc magis immensas diversa a corpore vires
Exultat, ac victrix membrorum incedit, et ultro
Evocat ad superos, propriisque enititur alis."*^a

The next class of phenomena to which, as in their chief circumstances, modes of the principles of suggestion, I would direct your attention, are the phenomena of *Habit*.

The effects of *habit* are, by Dr. Reid, ascribed to a peculiar ultimate principle of the mind; and though I flatter myself, after the discussions which have engaged us, you are not very likely to fall into this error, it may be proper to enter into some fuller illustration and analysis of an influence, which is unquestionably one of the most powerful in our mental constitution.

In treating of the secondary laws of suggestion, I before considered the effect of general habit, if it might so be termed, in modifying the suggestions of mere analogy. The habit which we are now to examine, however, is that in which the effects are not analogous merely, but strictly similar, in a tendency to the repetition of the same actions.

The nature of *habit* may be considered in two lights; as it produces a greater tendency to certain actions, and as it confers greater facility and excellence in those particular actions.

The first form of its influence, then, which we have to consider, is that by which it renders us more prone to actions that have been frequently repeated.

That the frequent repetition of any action increases the tendency to it, all of you must have experienced in yourselves, in innumerable cases, of little importance, perhaps, but sufficiently indicative of the influence; and there are few of you, probably, who have not had an opportunity of remarking in others the fatal power of habits of a very different kind. In the corruption of a great city, it is scarcely possible to look around, without perceiving some warning example of that blasting and deadening influence, before which, every thing that was generous and benevolent in the heart, has withered, while every thing which was noxious has flourished with more rapid maturity; like those plants, which can extend their roots, indeed, and odours, but which burst out in all their luxuriance, only from even in a pure soil, and fling out a few leaves amid balmy airs a soil that is fed with constant putrescency, and in an atmos-

^a Heinsius de Contemptu Mortis, Lib. II.

phere which it is poison to inhale. It is not vice,—not cold and insensible, and contented vice, that has never known any better feelings,—which we view with melancholy regret. It is virtue,—at least what was once virtue,—that has yielded progressively and silently to an influence scarcely perceived, till it has become the very thing which it abhorred. Nothing can be more just, than the picture of this sad progress, described in the well known lines of Pope:

“Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet, seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.”*

In the slow progress of some insidious disease, which is scarcely regarded by its cheerful and unconscious victim, it is mournful to mark the smile of gaiety, as it plays over that very bloom, which is not the freshness of health, but the flushing of approaching mortality, amid studies perhaps just opening into intellectual excellence, and hopes, and plans of generous ambition that are never to be fulfilled. But how much more painful is it, to behold that equally insidious, and far more desolating progress, with which guilty passion steals upon the heart,—when there is still sufficient virtue to feel remorse, and to sigh at the remembrance of purer years, but not sufficient to throw off the guilt, which is felt to be oppressive, and to return to that purity in which it would again, in its bitter moments, gladly take shelter, if only it had energy to vanquish the almost irresistible habits that would tear it back!

“Crimes lead to greater crimes, and link so straight,
What first was accident, at last is fate;
The unhappy servant sinks into a slave,
And virtue’s last sad strugglings cannot save.”

We must not conceive, however, that habit is powerful only in strengthening what is EVIL,—though it is this sort of operation which, of course, forces itself more upon our observation and memory,—like the noontide darkness of the tempest, that is remembered, when the calm, and the sunshine, and the gentle shower are forgotten. There can be no question, that the same principle which confirms and aggravates what is evil, strengthens and cherishes also what is good. The virtuous, indeed, do not require the influence of habitual benevolence or devotion to force them, as it were, to new acts of kindness to man, or to new sentiments of gratitude to God. But the temptations, to which even virtue might sometimes be in dan-

* Essay on Man, Ep. II. v. 217—220.

ger of yielding in the commencement of its delightful progress, become powerless and free from peril when that progress is more advanced. There are spirits which, even on earth, are elevated above that little scene of mortal ambition, with which their benevolent wishes, for the sufferers there, are the single tie that connects them still. All with them is serenity; the darkness and the storm are beneath them. They have only to look down, with generous sympathy, on those who have not yet risen so high; and to look up, with gratitude, to that Heaven which is above their head, and which is almost opening to receive them.

To explain the influence of habit, in increasing the tendency to certain actions, I must remark,—what I have already more than once repeated,—that the suggesting influence which is usually expressed in the phrase *association of ideas*,—though that very improper phrase would seem to limit it to our ideas of conceptions only, and has unquestionably produced a mistaken belief of this partial operation of a general influence,—is not limited to these more than to any other states of the mind, but occurs also with equal force in other feelings, which are not commonly termed ideas or conceptions; that our desires, or other emotions, for example, may, like them, form a part of our trains of suggestion; and that it is not more wonderful, therefore, that the states of the mind, which constitute certain desires, after frequently succeeding certain perceptions, should, on the mere renewal of the perceptions, recur once more, than that any one conception should follow, in this manner, any other conception,—that the mere picture of a rose, for example, should suggest its fragrance; or that verses, which we have frequently read, should rise once more successively in our memory, when the line which precedes them has been repeated to us, or remembered by us. To him who has long yielded servilely to habits of intoxication, the mere *sight*, or the mere conception, of the poisonous beverage,—to which he has devoted and sacrificed his health, and virtue, and happiness,—will induce, almost as if mechanically, the series of mental affections, on which the worse than animal appetite, and the muscular motions necessary for gratifying it, depend. Perhaps, at the early period of the growth of the passion, there was little love of the wine itself, the desire of which was rather a consequence of the pleasures of gay conversation that accompanied the too frequent draught. But whatever different pleasures may originally have accompanied it, the perception of the wine and the draught itself were frequent parts of the complex process; and, therefore, those particular mental states, which constituted the repeated volitions necessary for the par-

ticular muscular movements ; and it is not wonderful, therefore, that *all* the parts of the process should be revived by the mere revival of a single part.

What is called the power of habit is thus suggestion, and nothing more. The sight of the wine before him has coexisted innumerable times with the desire of drinking it. The state of mind, therefore, which constitutes the perception, induces, by the common influence of suggestion, that other state of mind which constitutes the desire, and the desire all those other states or motions which have been its usual attendants.

This influence of habit, then,—in increasing the tendency to certain motions,—is not very difficult of explanation, without the necessity of having recourse to any principle of the mind distinct from that on which all our simple suggestions depend. If feelings tend to produce other feelings, in consequence of former proximity or coexistence, it would, indeed, be most wonderful if habitual tendencies were not produced. But the tendency to certain actions is not merely increased, the action itself, in cases of complicated motion, becomes easier.

In what manner is this increased facility to be explained ?

If any of you were to try, for the first time, any one of the wondrous feats of the circus,—vaulting, dancing on the rope, or some of the more difficult equestrian exercises,—there is very little reason to think that the individual, whatever general vigour and agility he might possess, would be successful ; and if he were so singularly fortunate as to perform the feat at all, there can be no doubt that he would perform it with great labour, and comparative awkwardness. A certain series of muscular contractions, alone, are best fitted for producing a certain series of attitudes ; and though we may all have the muscles necessary for these particular attitudes, and the power of producing in them the requisite contractions, we have not,—merely from the sight or conception of the particular attitude,—a knowledge either of the particular muscles that are to be moved, or of the particular degrees of motion that may be necessary. In our first attempts, accordingly,—though we may produce a rude imitation of the motion which we wish to imitate,—the imitation must still be a very rude one ; because, in our ignorance of the particular muscles, and particular quantities of contraction, we contract muscles which ought to have remained at rest, and contract those which ought to be contracted only in a certain degree, in a degree either greater or less than this middle point. By frequent repetition, however, we gradually learn and remedy our mistakes ; but we acquire this knowledge very slowly,

because we are not acquainted with the particular parts of our muscular frame, and with the particular state of the mind, necessary for producing the motion of a single muscle separately from the others with which it is combined. The most skilful anatomist, therefore, if he were to venture to make his appearance upon a tight-rope, would be in as great danger of falling as any of the mob, (who might gather around him, perhaps, in sufficient time at least to see him fall) would be in his situation; because, though *he* knows the various muscles of his frame, and even might be capable of foretelling what motions of certain muscles would secure him in his perilous elevation, he yet is unacquainted with the *separate states of mind* that might instantly produce the desired limited motions of the desired muscles; since these precise states of mind never have been a part of his former consciousness.

But though our command over our separate muscles is not a command which we can exercise with instant skill, and though it is, and must be at all times, exercised by us blindly, without any accurate perception of the nice parts of the process that are going on within at our bidding, we do certainly *acquire* this gradual skill. In the long series of trials, we find what volitions have produced an affect, that resembles most the model which we have in view. At almost every repetition, either some muscle is left at rest, which was uselessly exerted before, or the degree of contraction of the same muscles is brought nearer and nearer to the desired point; till, at length, having found the particular volitions which produce the desired effect, we repeat these frequently together, so that, on the general principles of suggestion, they arise together afterwards with little risk of the interference of any awkward incongruous volition which might disturb them, and destroy the beauty of the graceful movements,—that seem now scarcely to require any effort in the performer, but to be to him what the muscular motions necessary for simple walking or running, are to us,—motions that, easy as they now seem to us all, were once learned by us as slowly, and with as many painful failures, as the more difficult species of motion which constitute their wonderful art, were learned in maturer life by the rope-dancer and the juggler.

The painfulness and labour of our first efforts, in such attempts, it must be remembered, do not arise merely from our bringing too many muscles into play, with the view of producing a certain definite effect; but also, in a great measure, from the absolute necessity of bringing more into play than we intended, for the purpose of counteracting and remedying the evil occasioned by former excess of motion. We lose our

balance, and merely in consequence of this loss of exact equilibrium, we are obliged to perform certain other actions, not directly to execute the particular movement originally intended by us, but simply to restore that equilibrium, without which it would be vain for us to attempt to execute it. All this unnecessary labour,—which is a mere waste of strength, and a painful waste of it,—is of course saved to us, when we have made sufficient progress to be able at least to keep our balance; and the desired motion thus becomes easier in two ways, both *positively*, by our nearer approximation to that exact point of contraction which constitutes the perfect attitude, and, *negatively*, by the exclusion of those motions which our own awkwardness had rendered unavoidable.

We have seen, then, in what manner, in conformity with that great principle of the mind considered by us, the phenomena of our habitual actions may be explained, both in the increased tendency to such actions, and the increased facility of performing them.

I cannot quit the subject of our suggestions, without remarking the advantage which we derive from the accurate reference of these to the laws of mind, that operate at the time of the suggestion only, and not to any previous mysterious union of the parts of the train,—in refuting the mechanical theories of association, and of thought and passion in general, which, in some degree in all ages, but especially since the publication of the work of Dr. Hartley, have so unfortunately seduced philosophers, from the proper province of intellectual analysis, to employ themselves in fanciful comparisons of the affections of matter and mind, and at length to conceive that they had reduced all the phenomena of mind to corpuscular motions. The very use of the term *association*, has unquestionably, in this respect, been of material disadvantage; and the opinion, which it seems to involve, of the necessity of some connecting process, prior to suggestion, some coexistence of perceptions, linked, as it were, together, by a common tie, has presented so many material analogies, that the mind which adopted it, would very naturally become more ready to adopt that general materialism, which converts perception and passion, and the remembrances of these, into states of sensorial particles, more easily produced, as more frequently produced before, in the same manner as a tree bends most readily in the direction in which it has most frequently yielded to the storm. Had the attention been fixed less on the suggestions of grosser contiguity, than on the more refined suggestions of analogy or contrast, or on those which arise from the perception of ob-

jects seen for the first time,—the analogy of all the increased flexibilities of matter would have been less apt to occur, or, at least, its influence would have been greatly lessened; and the readers of many of those romances, which call themselves systems of intellectual philosophy, would have viewed, with astonishment, the hypotheses of sensorial motions, and currents of animal spirits, and furrows in the brain, and vibrations, and miniature vibrations, which false views of the mere time of association, in a connecting process of some sort prior to suggestion, have made them, in many cases, too ready to embrace.

It is chiefly in the southern part of the island, that the hypothesis of Dr. Hartley has met with followers; and his followers have generally been extravagant admirers of his philosophical genius, which, I own, seems to me to be very opposite to the genius of sound philosophy. That there is considerable acuteness, however, displayed in his work, and that it contains some successful analyses of complex feelings, I am far from denying; and, as intellectual science consists so much in the analysis of the complex phenomena of thought, its influence, in this respect, has unquestionably been of service, in promoting that spirit of inquiry, which, in a science that presents no attraction to the senses, is so easily laid asleep, or, at least, so readily acquiesces, as if to justify its indolence, in the authority of great names, and of all that is ancient in error, and venerable in absurdity. But though the influence of his philosophy may have been of service in this respect, the advantage, which has perhaps, flowed from it in this way, must have been inconsiderable, compared with the great evil, which has unquestionably flowed from it in another way, by leading the inquirer to acquiesce in remote analogies, and to adopt explanations and arrangements of the phenomena of mind,—not as they agree with the actual phenomena,—but as they chance to agree with some supposed phenomena of our material part. Dr. Hartley, indeed, does not consider materialism, as a necessary consequence of his theory. He does not say, that the *vibrations* and *vibratiuncles* of the medullary parts of the sensorium constitute the very sensations and passions, but merely that they are changes, necessary to every mental affection. Yet by adopting a supposed analogy of a particular species of motion, as common to all the intellectual functions,—and thus imposing the necessity of finding, or attempting to find, in every case, some exact correspondence of the mental phenomena, with the varieties and combinations of this particular species of motion, he has done

as much to distract the attention of the intellectual inquirer, as if he had made all the phenomena to consist of this particular notion,—and without contending for materialism, or even believing in materialism, has produced this belief in the minds of those who have adopted his general system, as effectually as if he had himself believed and contended that the soul is a cube, or a cone, or some irregular solid of many sides.

If we admit—as in sound philosophy it is impossible not to admit—the existence of *mind*, as a substance not cubical, conical, nor of many sides, regular or irregular, but one and simple, different from matter, and capable, by the affections of which it is susceptible, of existing in all those various states which constitute the whole history of our life, as sentient, and intelligent, and moral beings,—though we must allow, that its sense of external things, and, perhaps, some of its other susceptibilities, require certain previous sensorial changes or affections, not for constituting its feelings, but merely for giving occasion to them, as any other cause gives occasion to any other effect;—there is no reason for believing, that such changes of the material organs are necessary for every feeling or affection of the mind, even as the mere occasions on which the feelings arise. Though we were to admit this necessity, however, without any reason for admitting it, and were to think ourselves obliged, therefore, to have recourse to *some* analogy of matter,—we must still reject the hypothesis of *vibrations*; since, of all the corporeal changes, that could be imagined, in the soft medullary matter of the brain and nerves, *vibrations* seem the least likely,—certainly, at least, the worst fitted for marking accurately the nice distinctions of things. Indeed, it has always seemed to me peculiarly wonderful, that such an hypothesis should have been formed by a *physician*, to whom the structure of the brain and its appendages must have been familiar. If we wished to have a substance, that should damp and deaden every species of vibration, so as to prevent a single vibration from being accurately transmitted, it would not be very easy to find one better suited for this purpose, than that soft pulpy matter which is supposed by Dr. Hartley to transmit with most exact fidelity, all the nicest divisions of infinitesimal vibratiuncles.

Of the system of *vibrations* and *vibratiuncles*, which has now fallen into merited disrepute, even with those who are inclined, in other respects, to hold in very high estimation the merits of Hartley, as an intellectual analyst, it is scarcely necessary to offer any serious confutation. The very primary facts of association or suggestion on which the whole of his

jects seen for the first time,—the analogy of the flexibilities of matter would have been less convincing. At least, its influence would have been greatly diminished in the minds of many of those romances, who, in the systems of intellectual philosophy, would have been astonished, the hypotheses of sensorial vibrations of animal spirits, and furrows in the brain, and miniature vibrations, which false hypotheses, of association, in a connecting process of suggestion, have made them, in the end, embrace.

It is chiefly in the southern hypothesis of Dr. Hartley has been followed. Lowerers have generally been philosophers of genius, which is opposite to the genius of considerable acuteness, that it contains some. I am far from denying so much in the analogy of its influence, in this vice, in promoting that presents no sleep, or, at least indolence, in the ancient in error influence of the respect, the this way, no great evil, other way, logics, as phenomena phenomena not only theory of the sensorial cessant analogy the in finding respect combination

But, in this case, it is surely unnecessary and smell should ever have existed never seen a rose, the mere smell of have brought before me instantly the never beheld, because it should particular corresponding vibra-

strings; and, though I had never seen the mere *picture* of the flower, it would have given me, in the very independence of vibration, the knowledge

perhaps be said, would be very true, if the metaphysical physiologists speak, were common physical sense. But if they are not common physical sense, what is it that they are to note? and why is not the precise difference noted? Nothing can be simpler than the meaning of the term—*vibration*—an alternate approach and retrocession of a particle; and if this particular species of motion be intended, it is certainly most absurd to employ the term, when either term could have been adopted or invented without error; or at least to employ it without stating what it distinctly meant by it, as different from the other vibrations which we are accustomed to speak. If it be not understood in its usual meaning, and if no other meaning be assigned to the term, the hypothesis, which expresses nothing that can be understood, has not even the scanty glory of being an hypothesis. The same phenomena might, with as much philosophic accuracy, be ascribed to any other fanciful term—to the *Entelecheia* of Aristotle, or to the *Abracadabra* of the Cabalists. Indeed, they might be ascribed to either of these magnificent words with greater accuracy, because, though the words might leave us as ignorant as before, they, at least, would not communicate to us any notion positively false. There is certainly very little resemblance of memory to an effervescence, yet we might theorize as justly in ascribing memory to an effervescence as to a vibration, if we be allowed to understand both terms in a sense totally different from the common use, without even expressing what that different sense is; and if the followers of Hartley, in preferring *vibratuncles* to little *effervescences*, profess to understand the term *vibration* as it is commonly understood, and to apply to the phenomena of association the common laws of vibrating chords, they must previously undertake to shew that the phenomena of musical chords, on which they found their hypothesis, are the reverse of what they are known to be,—that strings of such a length and tension as to harmonize, are not originally capable of receiving vibrations from the motions of each other, but communicate their vibrations mutually only after they have repeatedly been touched together,—and that musical chords, of such a length and tension as to be absolutely discordant, acquire notwithstanding, when frequently

touched with a bow or the finger, a tendency to harmonize, and at length vibrate together at the mere touch of one of them. *Then*, indeed, when the tendencies to vibratory motion are shewn to be precisely the reverse of what they are, the phenomena of suggestion might find some analogy in the phenomena of vibration ; but, knowing what we know of musical chords, it is impossible to bring their phenomena to bear, in the slightest degree, on the phenomena of association,—unless, indeed, by convincing us, that, little as we know positively of the mysterious principle of suggestion, we may at least negatively have perfect knowledge, that it is *not* a *vibration* or a *vibratiuncle*.

LECTURE XLIV.

ON THE INFLUENCE OF PARTICULAR SUGGESTIONS ON THE
INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL CHARACTER.

GENTLEMEN, having now endeavoured to lay before you, and explain, as far as the limited nature of these Lectures allows, the general phenomena which flow from the principle of Simple Suggestion, I shall conclude this part of my Course, with some remarks on the Influence of Particular Associations, on the Intellectual and Moral Character. The speculation, if we had leisure to enter upon it fully, would be one of the most extensive and interesting, in the whole field of philosophic inquiry. But so many other subjects demand our attention, that a few slight notices are all which my limits at present permit.

In these remarks, I use the familiar term *associations*, for its convenient brevity, as expressive of the suggestions that arise from former coexistence or succession of feelings, with perfect confidence, that you can no longer be in any danger of attaching to it erroneous notions, as if it implied some mysterious process of union of the feelings suggesting and suggested, or any other influence, than that, which, at the moment of suggestion, certain feelings have, as relative, (our proximate feelings among the rest) to suggest other correlative feelings.

In this tendency to mutual suggestion, which arises from the relation of former proximity, there is not a single perception, or thought, or emotion of man, and consequently not an object around him, that is capable of acting on his senses, which may not have influence on the whole future character of his mind, by modifying, forever after, in some greater or less degree, those complex feelings of good and evil, by which his passions are excited or animated, and those complex opinions of another sort, which his understanding may rashly form from partial views of the moment, or adopt as rashly from others, without examination. The influence is a most powerful one, in all its varieties, and is unquestionably not the less powerful, when it operates, for being in most cases altogether

unsuspected. It has been attempted to reduce to classes the sources of our various prejudices, those idols of the *tribe*, and of the *curia*, and of the *forum*, and of the *theatre*, as Lord Bacon has quaintly characterized them. But, since every event that befalls us may add, to the circumstances which accidentally accompany it, some permanent impression of pleasure or pain, of satisfaction or disgust, it must never be forgotten that the enumeration of the prejudices, even of a single individual, must, if it be accurate, comprehend the whole history of his life, and that the enumeration of the sources of prejudice in mankind, must be, like the celebrated work of an ancient naturalist, as various as nature herself "*tam varium quam natura ipsa*." It is not on their *truth* alone, that even the justest opinions have depended for their support ; for even truth itself may, relatively to the individual, and is, relatively to all, in infancy, and to the greater number of mankind for life,—a *prejudice* into which they are seduced by affection or example, precisely in the same way, as, on so many other occasions, they are seduced into error. Could we look back upon the history of our mind, it would be necessary, in estimating the influence of an opinion, to consider as often the lips from which it fell, as the certainty of opinion itself, or perhaps even to take into account some accidental circumstance of pleasure or good fortune, which dispelled for a moment our usual obstinacy. We may have reasoned justly on a particular subject for life, because at some happy moment,

Perhaps Prosperity becalm'd our* breast ;
Perhaps the wind just shifted from the East.†

I have already alluded to the influence of professional habits, in modifying the train of thought ; and the observation of the still greater influence, which they exercise, in attaching undue importance to particular sets of opinions, is probably as ancient, as the division of professions. The sciences may, in like manner, be considered as speculative professions ; and the exclusive student of any one of these, is liable to a similar undue preference, of that particular department of philosophy, which afforded the truths, that astonished and delighted him in his entrance on the study, or raised him afterwards to distinction by discoveries of his own. We know our own internal enjoyments ; but we have no mode of discovering the internal enjoyments of others ; and a study, therefore, on which we have never entered, unless its ultimate utility be very ap-

* His.—Orig.

† Pope's Moral Essays, Ep. II.

parent, presents to our imagination only the difficulties that are to oppose us, which are always more immediately obvious to our thought, than the pleasure to which these very difficulties give rise. But the remembrance of our own past studies, is the remembrance of many hours of delight; and even the difficulties which it brings before us, are difficulties overcome. The mere determination of the mind, therefore, in early youth, to a particular profession or speculative science,—though it may have arisen from accidental circumstances, or parental persuasion only, and not in the slightest degree from any preference or impulse of genius at the time, is thus sufficient, by the elements which it cannot fail to mingle in all our complex conceptions and desires, to impress for ever after the intellectual character, and to bend it, perhaps, from that opposite direction, into which it would naturally have turned. It has been said, that Heaven, which gave great qualities only to a small number of its favourites, gave *vanity* to *all*, as a full compensation; and the proud and exclusive preference, which attends any science or profession, hurtful as it certainly is, in preventing just views, and impeding general acquirements, has at least the advantage of serving, in some measure, like this universal vanity, to comfort for the loss of that wider knowledge, which, in far the greater number of cases, must be altogether beyond attainment. The geometer, who, on returning a tragedy of Racine, which he had been requested to read, and which he had perused accordingly with the most faithful labour, asked with astonishment, what it was intended to demonstrate? and the arithmetician, who, during the performance of Garrick, in one of his most pathetic characters, employed himself in counting the words and syllables which that great actor uttered, only did, in small matters, what we are, every hour, in the habit of doing, in affairs of much more serious importance.

How much of what is commonly called *genius*,—or, at least, how much of the secondary direction of genius, which marks its varieties, and gives it a specific distinctive character,—depends on accidents of the slightest kind, that modify the general tendencies of suggestion, by the peculiar liveliness which they give to certain trains of thought! I am aware, indeed, that, in cases of this sort, we may often err,—and that we probably err, to a certain extent, in the greater number of them,—in ascribing to the *accident*, those mental peculiarities, which existed before it unobserved; and which would afterwards, as original tendencies, have developed themselves, in any circumstances in which the individual might have been placed; but the influence of circumstances, though apt to be

magnified, is not on that account the less real; and though we may sometimes err, therefore, as to the particular examples, we cannot err as to the general influence itself. We are told, in the life of Chatterton, that, in his early boyhood, he was reckoned of very dull intellect, till he "fell in love," as his mother expressed it, with the illuminated capitals of an old musical manuscript in French, from which she taught him his letters; and a black-letter Bible was the book from which she afterwards taught him to read. It is impossible to think of the subsequent history of this wonderful young man, without tracing a probable connexion of those accidental circumstances, which could not fail to give a peculiar importance to certain conceptions, with the character of that genius, which was afterwards to make grey-headed erudition bend before it, and to astonish at least all those on whom it did not impose.

The illustrious French naturalist Adanson, was in very early life distinguished by his proficiency in classical studies. In his first years at college, he obtained the highest prizes in Greek and Latin poetry, on which occasion he was presented with the works of Pliny and Aristotle. The interest which such a circumstance could not fail to give to the works of these ancient inquirers into nature, led him to pay so much attention to the subjects of which they treated, that when he was scarcely thirteen years of age, he wrote some valuable notes, on the volumes that had been given to reward his studies of a different kind.

Vaucanson, the celebrated mechanician,—who, in every thing which did not relate to his art, shewed so much stupidity, that it has been said of him, that he was as much a machine as any of the machines which he made,—happened, when a boy, to be long and frequently shut up in a room, in which there was nothing but a clock, which, therefore, as the only object of amusement, he occupied himself with examining, so as at last to discover the connexion and uses of its parts; and the construction of machines was afterwards his constant delight and occupation. I might refer to the biography of many other eminent men, for multitudes of similar incidents, that appear to correspond, with an exactness more than accidental, with the striking peculiarities of character afterwards displayed by them; and it is not easy to say, if we could trace the progress of genius from its first impressions, how very few circumstances, of little apparent moment, might have been sufficient,—by the new suggestions to which they had given rise, and the new complex feelings produced,—to change the general tendencies that were afterwards to mark it with its specific character.

Indeed, since all the advantages of scientific and elegant education must, philosophically, be considered only as accidental circumstances, we have, in the splendid powers which these advantages of mere culture seem to evolve, as contrasted with the powers that lie dormant in the mass of mankind, a striking proof how necessary the influence of circumstances is for the development of those magnificent suggestions which give to genius its glory and its very name.

If the associations, and consequent complex feelings, which we derive from the accidental impression of external things, or which we form to ourselves by our exclusive studies and occupations, have a powerful influence on our intellectual character, those which are transmitted to us, from other minds, are not less powerful. We continue to think and feel, as our ancestors have thought and felt ; so true, in innumerable cases, is the observation, that "men make up their principles by inheritance, and defend them, as they would their estates, *because they are born heirs to them.*" It has been justly said, that it is difficult to regard that as an evil which has been long done, and that there are many great and excellent things, which we never think of doing, merely because no one has done them before us. This subjection of the soul to former usage, till roused by circumstances of more than common energy, is like the inertia that retains bodies in the state in which they happen to be, till some foreign force operate, to suspend their motion or their rest. And it is well, upon the whole, that, in the great concerns of life, those which relate, not to speculative science, but to the direct happiness of nations,—this intellectual inertia subsists. The difficulty of moving the multitude, though it may often be the unfortunate cause of preventing benefits which they might readily receive, still has the important advantage of allowing time for reflection, before their force, which is equally irresistible for their self-destruction as for their preservation, could be turned to operate greatly to their own prejudice. The restless passions of the individual innovator man, thus find an adequate check in the general principles of mankind. The same power who has balanced the causes of action and repose in the *material* world, has mingled them, with equal skill, in the *intellectual* ; and, in the one as much as in the other, the very irregularities, that seem, at first sight, to lead to the destruction of that beautiful system of which they are a part, are found to have in themselves the cause, that leads them again, from apparent confusion, into harmony and order.

But though, in affairs which concern immediately the peace and happiness of society, it is of importance, that there should

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and, still more, in those who follow, the obstinacy of attachment to ancient usage,—which apply to speculative sciences, in which error does not lead to its consequences beyond the self illusion of those who embrace it. Yet, the history of science, for a long series of ages—if the science of those ages can be said to afford a subject of history,—exhibits a devotion to ancient opinion more obstinately zealous, than that which marks the contemporary narrative of domestic usages or political events. To improve, in some respects, the happiness of a nation,—though it was indeed a difficult, and perilous and rare attempt,—was not absolutely impious. But what a spectacle of more hopeless slavery is presented to us in those long ages of the despotism of authority, when Aristotle was every thing, and Reason nothing,—and when the crime of daring to be wiser, was the worst species of treason, and almost of impiety,—though it must be owned, that this rebellion against the right divine of authority, was not a guilt of very frequent occurrence.

“With ensigns wide unfurl’d
She rode, triumphant, o’er the vanquish’d world.
Fierce nations owned her unresisted might;
And all was ignorance, and all was night.”

It is at least as melancholy, as it is ludicrous, to read the decree, which was passed, so late as the year 1624, by the Parliament of Paris, in favour of the doctrines of Aristotle, in consequence of the rashness of three unfortunate philosophers, who were accused of having ventured on certain theses, that implied a want of due respect for his sovereign infallibility. In this, all persons were prohibited, under pain of death (*à peine de la vie*) from holding or teaching any maxim against the ancient and approved authors, (*contre les anciens auteurs et approuvés*.) In this truly memorable edict, the Parliament seem to have taken for their model the *letters patent*, as they were termed, which about a century before, had been issued against Peter Ramus by Francis the First,—a sovereign who, for the patronage which he gave to literature, obtained the name of *protector of letters*; but who, as has been truly said, was far from being the *protector of reason*. Yet this proclamation, which condemns the writings of Ramus for the enormous guilt of an attempted improvement in dialects, and which prohibits him, “under pain of corporal punishment, from uttering any more slanderous invectives against Aristotle and other ancient authors received and approved,” proceeds, in its preamble, to have been issued by the monarch his great desire for the progress of science and sound

literature in France. "This philosophy of Aristotle, so dear to our kings, and to our ancient parliaments," Says D'Alembert, "did not always enjoy the same gracious favour with them, even in times of superstition and ignorance. It is true, that the reasons for which it was sometimes proscribed were very worthy of the period. In the early part of the thirteenth century, the works of this philosopher were burnt at Paris, and prohibited, under pain of excommunication, from being read or preserved, '*because they gave occasion to new heresies.*' It thus appears," he continues, "that there is really no sort of folly into which the philosophy of Aristotle has not led our good ancestors."

Such is the sway of long-established veneration over our judgment, even in the province of severer science. The influence which the authority of antiquity exercises over our taste is not less remarkable. "What beauty," it has been said, "would not think herself happy, if she could inspire her lover with a passion as lively and tender as that with which an ancient Greek or Roman inspires his respectful commentator?" We laugh at the absurdity of Dacier, one of those most adoring commentators, who, in comparing the excellence of Homer and Virgil, could seriously say, that the poetry of the one was *a thousand years more beautiful* than the poetry of the other; and yet, in the judgments which we are in the habit of forming, or, at least, of passively adopting, there is often no small portion of this chronological estimation. The prejudice for antiquity is itself very ancient, says La Motte; and it is amusing, at the distance of so many hundred years, to find the same complaint of undue partiality to the writers of other ages, brought forward against their contemporaries by those authors, whom we are now disposed to consider as too highly estimated by our own contemporaries on that very account.

How many are there, who willingly join in expressing veneration for works, which they would think it a heavy burden to read from beginning to end! Indeed, this very circumstance, when the fame of an author has been well established, rather adds to his reputation than diminishes it; because the languor of a work, of course, cannot be felt by those who never take the trouble of perusing it, and its imperfections are not criticised, as they otherwise would be, because they must be remarked before they can be pointed out, while the more striking beauties, which have become traditionary in quotation, are continually presented to the mind. There is much truth, therefore, in the *principle*, whatever injustice there may be in the application of the sarcasm of Voltaire, on the Italian poet

Dante, that his reputation will now continually be growing greater and greater,—because there is now nobody who reads him.”

It is not merely the prejudice of *authority*, however, which leads our taste to form disproportionate judgments. It is governed by the same accidental associations of every kind, of which I have already spoken, as giving a specific direction to genius. It is not easy to say, how much the simple tale and ballad of our infancy, or innumerable other circumstances still less important of our early life, may have tended to modify our general sense of the beautiful, as it is displayed even in the most splendid of those works of genius which fix our maturer admiration. But as this part of my subject is again to come before us, I shall not dwell on it any longer at present.

It is not in particular details, however, like those which have been now submitted to you, that the influence of association on the intellectual character is best displayed. It is in taking the aggregate of all the circumstances, physical and moral, in the climate, and manners, and institutions of a people.

“There Industry and Gain their vigils keep,
Command the winds, and tame the unwilling deep;
Here Force, and hardy deeds of blood prevail;
There languid Pleasure sighs in every gale.”*

The character and turn of thought, which we attach, in imagination, to the satrap of a Persian court, to a citizen of Athens, and to a rude inhabitant of ancient Sarmatia, are as distinct as the names which we affix to their countries. I need not enter into the detail of circumstances which may be supposed to have concurred in the production of each of these distinct characters. It will be sufficient to take the Athenian for an example, and to think of the circumstances in which he was placed. I borrow a description of these from an eloquent French writer.

“Among the Greeks, wherever the eyes were cast, there monuments of glory were to be found. The streets, the temples, the galleries, the porticos, all gave lessons to the citizens. Every where the people recognized the images of its great men; and, beneath the purest sky, in the most beautiful fields, amid groves and sacred forests, and the most brilliant festivals of a splendid religion—surrounded with a crowd of artists, and orators, and poets, who all painted, or modelled, or celebrated, or sung their compatriot heroes,—marching as it were

* Gray on the Alliance of Education and Government, v. 42—45.

to the enchanting sounds of poetry and music, that were animated with the same spirit,—the Greeks, victorious and free, saw, and felt, and breathed nothing but the intoxication of glory and immortality.”

“Hence flourish’d Greece, and hence a race of men,
As Gods by conscious future times adored;
In whom each virtue wore a smiling air,
Each science shed o’er life a friendly light,
Each art was nature.”*

How admirably does the elegant writer, from whom I have just quoted, express the peculiar effect of a popular constitution, in giving animation to the efforts of the orator;—and if oratory were all, which rendered a people happy, and not rather those equal laws, and that calm security, which render oratory almost useless, how enviable would be that state of manners which he pictures!

“In the ancient republics,” he observes, “eloquence made a part of the constitution. It was it which enacted and abolished laws, which ordered war, which caused armies to march, which led on the citizens to the fields of battle, and consecrated their ashes, when they perished in the combat. It was it which from the tribune kept watch against tyrants, and brought from afar to the ears of the citizens the sound of the chains which were menacing them. In republics, eloquence was a sort of spectacle. Whole days were spent by the people, in listening to their orators,—as if the necessity of feeling some emotion were an appetite of their very nature. The republican orator, therefore, was not a mere *measurer of words*, for the amusement of a circle, or a small society. He was a man, to whom Nature had given an *inevitable empire*. He was the defender of a nation,—its sovereign,—its master. It was *he*, who made the enemies of his country tremble. Philip, who could not subdue Greece as long as Demosthenes breathed,—Philip, who at Cheronæa had conquered an army of Athenians, but who had not conquered Athens, whilst Demosthenes was one of its citizens—that this Demosthenes, so terrible to him, might be given up, offered a city in exchange. He gave *twenty thousand* of his subjects, to purchase such an enemy.”

“Oratori clamore plausuque opus est, et velut quodam theatro; qualia quotidie antiquis oratoribus contingebant; cum tot pariter ac tam nobiliter forum coartarint; cum clientelæ quoque, et tribus, et municiporum legationes, ac partes Italiæ, periclitantibus assisterent; cum, in plerisque judiciis crederet populus Romanus, *sua* interesse, quod judicaretur.”

* Thomson's Liberty, Part II. v. 175—179.

In situations like these, who can doubt of the powerful influence, which the concurrence of so many vivid perceptions and emotions, must have had, in directing the associations, and in a great measure, the whole intellectual and moral character of the young minds that witnessed and partook of this general enthusiasm?—an enthusiasm that never can be felt in those happier constitutions, in which the fortunes of individuals, and the tranquillity and the very existence of a state, are not left to the caprice of momentary passion. “*Nec tanti Reipublicæ Gracchorum eloquentia fuit, ut pateretur et leges.*”

Of the influence of association on the moral character of man, the whole history of our race, when we compare the vices and virtues of ages and nations with each other, is but one continued though varied display. We speak of the prevailing manners and dispositions, not merely of savage and civilized life in their extremes, but of progressive stages of barbarism and civilization, with terms of distinction, almost as clear and definite, as when we speak of the changes which youth and age produce in the same individual; not that we believe men in these different stages of society to be born with different natural propensities, which expand themselves into the diversities afterwards observed, but because there appears to us to be a sufficient source of all these diversities in the circumstances in which man is placed—in the elementary ideas and feelings which opposite states of society afford, for those intimate, and perhaps indissoluble complexities of thought and passion, that are begun in infancy, and continually multiplied in the progress of life. To bring together, in one spectacle, the inhabitants of the wild, of the rude village, and of the populous city, would be to present so many living monuments of the dominion of that principle which has been the subject of our investigation.

When we descend, from the diversities of national character, to the details of private life, we find the elements of the power which produced those great results. It has been said, that the example, which it is most easy to follow, is that of *happiness*; and the happiness, which is constantly before us, is that to which our early wishes may be expected to turn. We readily acquire, therefore, the desires and passions of those who surround us from our birth; because we consider *that* as happiness, which *they* consider as happiness. There may be vice in this indeed, and vice, which in other circumstances, we should readily have perceived; but it is the vice of those who have relieved our earliest wants, and whose caresses and soothings, long before we were able to make any nice discriminations,

have produced that feeling of love, which commends to us every thing, that forms a part of the unanalysed remembrance of our parents and friends. Even in more advanced life, it is not easy to love a guilty person, and to feel the same abhorrence of guilt; though vice and virtue have been previously distinguished in our thought with accuracy:—and therefore, in periods of savage or dissolute manners, and at an age, when the ideas of virtue and vice are obscure, and no analysis has yet been made of complex emotions, it is not wonderful that the child, whose parents are, perhaps, his only objects of love, should resemble them still more in disposition than in countenance.

“ Here vice begins then : At the gate of life,—
 Ere the young multitude to diverse roads
 Part, like fond pilgrims on a journey unknown,
 Sits Fancy, deep enchantress; and to each,
 With kind maternal looks, presents her bowl,
 A potent beverage. Heedless they comply :
 Till the whole soul, from that mysterious draught
 Is tinged, and every transient thought imbibes
 Of gladness or disgust, desire or fear,
 One home-bred colour.”*

It would, indeed, be too much to say, that the virtues of their offspring are comprehended in the virtues of the parents, as the embryo blossom in the seed from which it is to spring; but at least, it may be truly said, that the parental virtues are not more a source of *happiness* to the child, than they are a source of *moral inspiration*; and that the most heroic benevolence of him, to whose glory every voice is joining in homage, may often be nothing more than the development of that humbler virtue, which smiled upon his infancy,—and which listens to the praise with a joy that is altogether unconscious of the merit which it might claim.

When the passion of ambition begins to operate, the principle which we are considering acquires more than double energy. Each individual is then governed, not merely by his own associations, but by the whole associations of the individuals surrounding him, that seem to be transferred, as it were to his breast. He seeks distinction,—and he seeks that species of distinction which is to make him honourable in their eyes. He is guided, therefore, by views of good, which have been the gradual growth, in the nation, of circumstances, that might perhaps never have affected *him* personally, and he acts, accordingly, not as he would have acted, but as it is the fashion of the time to act. To be informed of the circumstances which, among the leading orders of society, are reckoned glo-

* *1* *Leasures of Imagination*, Second Form of the Poem, B. II. v. 445, 454.

rious or disgraceful, would be to know, with almost accurate foresight, the national character of the generation that is merely rising into life; if it were not for those occasional sudden revolutions of manners, produced by the shock of great political events, or the energies of some extraordinary mind; though, even then, the associating principle, in changing its direction, is far from losing any part of its efficacy. More than half of the excessive austerity of manners, in the time of Cromwell, was produced by the same passion, which, after the restoration of Charles, produced perhaps an equal proportion of the dissipation and general profligacy of that licentious and disgraceful reign. A very few words of ridicule, if they have become fashionable, may render virtue more than a man of ordinary timidity can venture to profess or practice; and the evil which hypocrisy has done in the world, has not arisen so much from the destruction which it has produced of the appearances of morality, as from the opportunity which it has afforded to the profligate of fixing that name on the real sanctity of virtue and religion, and of thus terrifying the inconsiderate into a display of vices which otherwise they would have hated, and blushed to embrace.

What irresistible effect, in the rejection of opinions, has been produced by the terms of contempt that have been affixed to them, sometimes from accidental circumstances, and still more frequently from intentional malice,—and which have continued, ever after, to associate with the opinions an ignominy which did not belong to them! The most powerful of all persecution has often been not the *axe* and the *faggot*, but the mere invention of a *name*. To this sort of persecution all our passions lend themselves readily, because, though we may be quite unable to understand the distinctions which have given rise to opposite names, and though often there may be no real distinction beyond the name itself,—we are all capable of understanding, that a name which does not include our own sect or party, implies an opposition to us, of some kind or other; and we have all vanity enough to feel such a difference of sentiment,—though it may be on subjects which neither we nor our opponents comprehend,—to be an implied accusation of error, and therefore an insult to the dignity of our own opinion. In the history of ecclesiastical and civil affairs, what crowds of heretics and political partizans do we find whom the change of a few letters of the alphabet would have converted into friends, or have reversed their animosities; and many Homooousians, and Homoiousians, and Tories and Whigs, have reciprocally hated each other, who, but for the invention of the names, would never have known that they differed!

It would be but a small evil, if the vices of the great were confined to that splendid circle which they fill. But how difficult is it for those who are dazzled with that splendour, and who associate it with every thing which it surrounds, to think that the vices of the great *are* vices.

“The broad corruptive plague
Breathes from the city to the farthest hut,
That sits serene within the forest shade.”

“The obscure citizen,” says Masillon, “in imitating the licentiousness of the great, thinks that he stamps on his passions the seal of dignity and nobility; and thus vanity alone is sufficient to perpetuate disorder, which, of itself, would soon have passed away in weariness and disgust. Those who live far from you,” says that eloquent prelate, addressing the great, “those who live in the remotest provinces, preserve at least some remains of their ancient simplicity. They live in happy ignorance of the greater number of those abuses which your example has converted into laws. But the nearer the country approaches you, the more does morality suffer; innocence grows less pure, excesses more common; and the mere knowledge of your manners and usages, is thus the chief crime of which the people can be guilty.”

The Stoics, who were sufficiently aware of the influence of this principle on our moral character, seem, if I rightly understand many parts of their works, particularly those of Marcus Aurelius, to have supposed that we have the power of managing the combinations of our ideas with each other, in some measure at our will, and of thus indirectly guiding our subsequent moral preferences. It is this, I conceive, which forms that *χρησις εἰς διὰ πάντα σιῶν*, on which they found so much, for the regulation of our lives. But in whatever mode the regulation of these *φαινομενα* may take place, it is evident that the sway which they exercise is one of no limited extent:

“For Action treads the path
In which Opinion says, he follows good,
Or flies from evil; and Opinion gives
Report of good or evil, as the scene
Was drawn by Fancy, lovely or deformed.
Is there a man, who, at the sound of death,
Sees ghastly shapes of terrors, conjured up
And black before him; nought but death-bed groans
And fearful prayers, and plunging from the brink
Of light and being down the gloomy air
An unknown depth?—Alas in such a mind,
If no bright forms of excellence attend
The image of his country; nor the pomp
Of sacred senates, nor the guardian voice

Of justice on her throne, nor aught that wakes
 The conscious bosom, with a patriot's flame,—
 What hand can snatch the dreamer from the toils*
 Which Fancy and Opinion thus conspire
 To twine around his heart?—Or who shall hush
 Their clamour, when they tell him, that to die,
 To risk those horrors is a direr curse,
 Than basest life can bring?—Though Love, with prayers
 Most tender, with Affliction's sacred tears,
 Beseech his aid,—though Gratitude and Faith
 Condemn each step which loiters;—yet let none
 Make answer for him, that, if any frown
 Of danger thwart his path, he will not stay
 Content,—and be a wretch to be secure.^{b†}

In the remarks which have now been made, on the influence of peculiar directions of the suggesting principle on the moral and intellectual character, we have seen it, in many instances, producing an effect decidedly injurious. But that power, which in some cases combines false and discordant ideas, so as to pervert the judgment and corrupt the heart, is not less ready to form associations of a nobler kind; and it is consolatory to think, that as error is transient, and truth everlasting, a provision is made in this principle of our nature, for that progress in wisdom and virtue which is the splendid destiny of our race. There is an education of man continually going forward in the whole system of things around him; and what is commonly termed *education*, is nothing more than the art of skillfully guiding this natural progress, so as to form the intellectual and moral combinations in which wisdom and virtue consist. The influence of this, indeed, may be seen to perish with the individual; but when the world is deprived of those who have shed on it a glory as they have journeyed along it in their path to Heaven, it does not lose *all* with which they have adorned and blessed it. Their *wisdom*,—as it spreads from age to age, may be continually awakening some genius that would have slumbered but for them, and thus indirectly opening discoveries, that, but for them, never would have been revealed to man; their *virtue*, by the moral influence which it has gradually propagated from breast to breast, may still continue to relieve misery, and confer happiness, when generations after generations shall, like themselves, have passed away.

* Then what hand

Can snatch this dreamer from the fatal toils.—Orig.

† Pleasures of Imagination, B. III. v. 23—27—v. 31—41, and Second Form of the Poem, B. II. v. 432—444.

LECTURE XLV.

ON THE PHENOMENA OF RELATIVE SUGGESTION.—ARRANGEMENT OF THEM UNDER THE TWO ORDERS OF COEXISTENCE AND SUCCESSION.—SPECIES OF FEELINGS BELONGING TO THE FIRST ORDER.

IN treating of our intellectual states of mind in general, as one great division of the class of its *internal* affections, which arise without the necessary presence of any external cause, from certain previous states or affections of the mind itself, I subdivided this very important tribe of our feelings into *two orders*—those of simple suggestion, and of relative suggestion—the *one* comprehending all our conceptions and other feelings of the past—the *other* all our feelings of relation. I have already discussed, as fully as our narrow limits will admit, the former of these orders—pointing out to you, at the same time, the inaccuracy or imperfection of the analyses which have led philosophers to rank, under distinct intellectual powers, phenomena that appear, on minuter analysis, not to differ in any respect from the common phenomena of simple suggestion. After this full discussion of one order of our intellectual states of mind, I now proceed to the consideration of the order which remains.

Of the feelings which arise without any direct external cause, and which I have, therefore, denominated *internal* states or affections of the mind—there are many then, as we have seen, which arise simply in succession, in the floating imagery of our thought, without involving any notion of the relation of the preceding objects, or feelings, to each other. These, already considered by us, are what I have termed the phenomena of *simple* suggestion. But there is an extensive order of our feelings which involve this notion of relation, and which consist, indeed, in the mere perception of a relation of some sort. To these feelings of mere relation, as arising directly from the previous states of mind which suggest them, I have given the name of *relative suggestions*—meaning by this term very nearly what is meant by the term *comparison*, when the will

ARRANGEMENT OF OUR RELATIVE FEELINGS

A relation which comparison seems necessarily to imply, but which is far from necessary to the suggestions of relations, is excluded, or what is meant at least in the more important relation by the term *judgment*—if not used, as the term *judgment* often is, in vague popular language, to denote the understanding, or mental functions in general; and if not confined, as it usually is in books of logic, to the feeling of relation in a simple proposition, but extended to all the feelings of relation, as the series of propositions which constitute reasoning, since these are, in truth, only a series of feelings of the same class as that which is involved in every simple proposition. Whether the relation be of two, or of many external objects, or of two or many affections of the mind, the feeling of this relation, arising in consequence of certain preceding states of mind, is what I term a *relative suggestion*; that phrase being the simplest which it is possible to employ, for expressing, without any theory, the mere fact of the rise of certain feelings of relation, after certain other feelings which precede them; and therefore, as involving no particular theory, and simply expressive of an undoubted fact, being, I conceive, the fittest phrase; because the least liable to those erroneous conceptions, from which it is so difficult to escape, even in the technical phraseology of science.

That the *feelings of relation* are states of the mind essentially different from our simple perceptions, or conceptions of the objects that seem to us related, or from the combinations which we form of these, in the complex groupings of our fancy; in short, that they are not what Condillac terms *transformed sensations*, I proved, in a former Lecture, when I combated the excessive simplification of that ingenious, but not very accurate philosopher. There is an original tendency or susceptibility of the mind, by which, on perceiving together different objects, we are instantly, without the intervention of any other mental process, sensible of their relation in certain respects, as truly as there is an original tendency or susceptibility of the mind, by which, when external objects are present and have produced a certain affection of our sensorial organ, we are instantly affected with the primary elementary feelings of perception; and, I may add, that, as our sensations or perceptions are of various species, so are there various species of *relations*;—the number of relations, indeed, even of external things, being almost infinite, while the number of perceptions is, necessarily, limited by that of the objects which have the power of producing some affection of our organs of sensation.

The more numerous these relations may be, however, the more necessary does some arrangement of them become. Let

us now proceed, then, to the consideration of some order, according to which their varieties may be arranged.

In my Lectures on the objects of physical inquiry, in the early part of the Course, I illustrated very fully the division which I made of these objects, as relating to *space* or *time*; or, in other words, as *coexisting* or *successive*: our inquiry, in the one case, having regard to the elementary composition of external things; in the other case, to their sequences, as causes and effects; and in mind, in like manner, having regard in the one case, to the analysis of our complex feelings; in the other, to the mere order of succession of our feelings of every kind, considered as mental phenomena. The same great line of distinction appears to me to be the most precise which can be employed in classing our relations. They are the relations either of external objects, or of the feelings of our mind, considered without reference to time, as *coexisting*; or considered with reference to time, as *successive*. To take an example of each kind, I feel that the one half of four is to twelve, as twelve to seventy-two; and I feel this, merely by considering the numbers together, without any regard to time. No notion of change or succession is involved in it. The relation was, and is, and will forever be the same, as often as the numbers may be distinctly conceived and compared. I think of summer, I consider the warmth of its sky, and the profusion of flowers that seem crowding to the surface of the earth, as if hastening to meet and enjoy the temporary sunshine. I think of the cold of winter, and of our flowerless fields and frozen rivulets; and the warmth and the cold of the different seasons, I regard as the causes of the different appearances. In this case, as in the former, I feel a relation; but it is a relation of antecedence and consequence, to which the notion of time, or change, or succession, is so essential, that without it the relation could not be felt.

It is not wonderful, indeed, that the classes of relations should be found to correspond with the objects of physical inquiry; since the results of all physical inquiry must consist in the knowledge of these relations. To see many objects,—or I may say even—to see all the objects in nature, and all the elements of every object—and to remember these distinctly as individuals, without regard to their mutual relations, either in space or time—would not be to have science. To have what can be called *science* is to know these objects, as coexisting in space, or as successive in time,—as involving certain proportions, or proximities, or resemblances, or certain aptitudes to precede or follow. Without that susceptibility of the mind,

by which it has the feeling of relation, our consciousness would be as truly limited to a single point, as our body would become, were it possible to fetter it to a single atom. The feeling of the present moment would be every thing ; and all beside, from the infinitely great to the infinitely little, would be as nothing. We could not know the existence of *our Creator* ; for it is by reasoning from effects to causes, that is to say, by the feeling of the relation of antecedence and consequence, that we discover his existence, as the great cause or antecedent of all the wonders of the universe. We could not know the existence of the *universe itself* ; for it is, as I have shown, by the consideration of certain successions of our feelings only, that we believe things to be external, and independent of our mind. We could not, even in memory, know the existence of our own mind, as the subject of our various feelings ; for this very knowledge implies the relation of these transient feelings to one permanent subject. We might still have had a variety of momentary feelings, indeed, but this would have been all ; —and, though we should have differed from them in our capacity of pleasure and pain, we should scarcely have been raised, in intellectual and moral dignity, above the organized beings around us, of a different class, that rise from the earth in spring, to flourish in summer, and wither at the close of autumn—and whose life is a brief chronicle of the still briefer seasons in which they rise, and flourish, and fade.

The relations of phenomena may, as I have already said, be reduced to *two* orders ;—those of *coexistence* and *succession* ;—the former of which order is to be considered by us in the first place.

The relations of this order, are either of objects believed by us to *coexist without*, or of feelings that are considered by us as if coexisting in one simple state of mind.

Of the nature of this latter species of virtual, but not absolute coexistence, I have already spoken too often to require again to caution you against a mistake, into which, I must confess, that the terms, which the poverty of our language obliges us to use, might, of themselves very naturally lead you ;—the mistake of supposing, that the most complex states of mind are not truly, in their very essence, as much one and indivisible, as those which we term simple—the *complexity* and seeming *coexistence* which they involve, being relative to our feeling only, not to their own absolute nature. I trust I need not repeat to you that, in itself, every notion, however seemingly complex, is, and must be, truly simple—being *one* state or affection, of one simple substance, mind. Our conception

of a whole army, for example, is as truly this one mind existing in this one state, as our conception of any of the individuals that compose an army. Our notion of the abstract numbers, eight, four, two, as truly one feeling of the mind, as our notion of simple unity. But, by the very nature or original tendency of the mind, it is impossible for us not to regard the notion of eight as involving, or having the relation of equality to two of four, four of two, eight of one; and it is in consequence merely of this feeling of the virtual equivalence of one state of mind, which we therefore term *complex*, to many other states of mind, which we term *simple*, that we are able to perceive various relations of equality, or proportion, in the complex feeling which seems to us to embrace them all in one joint conception—not in consequence of any *real* coexistence of separate parts, in a feeling that is necessarily and essentially indivisible. It is, as I before stated to you, on this virtual complexity alone that the mathematical sciences are founded; since these are only forms of expressing the relations of proportion, which we feel of one seeming part of a complex conception, to other seeming parts of that complex conception, which appear to us as if mentally separable from the rest.

I proceed, then, now, to the consideration of the *first* of our classes of relations,—those of which the subjects are regarded, without reference to *time*. To this order of real coexistence, as in matter, or of seeming coexistence, as in the complex phenomena of the mind, belong the relations of position, resemblance or difference, proportion, degree, comprehension. I am aware, that some of these might, by a little refinement of analysis, be made to *coincide*,—that, for example, both proportion and degree might, by a little effort, be forced to find a place in that division which I have termed comprehension, or the relation of a whole to the separate parts included in it; but I am aware, at the same time, that this could not be done without an effort,—and an effort too, in some cases, of very subtle reasoning; and I prefer, therefore, the division which I have now made, as sufficiently distinct, for every purpose of arrangement.

I look at a number of men, as they stand together... If I merely perceived each *individually*, or the whole as one complex group, I should *not* have the feeling of *relation*; but I remark *one*, and I observe who is next to him, who *second*, who *third*; who stands on the summit of a little eminence above all the rest; who on the declivity; who on the plain be-

neath ; that is to say, my mind exists in the states which constitute the various feelings of the relation of position.

I see two flowers, of the same tints and form, in my path. I lift my eye to two cliffs of corresponding outline, that hang above my head. I look at a picture, and I think of the well known face which it represents ;—or, I listen to a ballad, and seem almost to hear again some kindred melody, which it wakes in my remembrance. In each of these cases, if the relative suggestion take place, my mind, after existing in the states which constitute the perception, or the remembrance of the two similar objects, exists immediately in that state which constitutes the feeling of *resemblance*, as it exists in the state which constitutes the feeling of *difference*, when I think of certain circumstances, in which objects, though similar, perhaps, in other respects, have no correspondence or similarity whatever.

I think of the vertical angles formed by two straight lines, which cut one another ; of the pairs of numbers, four and sixteen, five and twenty,—of the dimensions of the columns, and their bases and entablatures, in the different orders ; and my mind exists immediately in that state, which constitutes the feeling of *proportion*.

I hear *one* voice, and then a voice which is *louder*. I take up some flowers, and smell first one, and then another, more or less fragrant. I remember many days of happiness, spent with friends who are far distant,—and I look forward to the day of still greater happiness, when we are to meet again. In these instances of spontaneous comparison, my mind exists in that state, which constitutes the feeling of *degree*.

I consider a house, and its different apartments,—a tree, and its branches, and stems, and foliage,—a horse, and its limbs, and trunk, and head. My mind, which had existed in the states that constituted the simple perception of these objects, begins immediately to exist in that different state, which constitutes the feeling of the relation of parts to one comprehensive whole.

In these varieties of relative suggestion, some one of which, as you will find, is all that constitutes each individual judgment, even in the longest series of our ratiocination,—nothing more is necessary to the suggestion, or rise of the feeling of relation, than the simple previous perceptions or conceptions, between the objects of which the relation is felt to subsist. When I look at two flowers, it is not necessary that I should have formed any intentional comparison. But the similitude strikes me, before any desire of discovering resemblance can have arisen. I may, indeed, resolve to trace,

as far as I am able, the resemblances of particular objects, and may study them accordingly ; but this very desire presupposes, in the mind, a capacity of relative suggestion, of which it avails itself, in the same manner, as the intention of climbing a hill, or traversing a meadow, implies the power of muscular motion as a part of our physical constitution.

The susceptibility of the feeling of relation, in considering objects together, is as easy to be conceived in the mind, as its primary susceptibility of sensation, when these objects were originally perceived, whether separately or together ; and, if nothing had before been written on the subject, I might very safely leave you to trace, for yourselves, the modifications of relative suggestion, in all the simple or consecutive judgments which we form ;—but so much mystery has been supposed to hang about it ; and the art of logic, which should consist only in the development of this simple tendency of suggestion, has rendered so obscure, what would have been very clear, but for the labour which has been employed in striving to make it clear, that it will be necessary to dwell a little longer on these separate tribes of relations, at least on the most important tribes of them, not so much for the purpose of shewing what they *are*, as to shew what they *are not*.

The first species of relation, to which I am to direct your particular attention, is that of *resemblance*.

When, in considering the relation of resemblance, we think only of such obvious suggestions, as those by which we feel the similarity of one mountain or lake, to another mountain or lake, or of a picture to the living features that seem in it almost to have a second life, we regard it merely as a source of additional pleasure to the mind, which, in moments that might otherwise be listless and unoccupied, is delighted and busied with a new order of feelings. Even this advantage of the relation, slight as it is, when compared with other more important advantages of it, is not to be regarded as of little value. I need not say, of how much pleasure the imitative arts, that are founded on this relation, are the source. In the most closely imitative of them all, that which gives to us the very forms of those, whose works of genius, or of virtue, have commanded or won our admiration, and transmits them from age to age, as if not life merely, but immortality, flowed in the colours of the artist's pencil ; or, to speak of its still happier use, which preserves to us the lineaments of those whom we love, when separated from us either by distance or the tomb,—how many of the feelings which we should regret most to lose, would be lost but for this delightful art,—feelings that

ennoble us, by giving us the wish to imitate what was noble in the moral hero or sage, on whom we gaze, or that comfort us, by the imaginary presence of those whose affection is the only thing that is dearer to us, than even our admiration of heroism and wisdom. The value of painting will, indeed, best be felt by those who have lost, by death, a parent or much-loved friend, and who feel that they would not have lost every thing, if some pictured memorial had still remained.

Then, for a beam of joy, to light
In memory's sad and wakeful eye ;
Or banish, from the noon of night,
Her dreams of deeper agony.

Shall song its witching cadence roll ?
Yea, even the tenderest air repeat,
That breath'd when soul was knit to soul,
And heart to heart responsive beat.

What visions wake—to charm—to melt !
The lost, the lov'd, the dead are near.
O hush that strain, too deeply felt !
And cease that solace, too severe !

But thou, serenely silent art !
By Heaven and Love wast taught to lend
A milder solace to the heart—
The sacred image of a friend.

No spectre forms of pleasure fled
Thy softening sweetning tints restore ;
For thou canst give us back the dead,
Even in the loveliest looks they wore.

In the wide variety of nature, how readily do we catch the resemblance of object to object, and scene to scene. With what pleasure do those, who have been long separated from the land of their youth, trace the slightest similarity to that familiar landscape which they never can forget ! In reading the narratives of voyages of discovery, there is something which appears to me almost pathetic, in the very names given by the discoverers, to the islands, or parts of islands, or continents, which they have been the first to explore. We feel how strong is that omnipresent affection, which, in spaces that have never been traversed before, at the widest distance which the limits of the globe admit, still binds, to the land which gave them birth, even those to whom their country can scarcely be said to be their home, so much as the ocean which divides them from it. It is some rock, or river, or bay, or promontory of his native shore, that, before he has given a name to the rock, or river, or bay, or promontory which he sees, has

become present to the sailor's eye, and made the most dreary waste of savage sterility seem, for the moment, a part of his own populous soil of cultivation and busy happiness.

Of the influence of this suggestion on our complex emotion of beauty, I shall have an opportunity of speaking afterwards. At present it is only as a mere physical fact, illustrative of the peculiar mental susceptibility which we are considering, that I remind you of the pleasure which we feel in every similarity perceived by us, in new scenes and forms, to those with which we have been intimately and happily familiar.

These immediate effects of the feeling of obvious resemblance, however, delightful as they may be, are, in their permanent effects, unimportant, when compared with the results of resemblances of a more abstract kind,—the resemblances to which we owe all classification, and, consequently, every thing which is valuable in language.

That *classification* is founded on the relation of similarity of some sort, in the objects classed together, and could not have been formed, if the mind, in addition to its primary powers of external sense, had not possessed that secondary power, by which it invests with certain relations the objects which it perceives, is most evident. All which is strictly sensitive in the mind might have been the same as now; and the perception of a sheep might have succeeded, one thousand times, the perception of a horse, without suggesting the notion, which leads us to form the general term quadruped, or animal, inclusive of both; for the relation is truly no part of the object perceived by us, and classed as relative and correlative, each of which would be precisely the same, in every quality which it possesses, and in every feeling which it directly excites, though the others, with which it may be classed, had no existence. It is from the laws of the mind which considers them, that the relation is derived,—not from the laws or direct qualities of the objects considered. But for our susceptibilities of those affections, or states of the mind, which constitute the feeling of similarity, all objects would have been to us, in the scholastic sense of the phrase, things singular, and all language, consequently, nothing more than the expression of individual existence. Such a language, it is very evident, would be of little service, in any respect, and of no aid to the memory, which it would oppress rather than relieve. It is the use of general terms,—that is to say, of terms founded on the feeling of resemblance, which alone gives to language its power,—enabling us to condense, in a single word, the innumerable objects, which, if we attempted to grasp them all individually in our conception, we should be as little able to com-

prehend, as to gather all the masses of all the planets in the narrow concavity of that hand which a few particles are sufficient to fill, and which soon sinks oppressed with the weight of the few particles that fill it.

That man *can* reason, without language of any kind, and consequently without general terms,—though the opposite opinion is maintained by many very eminent philosophers,—seems to me not to admit of any reasonable doubt, or, if it required any proof, to be sufficiently shewn, by the very invention of the language which involves these general terms, and still more sensibly by the conduct of the uninstructed deaf and dumb,—to which also, the evident marks of reasoning in the other animals,—of reasoning which I cannot but think as unquestionable as the instincts that mingle with it,—may be said to furnish a very striking additional argument from analogy. But it is not less certain, that, without general terms, reasoning must be very imperfect, and scarcely worthy of the name, when compared with that noble power which language has rendered it. The art of *definition*,—which is merely the art of fixing, in a single word or phrase, the particular circumstance of agreement of various individual objects, which, in consequence of this feeling of relation, we have chosen to class together,—gives us certain fixed points of reference, both for ourselves and others, without which, it would be impossible for us to know the progress which we have made,—impossible to remember accurately the results even of a single reasoning, and to apply them with profit to future analysis. Nor would knowledge be vague only,—it would, but for general terms, be as incommunicable as vague; for it must be remembered, that such terms form almost the whole of the great medium by which we communicate with each other. “Grammarians,” says Dr. Reid, “have reduced all words to eight or nine classes, which are called parts of speech. Of these there is only *one*, to wit, that of *nouns*, wherein proper names are found. All pronouns, verbs, participles, adverbs, articles, prepositions, conjunctions, and interjections, are general words. Of nouns, all adjectives are general words, and the greater part of substantives. Every substantive that has a plural number, is a general word; for no proper name can have a plural number, because it signifies only one individual. In all the fifteen books of Euclid’s *Elements*,” he continues, “there is not *one word* that is not general; and the same may be said of many large volumes.”*

In the account which Swift gives of his Academy of Pro-

* Reid on the Intellectual Powers, Essay V, c. 1.

jectors in Lagado, he mentions one project for making things supply the place of language ; and he speaks only of the difficulty of carrying about all the things necessary for discourse, —which would be by far the least evil of this species of eloquence ; since all the things of the universe, even though they could be carried about as commodiously as a watch or a snuff box, could not supply the place of language, which expresses chiefly the *relations* of things, and which, even when it expresses things themselves, is of no use but as expressing or implying these relations, which they bear to us or to each other.

“There was a scheme,” he says, “for entirely abolishing all words whatsoever, and this was urged as a great advantage in point of health as well as brevity. For it is plain, that every word we speak is, in some degree, a diminution of our lungs by corrosion, and, consequently, contributes to the shortening of our lives. An expedient was therefore offered, that, since words are only names for things, it would be more convenient for all men to carry about them such things as were necessary to express a particular business they are to discourse on. And this invention would certainly have taken place, to the great ease, as well as health of the subject, if the women, in conjunction with the vulgar and illiterate, had not threatened to raise a rebellion, unless they might be allowed the liberty to speak with their tongues, after the manner of their forefathers ; such constant irreconcilable enemies to science are the common people. However, many of the most learned and wise adhere to the new scheme of expressing themselves by things, which has only this inconvenience attending it, that, if a man’s business be very great, and of various kinds, he must be obliged, in proportion, to carry a greater bundle of things upon his back, unless he can afford one or two strong servants to attend him. I have often beheld two of these sages almost sinking under the weight of their packs, like pedlars among us ; who, when they met in the street, would lay down their loads, open their sacks, and hold conversation for an hour together, then put up their implements, help each other to resume their burdens, and take their leave.”*

I cannot but think, that, to a genius like that of Swift, a finer subject of philosophical ridicule, than the mere difficulty which his sages felt in carrying a sufficient stock of things about with them, might have been found in their awkward attempts to make these things supply the place of abstract language. In his own great field of political irony, for example, how many subjects of happy satire might he have found

* Gulliver’s Travels, Part III. c. v.

in the *emblems*, to which his patriots and courtiers, in their most zealous professions of public devotion, might have been obliged to have recourse ; the painful awkwardness of the political expectant of places and dignities, who was outwardly to have no wish but for the welfare of his country, yet could find nothing but mitres, and maces, and seals, and pieces of stamped metal, with which to express the purity of his disinterested patriotism ; and the hurrying eagerness of the statesman, to change instantly the whole upholstery of language in his house, for new political furniture, in consequence of the mere accident of his removal from office.

Without the use of any such satirical demonstration of the doctrine, however, it is sufficiently evident, that if man had no general terms, *verbal language* could be but of very feeble additional aid to the language of natural signs ; and, if the situation of man would be thus deplorable without the mere signs of general notions, how infinitely *more* so must it have been, if he had been incapable of the very notions themselves. The whole conduct of life is a perpetual practical application of the intuitive maxim, that similar antecedents will be followed by similar consequents,—which implies the necessity, in every case, of some rude classification of objects as similar. The *fire* which the child sees to-day, is *not* the fire which burnt him yesterday ; and if he were insensible of the resemblance, to the exclusion, perhaps, of many circumstances that differ, the remembrance of the effect of the fire of yesterday would be of no advantage in guarding him against similar exposure. It is in consequence of notions of little genera and species of good and evil, which he has formed *mentally* long before he distinguishes them by their appropriate general terms, that the infant is enabled to avoid what would be hurtful, and thus to prolong his existence to the period at which, in applying the multitude of words in his language, in all their varieties of inflexion, he shews, that he has long been *philosophizing*, in circumstances, that seemed to indicate little more than the capacity of animal pleasure or pain, and innocent affection. What, indeed, can be more truly astonishing, than the progress which a being so very helpless, and apparently so incapable of any systematic effort, or even of the very wish which such an effort implies, makes, in so short a time, in connecting ideas and sounds that have no relation but what is purely arbitrary, and in adapting them, with all those nice modifications of expression, according to circumstances, of which he can scarcely be thought to have any conception so distinct and accurate as the very language which he uses. “ We cannot instruct them,” it has been truly remarked, “ without

speaking to them in a language which they do not understand; and yet they *learn* it. Even when we speak to them, it is usually without any design of instructing them; and they learn, in like manner of themselves, without any design of learning. We never speak to them of the rules of syntax; and they practise all these rules without knowing what they are. In a single year or two, they have formed in their heads a grammar, a dictionary, and almost a little art of rhetoric, with which they know well how to persuade and to charm us."*—"Is it not a hard thing," says Berkeley, "that a couple of children cannot prate together of their sugar-plumbs and rattles, and the rest of their little trinkets, till they have first tacked together numberless inconsistencies, and so formed in their minds abstract general ideas, and annexed them to every common name they make use of?" All this early generalization, admirable as it is, is certainly not, as he says, a *hard thing*,—for it is the result of laws of mind, as simple as the laws on which the very perception of the sugar-plumbs and rattles depended; but it is a beautiful illustration of that very principle of general nomenclature which Berkeley adduced it to disprove. If children can discover two rattles, or two sugar-plumbs, to be like each other,—and the possibility of this surely no one will deny, who may not, in like manner, deny the possibility of those sensations by which they perceive a single rattle, or a single sugar-plum; they must already have formed those abstract general notions, which are said to be so hard a thing,—for this very feeling of similarity is all which constitutes the general notion,—and when the general notion of the resemblance of the two objects has arisen, it is as little wonderful that the general term rattle or sugar-plum should be used to express it, as that any particular name should be used to express each separate inhabitant or familiar visitor of the nursery, or any other word of any other kind to express any other existing feeling.

The perception of objects,—the feeling of their resemblance in certain respects,—the invention of a name for these circumstances of felt resemblance,—what can be more truly and readily conceivable than this process! And yet on this process, apparently so very simple, has been founded all that controversy as to *universals*, which so long distracted the schools; and which far more wonderfully,—for the distraction of the schools by a few unintelligible words scarcely can be counted wonderful,—continues still to perplex philosophers with difficulties which themselves have made,—with difficulties which

* Andre, p. 221.

they could not even have made to themselves, if they had thought for a single moment of the nature of that feeling of the relation of similarity which we are now considering.

My further remarks on the theory of general notions I must defer till my next Lecture.

LECTURE XLVI.

OF THE RELATIVE FEELINGS BELONGING TO THE ORDER OF COEXISTENCE, CONTINUED—METAPHYSICAL ERRORS CONCERNING THEM INVOLVED IN THE HYPOTHESES OF REALISM AND NOMINALISM.

HAVING brought to a conclusion my remarks on the phenomena of *Simple Suggestion*, I entered, in my last Lecture, on the consideration of those states of mind which constitute our feelings of relation,—the results of that peculiar mental tendency to which, as distinguished from the simple suggestion that furnishes the other class of our intellectual states of mind, I have given the name of *Relative Suggestion*. The relations which we are thus capable of feeling, as they rise by internal suggestion, on the mere perception or conception of two or more objects, I divided,—in conformity with our primary division of the objects of physical inquiry,—into the relations of *coexistence*, and the relations of *succession*, according as the notion of time or change is not or is involved in them; and the former of these,—the relations that are considered by us without any regard to time,—I arranged in subdivisions, according to the notions which they involve, 1st. Of Position; 2d, Resemblance, or difference; 3d, Of Degree; 4th, Of Proportion; 5th, Of Comprehensiveness, or the relation which a whole bears to the separate parts that are included in it.

These various relations I briefly illustrated in the order in which I have now mentioned them, and showed, how very simple that mental process is by which they arise; as simple, indeed, and as easily conceivable, as that by which the primary perceptions themselves arise. On some of them, however, I felt it necessary to dwell with fuller elucidation; not on account of any greater mystery in the suggestions on which they depend, but on account of that greater mystery which has been *supposed* to hang about them.

A great part of my Lecture, accordingly, was employed in considering the *relation of resemblance*, which, by the general

notions and corresponding general terms that flow from it, we found to be the source of *classification* and *definition*, and of all that is valuable in language.

A horse, an ox, a sheep, have, in themselves, as individual beings, precisely the same qualities, whether the others be or be not considered by us at the same time. When, in looking at them, we are struck with their resemblance in certain respects, they are themselves exactly the same individuals as before,—the only change which has taken place being a feeling of our own mind. And, in like manner, in the next stage of the process of verbal generalization, when in consequence of this feeling of relation in our own minds, we proceed to term them quadrupeds or animals, no quality has been taken from the objects which we have ranged together under this new term, and as little has any new quality been given to them. Every thing in the objects is precisely the same as before, and acts in precisely the same manner on our senses, as when the word quadruped or animal was uninvented. The general terms are expressive of our own internal feelings of resemblance, and of nothing more,—expressive of what is in us, and dependent wholly on laws of mind, not of what is in them, and directly dependent in any degree on laws of matter.

That, in looking at a horse, an ox, a sheep, we should be struck with a feeling of their resemblance in certain respects,—that to those respects, in which they are felt to resemble each other, we should give a name, as we give a name to each of them individually, comprehending under the general name such objects only as excite, when considered together with others, the feeling of this particular relation,—all this has surely nothing very mysterious in it. It would, indeed, be more mysterious, if, perceiving the resemblances of objects that are constantly around us, we did not avail ourselves of language, as a mode of communicating to others our feeling of the resemblance, as we avail ourselves of it in the particular denomination of the individual, to inform others of that particular object of which we speak; and to express the common resemblance which we feel by any word, is to have invented already a general term, significant of the felt relation. The process is in itself sufficiently simple; and, if we had never heard of any controversies with respect to it, we probably could not have suspected, that the mere giving of a name to resemblances which all perceive, and the subsequent application of the name only where the resemblance is felt, should have been thought to have any thing in it more mysterious, than the mere giving of a name to the separate objects which all perceive, and the repetition of that name when the separate

objects are again perceived. It assumes, however, immediately an air of mystery when we are told, that it relates to the *predicables* of the schools, and to all that long controversy with respect to the essence of *universals*, which divided not merely schoolman against schoolman, but nation against nation,—when kings and emperors, who had so many other frivolous causes of warfare, without the addition of this, were eager to take up arms, and besiege towns, and cover fields with wounded and dead, for the honour of the *universal a parte rei*. It is difficult for us to think, that that could be simple which could produce so much fierce contention ; and we strive to explain in our own mind, and, therefore, begin to see many wonderful, and perhaps unintelligible, or at least doubtful things, in phenomena, which we never should have conceived to require explanation, if others had not laboured to explain them, by clouding them with words. It is with many intellectual controversies as with the gymnastic exercises of the arena ; the dust which the conflict itself raises, soon darkens that air, which was clear before,—and the longer the conflict lasts, the greater the dimness which arises from it. When the combatants are very many, and the combat very long and active, we may still, indeed, be able to see the mimicry of fight, and distinguish the victors from the vanquished ; but even them we scarcely see distinctly ; and all which remains, when the victory at last is won, or when both parties are sufficiently choaked with dust and weary, is the cloud of sand which they have raised, and perhaps some traces of the spots where each has fallen.

It surely cannot be denied, that the mind, with its other susceptibilities of feeling, has a susceptibility also of the feeling of the relation of similarity ; or, in other words, that certain objects, when we perceive or think of them together, appear to us to resemble each other in certain respects,—that, for example, in looking at a horse, a crow, a sparrow, a sheep, we perceive, that the horse and sheep agree in having four legs, which the crow and sparrow have not ; and that, perceiving the horse and sheep to agree in this respect, and not the birds, we should distinguish them accordingly, and call the one set *quadrupeds*, the other *bipeds*, is as little wonderful, as that we should have given to each of these animals its individual designation. If there be that relative suggestion which constitutes the feeling of resemblance,—and what sceptic, if he analyze the process fairly, will deny this as a mere feeling, or state of mind ?—the general term may almost be said to follow of course. Yet for how many ages did this simple process perplex and agitate the schools,—which, agreeing in almost every thing that was complicated and absurd, could not agree in

what was simple and just ; and could not agree in it precisely because it was too simple and just to accord with the other parts of that strange system, which, by a most absurd misnomer, was honoured with the name of philosophy. That during the prevalence of the scholastic opinions as to perception, —which were certainly far better fitted to harmonize with errors and mysteries than with simple truths,—the subject of generalization should have appeared mysterious, is not, indeed, very surprising. But I must confess, that there is nothing in the history of our science which appears to me so wonderful, as that any difficulty,—at least, any difficulty greater than every phenomena of every kind involves,—should now be conceived to be attached to this very simple process ; and, especially, that philosophers should be so nearly unanimous in an opinion on the subject, which, though directly opposed to the prevalent error in the ancient schools, is not the less itself an error.

The process, as I have already described it to you, is the following :—In the first place, the perception of two or more objects ; in the second place, the feeling or notion of their resemblance, immediately subsequent to the perception ; and, lastly, the expression of this common relative feeling by a name, which is used afterwards, as a general denomination, for all those objects, the perception of which is followed by the same common feeling of resemblance. The general term, you will remark, as expressing uniformly some felt relation of objects, is in this case significant of a *state of mind*, essentially distinct from those previous states of mind, which constituted the perception of the separate objects, as truly distinct from these primary perceptions as any one state of mind can be said to differ from any other state of mind. We might have perceived a sheep, a horse, an ox, successively, in endless series, and yet never have invented the term *quadruped*, as inclusive of all these animals, if we had not felt that particular relation of similarity, which the term *quadruped*, as applied to various objects, denotes. The feeling of this resemblance, in certain respects, is the true general notion, or general idea, as it has been less properly called, which the corresponding general term expresses ; and, but for this previous general notion of some circumstance of resemblance, the general term, expressive of this general notion, could as little have been invented, as the terms green, yellow, scarlet, could have been invented, in their present sense, by a nation of the blind.

In the view that is taken of this process of generalization, as of every other process, there may be error in two ways,—

either by *adding* to the process, what forms no part of it, or by *omitting* what does truly form a part of it. Thus, if we were to say, that, between the perception of a horse and sheep, and the feeling of their resemblance in a certain respect, there intervenes the presence of some external independent substance,—some universal form or species of a quadruped, distinct from our conceiving mind, which, acting on the mind, or being present with it, produces the notion of a quadruped, in the same way as the presence of the external horse or sheep produced the perception of these individually,—we should err, in the former of these ways, by introducing into the process, something of which we have no reason to suppose the existence, and which is not merely unnecessary, but would involve the process in innumerable perplexities and apparent inconsistencies, if it did exist. This redundancy would be one species of error; but it would not less be an error, though an error of an opposite kind, were we to suppose that any part of the process does not take place,—that, for example, there is no relative suggestion, no rise in the mind of an intervening general notion of resemblance, before the invention and employment of the general term, but the mere perception of a multitude of objects, in the first place; and, then, as if in instant succession, without any other intervening mental state whatever, the *general names* under which whole multitudes are classed.

I have instanced these errors of supposed excess and deficiency, in the statement of the process, without alluding to any sects which have maintained them. I may now, however, remark, that the two opposite errors, which I have merely supposed, are the very errors involved in the opinions of the *Realists* and *Nominalists*, the great combatants in that most disputatious of controversies, to which I have before alluded,—a controversy, which in the strong language of John of Salisbury, even at that early period of which alone he could speak, had already employed fruitlessly more time and thought, than the whole race of the Cæsars had found necessary for acquiring and exercising the sovereignty of the world: “*Quæstionem*,” he calls it, “in qua laborans mundus jam senuit, in qua plus temporis consumptum est, quam in acquirendo et regendo orbis imperio consumpserit Cæsarea domus; plus effusum pecuniæ, quam in omnibus divitiis suis possederit Cræsus. Hæc enim tamdiu multos tenuit, ut cum hoc unum tota vita quærerent, tandem nec istud, nec aliud, invenerent.”

However absurd, and almost inconceivable the belief of the substantial reality of genera and species, as separate and independent essences, may appear, on first consideration, we must

not forget that it is to be viewed as a part of a great system, with which it readily harmonizes, and with which a juster view of the generalizing process would have been absolutely discordant.

While the doctrine of perception, by *species*, prevailed, it is not wonderful, as I have already said, that those who conceived ideas, in perception, to be things distinct from the mind,—the idea of a particular horse, for example, to be something different, both from the horse itself, and from the mind which perceived it,—should have conceived also, that, in forming the notion of the comparative nature of horses, in general, or quadrupeds, or animals, there must have been present, in like manner, some species distinct from the mind, which of course, could not be particular, like the sensible species, but universal, so as to correspond with the universality of the notion, and the generic term. Such, accordingly, in its great outline, was the ancient doctrine as to *universals*. I need not attempt to detail to you, if, indeed, it be possible now to detail them, with any approach to accuracy, the various refinements, and modifications of this general doctrine, in its transmission from the Pythagorean school, to Plato and Aristotle, and, in the later ages, to the schoolmen, his followers; all of whom, for many centuries, and by far the greater number, during the whole long reign of *entities* and *quiddities*, professed this belief of the existence of universal forms, as real, and independent of the conceptions, or other feelings of the mind itself,—the doctrine of universality, *a parte rei*, as it was termed.

The sect of the Nominalists, the great opponents of the Realists, in this too memorable controversy, though some hints of a similar opinion may be traced, in some of the ancient philosophers, particularly of the Stoical school, owes its origin, *as a sect*, to Roscelinus, a native of Brittany, who, in the eleventh century, had the boldness to attack the doctrine of the universal, *a parte rei*. Roscelinus was himself eminently distinguished for his acuteness in the theology and dialectics of that age, in which theology itself was little more than a species of dialectics; and, most fortunately for the furtherance of his opinions, he had the honour of ranking among his disciples, the celebrated Abelard; who, though probably known to you chiefly from the circumstances which attended his ill-fated passion for Eloise, was not less distinguished for his wonderful talents and acquirements of every sort. "To him alone," it was said in the epitaph inscribed on his tomb, "to him alone, of all mankind, lay revealed, whatever can be known to man. "Cui soli patuit scibile quicquid erat." These

two eminent logicians, Roscelinus and Abelard, though differing in some slight respects, in their own *Nominalism*, coincided in rejecting wholly the *Realism*, which, till then, had been the unquestioned doctrine of the schools. According to them, there was no universality *a parte rei*, nor any thing that could be called universal, but the mere general terms, under which particular objects were ranked. The denial of the reality of universals, however, which was an attack on the general faith, was of course regarded as a heresy, and was probably regarded the more as an unwarrantable innovation, on account of the heresies, in opinions more strictly theological, of which both Roscelinus, and his illustrious pupil, had been convicted. Though their talents, therefore, were able to excite a powerful division in the schools, their doctrine gradually sunk beneath the orthodoxy of their opponents; till in the fourteenth century, the authority of the sect was revived, by the genius of William Occam, an Englishman, one of the most acute Polemics of his age, and the controversy, under his powerful championship, was agitated again, with double fervour. It was no longer, indeed, a mere war of words, or of censures and ecclesiastical penalties, but, in some measure also a war of nations; the Emperor Lewis of Bavaria, siding with Occam, and Lewis the Eleventh of France, giving the weight of his power to the Realists. The violence on both sides was like that which usually rages, only in the rancour of political faction, or the intolerance of religious persecution. Indeed, as might well be supposed, in a period, in which an accusation of heresy was one of the most powerful and triumphant arguments of logic, which nothing could meet and repel, but an argument of the same kind, religion was soon introduced into the controversy; and both sects, though agreeing in little more, concurred, with equal devotion, in charging their opponents with no less a sin, than the sin against the Holy Ghost.

At the Reformation, the fury of the controversy was suspended by more important interests—interests which affected equally both those who separated from the Romish Church, and those who adhered to it; and perhaps too, in some degree, by the wider views which at that time were beginning to open in literature and general science. The question has since been a question of pure philosophy, in which there has been no attempt to interest sovereigns in wars of metaphysics, or to find new subjects for accusations of religious heresy. It has continued, however, to engage, in a very considerable degree, the attention of philosophers, whose general opinion has leant to that of the sect of the Nominalists. In our own country, par-

ticularly, I may refer to the very eminent names of Hobbes, Berkeley, Hume, Dr. Campbell, and Mr. Stewart, who are Nominalists, in the strictest sense of that term. Indeed the only names of authority which I can oppose to them, are those of Locke and Dr. Reid.

Locke and Reid, however, though holding opinions on this subject very different from those of the Nominalists, are not Realists—for, after the view which I have given you of the peculiar opinions of that sect, it is surely unnecessary for me to add, that there are no longer any defenders of the the *universul a parte rei*. There is no one now—certainly no one worthy of the name of a philosopher, who believes that there is any external entity corresponding with the general notion of man, and distinct from all the individual men perceived by us, and from our mind itself, which has perceived them. The only opinion which can now be considered as opposed to that of the rigid Nominalists, is the opinion which I have endeavoured to exhibit to you, in a form more simple than that in which it is usually exhibited, stripped, as much as it was possible for me to strip it, of all that obscurity, with which a long controversy of words had clouded it; and precluding, therefore, I trust, those mistakes as to the nature of our general notions or feelings of resemblance, on which alone the denial of the notions as states of mind seems to have been founded. The view which I have given, however, though I flatter myself, more clear in its analyses and reference to a particular class of beings, is in the main, inasmuch as it contends for a general feeling, of which every general term is significant, the same with the doctrine of Locke and Reid; and may, indeed, be traced far back in the controversy of universals; a considerable number of philosophers, who agreed with the stricter Nominalists in rejecting the notion of universal essences, having adopted this middle doctrine, or at least a doctrine nearly approaching it; and been distinguished accordingly, from the other parties, by the name of Conceptualists—“*conceptuales*.” Their joint opposition to the absurdities of Realism, however, occasioned them to be confounded with the Nominalists, from whom they differed certainly as much as from the Realists themselves; and, I cannot but think, that it is merely in consequence of being thus confounded with Conceptualism, and presenting, therefore, some vague notions of more than mere general terms and particular perceptions, that the doctrine of the Nominalists has been able to obtain the
 t and sanction of its illustrious modern defenders, whom
 thus almost inclined to consider as unconsciously in
 Conceptualists, even while they are Nominalists in

argument and language. Or rather, for the word *conception*, I confess, does not seem to me a very proper one for expressing that feeling of general resemblance which I consider as a mere feeling of relation—I almost think that some obscure glimpse of that more precise doctrine which I have now delivered to you, must have had a sort of truly unconscious influence on the belief of the Nominalists themselves, in that imperfect view which they present to others of the process of generalization.

Of that rigid Nominalism which involves truly no mixture of Conceptualism, or of the beliefs of those feelings of relation for which I have contended, but denies altogether the existence of that peculiar class of feelings, or states of mind which have been denominated general notions, or general ideas, asserting the existence only of individual objects perceived, and of general terms that comprehend these, without any peculiar mental state denoted by the general term, distinct from those separate sensations or perceptions which the particular objects, comprehended under the term, might individually excite,—it seems to me that the very statement of the opinion itself is almost a sufficient confutation, since the very invention of the general term, and the extension of it to certain objects only, not to all objects, implies some reason for this limitation,—some feeling of general agreement of the objects not included in the class, to distinguish them from the objects not included in it, which is itself that very general notion professedly denied. As long as some general notion of circumstances of resemblance is admitted, I see very clearly how a general term may be most accurately limited; but if this general notion be denied, I confess that I cannot discover any principle of limitation whatever. Why have certain objects been classed together, and not certain other objects, when all have been alike perceived by us; and all, therefore, if there be nothing more than mere perception in the process, are capable of receiving any denomination which we may please to bestow on them? Is it arbitrarily, and without any reason whatever, that we do not class a rose-bush with birds, or an elephant with fish? and if there be any reason for these exclusions, why will not the Nominalist tell us what that reason is—in what feeling it is found—and how it can be made accordant with his system? Must it not be that the rose-bush and a sparrow, though equally perceived by us, do not excite that general notion of resemblance which the term *bird* is invented to express—do not seem to us to have those relations of a common nature, in certain respects, which lead us to class the sparrow and the ostrich, however different in other re-

WATER is **WATER**—of the petty natives of our brooks and rivu-
 ers with the mighty monsters of the deep, under one general
 and special denomination? If this be the reason, there is more,
 a **feeling** **more** than perception, and the giving of a general
 name—but there is a peculiar state of mind—a general rela-
 tive feeling—intervening between the perception and the in-
 tention of the word, which is the only reason that can be as-
 signed for that very convention. Can the Nominalist then as-
 sert, that there is no feeling of the resemblance of objects, in
 certain respects, which thus intervenes between the perception
 of them as separate objects, which is one stage of the process,
 and the denomination of them under a single name, which is
 another stage of the process,—or must he not rather confess,
 that it is **merely** in consequence of this intervening feeling we
 give to the number of objects their general name, to the ex-
 clusion of the multitudes of objects to which we do not apply
 it, as in consequence of certain other feelings, excited by
 them individually, we give to each separate object its proper
 name, to the exclusion of every other object? To repeat the
 process as already described to you, we perceive two or more
 objects—we are struck with their resemblance in certain re-
 spects. We invent a general name to denote this feeling of
 resemblance, and we class under this general name, every
 particular object, the perception of which is followed by the
 same feeling of resemblance, and no object but these alone.
 This is a faithful statement of the process,—and for its
 truth I may safely appeal to your consciousness,—the doc-
 trine of the Nominalists is not less false than that of the Real-
 ists. It is false, because it excludes that general feeling of
 resemblance,—the relative suggestion,—which is all that the
 general name itself truly designates, and without which, there-
 fore, a name would have been invented; while the doctrine
 of the Realists is false, by inserting in the process those sup-
 posed separate entities which form no part of it. The one
 is false, as I have already said, by excess, the other by deficiency.
 Even in professing to exclude the general notion of resem-
 blance, however, the Nominalist unconsciously proceeds on
 the stronger proof can be imagined of the imperfect-
 ness of the view which his system gives of our generaliza-
 tion, that the constant necessity under which we perceive
 and assume, at every stage of his argument,
 the existence of those very notions, or feelings of relative
 resemblance, against which his argument is directed. The gen-
 eral name, we are told, is significant of all objects of a cer-
 tain kind, but a particular idea is made to represent various
 objects of the same sort: as if the very doctrine did not

necessarily exclude all notion of a kind or sort, independent of the application of the term itself. "An idea," says Berkeley, "which, considered in itself, is particular, becomes general, by being made to represent or stand for all other particular ideas of the same sort;" and he instances this in the case of a line of any particular length,—an inch, for example,—which, to a geometer, he says, becomes general, as "it represents all particular lines whatsoever; so that what is demonstrated of it, is demonstrated of all lines, or in other words, of a line in general." It is truly inconceivable that he should not have discovered, in this very statement, that he had taken for granted the existence of general notions, the very states of mind which he denied; since, without these, there can be no meaning in the restriction of any sign, to "*ideas of the same sort.*" If we have previously a notion of what he himself, rather inconsistently, calls a line in general, we can easily understand how the word line may be limited to ideas of one sort; but if we have no such previous general notion, we cannot have any knowledge of the sort to which we are, notwithstanding, said to limit our term. An inch, which is certainly not the same figure as a foot or a yard, is, on the principles of Nominalism, which exclude all knowledge of the nature of lines in general, essentially different from these; and might as well, but for that general notion of the resemblance of lines which all have, independently of the term, and previously to the term, but which Nominalism does not allow to exist, be significant of a *square*, or a *circle*, as of any other simple length. To say that it represents all particular lines whatsoever, is either to say nothing, or it is to say that certain general notions of resemblance exist truly, as a part of our consciousness, and that we are hence able to attach a meaning to the phrase, "all particular lines whatsoever;" which we could not if a foot, a yard, or a mile, did not appear to us to resemble each other in some respect. It is in vain that Berkeley, who is aware of the objection which may be brought from the universal truths of geometry, against a system which denies every thing but particular ideas, and the signs of particular ideas, endeavours to reconcile this denial of the conception of universality, with that very universality which it denies. It is quite evident, that if we have no general notions of squares and triangles, our demonstration of the properties of these figures never can go beyond those particular squares or triangles conceived by us in our demonstration. Thus, says Berkeley, who states the objection, and endeavours to answer it,—“having demonstrated that the three angles of an *isosceles* rectangular triangle, are equal to two right ones, I cannot

therefore conclude this affection agrees to all other triangles, which have neither a right angle, nor two equal sides. It seems, therefore, that to be certain this proposition is universally true, we must either make a particular demonstration for every particular triangle, which is impossible, or once for all, demonstrate it of the abstract idea of a triangle, in which all the particulars so indifferently partake, and by which they are all equally represented. To which I answer, that though the idea I have in view while I make the demonstration, be, for instance, that of an *isosceles rectangular triangle*, whose sides are of a determinate length, I may, nevertheless, be certain it extends to all other rectilinear triangles, of what sort or bigness soever; and that because neither the right angle, nor the equality, nor determinate length of the sides, are at all concerned in the demonstration. It is true, the diagram I have in view includes all these particulars; but then there is not the least mention made of them in the proof of the proposition. It is not said the three angles are equal to two right ones, because one of them is a right angle, or because the sides comprehending it are of the same length; which sufficiently shows that the right angle might have been oblique, and the sides unequal, and, for all that, the demonstration have held good; and for this reason it is that I conclude that to be true, of any oblique angular or scalenon, which I had demonstrated, of a particular right-angled equicrural triangle, and not because I demonstrated the proposition of the abstract idea of a triangle.*

"This answer," I have said in my observation on Dr. Darwin's *Zoonomia*, "This answer evidently takes for granted the truth of the opinion which it was intended to confute, by supposing us, during the demonstration, to have a general idea of triangles, without particular reference to the diagram before us. It will be admitted, that the right angle, and the equality of two of the sides, and the determinate length of the whole, are not expressed in the words of the demonstration; but words are of consequence only as they suggest ideas, and the ideas, suggested by the demonstration, are the same as if these particular relations of the triangle had been mentioned at every step. It is not said, that the three angles are equal to two right angles, because one of them is a right angle, or because the sides, which comprehend that angle, are of the same length; but it is proved, that the three angles of the triangle, which has one of its angles a right angle, and the sides, which comprehend that angle, of equal length, are together equal to two

* Berkeley's Works, Lond. 1784, v. i. p. 13.

right angles. This particular demonstration is applicable only to triangles, of one particular form. I cannot infer from it the existence of the same property, in figures, essentially different: for, unless we admit the existence of general ideas, an equilateral triangle differs as much from a scalene rectangular triangle, as from a square. In both cases, there is no medium of comparison. To say that the two triangles agree, in having three sides, and three angles, is to say, that there are general ideas of sides and angles; for if they be particularised, and if by the words *sides* and *angles*, be meant equal sides, and equal angles, it is evident, that the two triangles do not agree in the slightest circumstance. Admitting, therefore, that I can enunciate a general proposition, the conception of which is impossible, I can be certain that the three angles of every triangle are together equal to two right angles, only when it has been demonstrated of triangles of every variety of figure; and, before this can be done, I must have it in my power to limit space, and chain down imagination.”*

In Dr. Campbell's illustrations of the power of signs, in his very ingenious work on the Philosophy of Rhetoric, he adopts and defends this doctrine, of the general representative power of *particular ideas*,—making, of course, the same inconsistent assumption which Berkeley makes, and which every Nominalist must make, of those general notions of orders, sorts, or kinds, which his argument would lead us to deny. “When a geometrician,” says he, “makes a diagram with chalk upon a board, and from it demonstrates some property of a straight-lined figure, no spectator ever imagines, that he is demonstrating a property of *nothing else* but *that individual white figure of five inches long*, which is before him. Every one is satisfied, that he is demonstrating a property of *all that order*, whether more or less extensive, of which it is both an example and a sign; all the order being understood to agree with it in certain characters, however different in other respects.”† There can be no question that every one is, as Dr. Campbell says, satisfied that the demonstration extends to a whole order of figures, and the reason of this is, that the mind is capable of forming a general notion of an order of figures; for it really is not easy to be understood, how the mind should extend any demonstration to a whole order of figures, and to that order only, of which order itself, it is said to be incapable of any notion. “The mind,” continues Dr. Campbell, with the utmost facility, “extends or contracts the representative power

* Brown's Observations on Darwin's Zoonomia, p. 142—144.

† Philosophy of Rhetoric, B. ii. c. 7.

of the sign as the particular occasion requires. Thus, the same equilateral triangle will, with equal propriety, serve for the demonstration, not only of a property of all equilateral triangles, but of a property of all isosceles triangles, or even of a property of all triangles whatever."* The same diagram does, indeed, serve this purpose, but not from any extension or contraction of the representative power of the sign according to occasion. It is because we had a general notion of the nature of triangles,—or of the common circumstances in which the figures, to which alone we give the name of triangles, agree,—before we looked at the diagram, and had this general notion, common to the whole order, in view, during the whole demonstration. "Nay, so perfectly is this matter understood," Dr. Campbell adds, "that, if the demonstrator, in any part, should recur to some property as to the length of a side, belonging to the particular figure he hath constructed, but not essential to the kind mentioned in the proposition, and which the particular figure is solely intended to represent, every intelligent observer would instantly detect the fallacy. So entirely, for all the purposes of science, doth a particular serve for a whole species or genus."† But, on Dr. Campbell's principles, what is the species or genus, and how does it differ from other species or genera? Instead of the explanation, therefore, which he gives, I would rather say, so certain is it, that, during the whole demonstration, or, at least, as often as any mention of the figures occurs, the general notion of the species or genus of figures, that is to say, of the circumstance of resemblance of these figures, has been present to the mind; since, if it had no such general notion, it could not instantly detect the slightest circumstance which the species or genus does not include. The particular idea is said to be representative of other ideas "that agree with it in certain characters." But what are these characters? If we do not understand what they are, we cannot, by our knowledge of them, make one idea representative of others; and if we *do* know what the general characters are, we have already that general notion, which renders the supposed representation unnecessary.

In this case as in many other cases, I have no doubt,—notwithstanding the apparent extravagance of the paradox,—that it is because the doctrine of the Nominalists is very contrary to our feelings, we do not immediately discover it to be so. If it were nearer the truth, we should probably discover the error which it involves much more readily. The error escapes us, because our general terms convey so immediately to our mind

* *Philosophy of Rhetoric*, B. ii. c. 7.

† *Ibid.*

that common relation which they denote, that we supply, of ourselves, what is wanting in the process as described by the Nominalist,—the feeling of the circumstances of resemblance, specific or generic, that are to guide us in the application, as they led us to the invention of our terms. We know what it is which he means, when he speaks of particular terms, or particular ideas, that become more generally significant, by standing for ideas of the same sort, or the same order, or species, or genus, or kind ; and we therefore make, *for him*, by the natural spontaneous suggestions of our own minds, the extension and limitation, which would be impossible on his own system. But for such an illusion, it seems to me scarcely possible to understand, how so many of the first names, of which our science can boast, should be found among the defenders of an opinion which makes reasoning nothing more than a mere play upon words, or at best, reduces very nearly to the same level, the profoundest ratiocinations of intellectual, or physical, or mathematical philosophy, and the technical labours of the grammarian, or the lexicographer.

The system of the Nominalists, then, I must contend, though more simple than the system of the Realists, is not, any more than that system, a faithful statement of the process of generalization. It is true, as it rejects the existence of any universal form or species, distinct from our mere feeling of general resemblance. But it is *false*, as it rejects the general relative feeling itself, which every general term denotes, and without which, to direct us in the extension and limitation of our terms, we should be in danger of giving the name of *triangle*, as much to a square or a circle, as to any three-sided figure. We perceive objects,—we have a feeling, or general notion of their resemblance,—we express this general notion by a general term. Such is the process of which we are conscious ; and no system, which omits any part of the process, can be a faithful picture of our consciousness.

LECTURE XLVII.

TRUE THEORY OF GENERALIZATION REPEATED.—INCONGRUITY IN THE LANGUAGE OF THE CONCEPTUALISTS.—SMITH'S THEORY OF THE INVENTION OF GENERAL TERMS IN RUDE PERIODS OF SOCIETY.—ABSURDITY OF NOMINALISM.—USE OF GENERAL TERMS NOT TO ENABLE MAN TO REASON, BUT TO REASON WELL.

My last Lecture, Gentlemen, was employed on a subject, which has engaged, in an eminent degree, the attention of philosophers, both from the difficulty which was supposed to attend it, and from the extensive applications which were to be made of it, as the ground-work of every proposition, and consequently, of all our knowledge. It was necessary, therefore, to give you a sketch of the great controversy as to *Universals*, that so long divided the schools,—of which one party, that of the Realists,—formerly so powerful, when the general theory of the primary mental functions of perception accorded with the Realism,—may now, when our theory of perception is too simple to accord with it, be considered as altogether extinct. It was scarcely possible that universal forms, or species, should continue to hold a place in the philosophy of mind, or in our systems of dialectics, when even *sensible species* had been universally abandoned.

In stating the opinion, on the subject of this controversy, which I consider as the only one worthy of your assent, and indeed so obviously just, that it seems to me as if it could scarcely have failed to occur to every mind, but for the darkness of insignificant terms and phrases, with which the controversy itself had enveloped it,—I endeavoured to free it, as much as possible, from this mere verbal darkness, and to exhibit the process to you in that simple order of succession in which it appears to me to take place.

The process I stated to be the following:

We perceive two, or more objects,—this is one state of the mind. We are struck with the feeling of their resemblance

in certain respects. This is a second state of the mind. We then, in the third stage, give a name to these circumstances of felt resemblance, a name which is, of course, applied afterwards only where this relation of similarity is felt. It is unquestionably not the *name* which produces the feeling of resemblance, but the feeling of resemblance which leads to the invention, or application of the name; for it would be equally just and philosophic to say, that it is the name of the individual, John, or William, which gives existence to the individual, John, or William, and that he was nobody, or nothing, till the name, which made him something, was given, as to say, that the name *man*, which includes both John and William, is that which constitutes our relative notion of the resemblance of John and William, expressed by their common appellation; and that, but for the name, we could not have conceived them to have any common or similar properties,—that is to say, could not have had any general relative notion, or general idea, as it has been wrongly called, of human nature, of the respects in which John, William, and all other individual men agree. So far is the general term from being essential to the rise of that state of mind which constitutes the feeling of resemblance, or, in other words, to the general notion, whatever it may be, which the term expresses; that it is only for a very small number of such general relative feelings, that we have invented general terms. There are scarcely any two objects at which we can look, without perceiving a resemblance of some sort; but we never think of giving a name to each pair of relatives, on account of some slight circumstance in which they may have been felt by us to agree, more than we think of giving a name to every separate individual object which we perceive,—to every blade of grass in our fields,—to every rose on a bush, or even to every rose-bush in our garden. It is necessary, for the convenience of social life, that we should have general terms to express the most important general resemblances,—a general word, *man*, for example, to express briefly those very general circumstances of resemblance which we discover in all the individuals to whom that name is given, and thus to save us from the repetition of innumerable proper names, when we speak of circumstances common to the whole multitude;—it is not necessary that we should have a general term to express, in like manner, every less extensive resemblance which we may discover in any two or more individual men; and accordingly, for such minute resemblances we do not invent any general term, yet the feelings of resemblance, or notions of general circumstances of agreement, though they may be more or less important, so as to tempt in some cases, and not in

other cases, to the use of a common appellation, are still in kind, as mere feelings of relation, the same, whether the general term for expressing them be invented or not; and feelings which arise as much when no name is given, as when a name is given, cannot surely be dependent on names that do not exist, in the greater number of cases, at all, and that when they are formed, exist only after these very feelings which they are invented to express.

If our mind be capable of feeling resemblance, it must be capable of general notions, which are nothing more than varieties of this very feeling; for we surely cannot perceive objects to resemble each other, without perceiving them to resemble each other in certain respects, rather than in others; and this very notion of the respects in which they are similar, is all that is meant by the general relative feeling.

The circumstances, in which all individual men agree, form my general notion of man, or human nature. When I use the term *man*, I employ it to express every being in whom these circumstances are to be found,—that is to say, every being who excites, when considered together with the other beings whom I have before learned to rank as man, the same relative feeling of resemblance. When I hear the term *man*, these general circumstances of agreement occur to me vaguely, perhaps, and indistinctly; but probably as distinctly as the conception of the individual John, or William, which recurs when I hear one of those names.

Indeed, there can be no doubt that the exact meaning of our general terms is much more distinctly conceived by us than that of our particular terms,—that we have a far clearer notion of a line, for example, than of an inch, or three-fourths of an inch,—of rectilinear angles in general, as formed by the meeting of any two straight lines in any direction, than of an angle of sixty-five degrees, for which one particular inclination of the meeting lines is absolutely necessary, and an inclination, which only the nicest measurement can discriminate, from that which forms an angle of sixty-four or of sixty-six. The general term, it is evident, in proportion as it is more and more general, involves the consideration of fewer particulars, and is, therefore, less confused; while the particular term must involve all the particulars included in the general one, with many more that distinguish the species or the individual, and that are difficult themselves to be distinguished, in consequence of the faintness of the limits in which they shadow into each

To this it is owing that the sciences, which are most demonstrative,—that is to say, the sciences, in which facts are the clearest,—are *not* those which relate to par-

ticular objects, and which, consequently, involve particular conceptions and particular terms, but the sciences of *number* and *quantity*, in which every term is a general one, and every notion, therefore, which it expresses general.

With each advance in generalizing, the general notion, or the feeling of resemblance in certain circumstances, becomes different, because the circumstances in which it is necessary that the general resemblance should be felt, are fewer, and common, therefore, to a greater number of objects; the general term being, in every stage, applicable to the whole number of objects, as exciting, when considered together, that relative feeling of similarity, the suggesting of which is all that constitutes the variety, species, genus, order, or class.

The words John, man, animal, substance, in the progressive scale of generalization, are words which I understand, and none of which I feel to be exactly synonymous with the others, but to express either less or more, so as to admit progressively of wider applications than could be allowed at a lower point of the scale. Since they are felt, then, not to be exactly synonymous, each term, if it be understood at all, must excite in the mind a different feeling of some sort or other, and this different state of mind is nothing more than a notion of agreement in certain circumstances, more or fewer, according to the extent of the generalization.

If, then, the generalizing process be, first, the perception or conception of two or more objects,—2dly, the relative feeling of their resemblance in certain respects,—3dly, the designation of these circumstances of resemblance, by an appropriate name,—the doctrine of the Nominalists, which includes only two of these stages,—the perception of particular objects, and the invention of general terms, must be false, as excluding that relative suggestion of resemblance in certain respects, which is the second and most important step of the process; since it is this intermediate feeling alone that leads to the use of the term, which otherwise it would be impossible to limit to any set of objects. Accordingly, we found that, in their own impossibility of accounting on their own principles, for this limitation,—which it is yet absolutely necessary to explain in some manner or other,—the Nominalists, to explain it, uniformly take for granted the existence of those very general notions, which they at the same time profess to deny,—that, while they affirm, that we have no notion of a kind, species or sort, independently of the general terms which denote them, they speak of our application of such terms, only to objects of the same kind, species, or sort, as if we truly had some notions of these general circumstances of agreement, to direct us,—and

that they are thus very far from being Nominalists in the spirit of their argument, at the very same moment, when they are Nominalists in *assertion*,—strenuous opposers of those very general feelings of the truth of which they avail themselves, in their very endeavour to disprove them.

If, indeed, it were the *name* which formed the classification, and not that previous relative *feeling*, or general notion of resemblance of some sort, which the name denotes, then might any thing be classed with any thing, and classed with equal propriety. All which would be necessary, would be merely to apply the same name uniformly to the same objects; and, if we were careful to do this, John and a triangle might as well be classed together, under the name *man*, as John and William. Why does the one of those arrangements appear to us more philosophic than the other? It is because something more is felt by us to be necessary, in classification, than the mere giving of a name at random. There is, in the relative suggestion that arises on our very perception or conception of objects, when we consider them together, a reason for giving the generic name to one set of objects rather than to another,—the name of *man*, for instance, to *John* and *William*, rather than to *John* and *a triangle*. This reason is the feeling of the *resemblance* of the objects which we class,—that *general* notion of the relation of similarity in certain respects which is signified by the general term,—and without which relative suggestion, as a previous state of the mind, the general term would as little have been invented, as the names of John and William would have been invented, if there had been no perception of any individual being whatever, to be denoted by them.

That we have general relative feelings of the resemblances of objects, and that our general terms are significant of these, and limited, therefore, to the particular objects which excite some common feeling of resemblance, is then, I conceive, sufficiently evident; and yet, the existence of such general notions is not merely rejected by the greater number of philosophers, but the assertion of it has been considered as a subject rather of ridicule, than of any serious confutation, as if confutation itself would have been too great an honour.

I must confess, however, that some incautious expressions of the Conceptualists, and their erroneous analysis and classification of the general feeling, did justify in part this ridicule, as they involved an appearance of inconsistency and contradiction, which a more accurate analysis of the general feeling asserted, and a very slight change of phraseology and arrangements would have removed. These improprieties, it may be

of importance to point out to you, as furnishing, perhaps, some explanation of the error of new Nominalism.

The use of the word *idea* for expressing the notion or feeling of resemblance, was in the first place, unfortunate. *Idea*, from its etymological sense, and its common application to the conceptions of external objects, seems almost, in itself, to imply something which can be individualized, and offered to the senses. The general idea, therefore, which we are said to form, from the consideration of the various ways in which two lines can meet one another, seems to us, as an idea, to be something which we must be capable of representing in a diagram, like any of the particular angles considered by us; and what we can thus image in a diagram, must evidently be particular; so that, if we ascribe to it properties of more than one particular angle, our reference must, on this very account, seem to involve an inconsistency or multitude of inconsistencies. The general idea of an angle, therefore, which is not a right angle, nor acute, nor obtuse, but, at once, *all* of these; and *none* of them, is to our conception, in every respect, as truly absurd, as a *whole*, which is *less* than a part of itself, or a *square*, of which the angles are together equal to four right angles, and at the same time equal to *five* such angles, and only to *three* or *two*.

Such are the inconsistencies that must always seem to flow from the use of the word *idea* in this case, as if presenting to us a particular image of what cannot be particular.

The same remark may, in a great measure, be applied to the use of the word *conception*, which also seems to individualize its object; and which, as commonly employed to signify some fainter revival of a past feeling, may lead, and has led, to very mistaken views of the nature of our general notions. In these, according to the process described by me, there is nothing which can be said to be in any respect a conception, or fainter transcript of the past; and, therefore, if I were to invent a name for the opinion with respect to universals, which I hold, it would not be as a Conceptualist, but as a Notionist, or Relationist, that I should wish to be classed. The feeling of the relation of similarity is no part of the perception or conception of the separate objects which suggest it. It is a feeling of a different species, absolutely new—a relation, and nothing more; and the general term, which is not expressive of what can strictly be termed a conception, is invented only to express all that multitude of objects, which, however different in other respects, agree in exciting one common feeling of relation—the relation of a certain similarity.

The phrase, *general notion*, which is that which I have pre-

ferred, would, in this case, have been far more appropriate, and would have obviated that tendency to individual representation, which the word conception, and still more, the word idea, produce; and consequently, all those apparent inconsistencies, which do not attend the notion of the mere feeling of agreement of various objects, but arise only from the attempt to form an individual representation of what is in itself general, and therefore, by its very nature, incapable of being individually represented.

Still more unfortunate, however, than the classing of our general notions with conceptions or ideas, was a verbal impropriety that may at first seem to you of little consequence, —the mere use of the indefinite article, in a case in which certainly it ought not to have been employed. It was not the mere general notion of the nature and properties of triangles, but the general idea of *a* triangle, of which writers on this branch of intellectual philosophy have been accustomed to speak. The influence of this improper use of the article has not before been remarked; yet I have no doubt, that it is the *very circumstance* which has chiefly tended to produce a denial of the general notion itself. It is a striking lesson, how much the progress of philosophy may be retarded, even by the slightest inaccuracy of language, which leads those who consider the doctrine without due attention and analysis, to ascribe to *it* the inconsistencies which are not in the doctrine itself, and thus to reject, as absurd, what, in another form of expression, would perhaps have appeared to them almost self-evident.

According to the view which I have given you of the generalizing process, all that is truly general is, a relation that is felt by us. We have a feeling, or general notion of the circumstances of agreement of many individual objects, but not a notion of *an* object, uniting at once all the qualities of the individual objects, and yet excluding every quality, which distinguishes each from each. This would truly be a species of Realism, still more absurd, than the old scholastic *universal a parte rei*. The general idea of *a* man, who is neither dark nor fair, tall nor short, fat nor thin, nor of any degree intermediate between these extremes, and yet is, at the same time, dark and fair, tall and short, fat and thin, is that of which we may very safely deny the existence: for *a* man must be particular, and must therefore have particular qualities, and certainly cannot have qualities that are inconsistent. But a dark and a fair man, a tall and a short man, a fat and a thin man, all agree in certain respects, or, in other words, excite in us a certain relative feeling, or notion of general resemblance;

since, without a feeling of this kind, we never should have thought of classing them together under one general term. We have not a general idea of *a* man, but we are impressed with a certain common relation of similarity of all the individuals, whom, on that account, and on that account alone, we rank together under the common appellation of men.

A general idea of a man is, then, it will be allowed, an unfortunate, or, to speak more accurately, an absurd expression. But the absurdity of such an expression does not render it less absurd to deny, that we have any general notion, or relative feeling whatever, of the circumstances in which MEN agree—that general notion, which preceded the invention of the general term *man*, and without which the general term would be absolutely incapable of being limited, or applied to one set of objects more than to another. Yet all the valuable remarks of Mr. Locke, on this subject, have been neglected or forgotten; while one passage has been well remembered, and often quoted,—because nothing is so well remembered as the ridiculous. The passage indeed, it must be confessed, is abundantly ridiculous; but what is ridiculous in it arises, very evidently, from the source which I have pointed out, and not from the doctrine, that there is a general feeling of some sort, corresponding with every general term, that is not absolutely insignificant.

“Does it not require some pains and skill,” says Mr. Locke, in this often-quoted passage—“Does it not require some pains and skill to form the general idea of *a* triangle, (which is yet none of the most abstract, comprehensive, and difficult;) for it must be neither oblique, nor rectangle, neither equilateral, equicrural, nor scalenon; but *all*, and *none* of these *at once*. In effect, it is something imperfect that cannot exist; an idea, wherein some parts of several different and inconsistent ideas are put together.”*

Of this strange description, so unworthy of its great author, and, I may add, so unworthy also of the doctrine which he supported, the authors of the *Memoirs of Scriblerus* have not failed to avail themselves, converting Mr. Locke’s universal triangle into an universal lord mayor.

“Martin supposed an *universal man* to be like a knight of a shire, or a burgess of a corporation, that represented a great many individuals. His father asked him, if he could not frame the idea of an universal lord mayor? Martin told him, that, never having seen but one lord mayor, the idea of that lord mayor always returned to his mind; that he had great

* Essay concerning Human Understanding, B. IV. c. 7, sect. 9.

difficulty to abstract a lord mayor from his fur-gown, and gold chain; nay, that the horse he saw the lord mayor ride upon not a little disturbed his imagination. On the other hand, Crambe, to show himself of a more penetrating genius, swore that he could frame a conception of a lord mayor, not only without his horse, gown, and gold chain, but even without stature, feature, colour, hands, head, feet, or any body, which he supposed was the abstract of a lord mayor.*

This abstract of a lord mayor, though it may be more ludicrous, is not more absurd, than Locke's abstract of a triangle; for a triangle must be particular, and must, therefore, be equilateral, equicrural, or scalene. It would have been very different, if he had stated merely, that all triangles, whether equilateral, equicrural, or scalene, are felt by us to agree in certain respects,—that they are not felt by us to have this general resemblance, because we have previously classed them together; but that we have classed them together, because we have previously felt this general resemblance,—that the general notion, therefore, cannot have depended for its origin on the name which follows it,—and that it is this general notion or feeling of resemblance, of which the general term is truly significant, the term being considered by us as fairly applicable to every object, which excites the same relative feeling. This, it is evident, from his whole reasoning, was fundamentally, or nearly the opinion of Locke himself, who was led into the error of his very strange description, merely by conceiving, that a general notion of the common circumstances and properties of triangles was a conception, or a general idea of a triangle.

But, whether this was, or was not, the opinion of Mr. Locke, the process which I have described is not the less just. We perceive two or more objects,—we have a feeling or general notion of their resemblance in certain respects,—and, in consequence of this general notion, we invent the general term, and limit it to such objects, as correspond with the notion previously existing,—that is to say, we limit it to objects which agree in exciting this relative suggestion. It is hence the very nature of our general notion not to be particular; for who can paint or particularize a mere relation? It is the feeling of resemblance which constitutes it,—not the objects themselves which are felt to be similar; and to require, therefore, that our mental notion of the common properties of triangles, scalene, equilateral, and isosceles, should itself be a triangle, equilateral, isosceles, or scalene, is not more philo-

* Pope's Works.—Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus, chap. vii.

sophic, or I may say, even not less absurd, than it would be to require of us a *visual* delineation of a *sound* or a *smell*, and to deny, that we have any sensations of melody and odour, because we cannot represent these in pictures to the eye.

I have already remarked, that it is only for a small number of the resemblances which we perceive in objects, that we have invented general terms. The general term, therefore, far from being essential to the generalization, is only a record of a generalization previously made. It marks what we have felt, and enables us to refer, with exactness, to this past feeling.

When I speak of our invention of a general term, however, I speak of what we do, in the present mature state of our language, not of what was likely to take place, in the early generalizations of savage life; for there seems to me very little reason to doubt the justness of that theory of appellatives, which is hinted, indeed, in some earlier writers, but has been particularly maintained by Condillac and Dr. Smith,—a theory, which supposes the words now used as appellatives, to have been originally the proper names of individual objects, extended to the objects, that were perceived to be similar to those, to which the name had primarily been given. The theory is stated with great force, by Dr. Smith, in the ingenious dissertation, appended to his *Theory of Moral Science*. It would be injustice to his opinion, to attempt to express it in any words but his own.

“The assignation of particular names, to denote particular objects, that is, the institution of nouns substantive, would probably be one of the first steps towards the formation of language. Two savages who had never been taught to speak, but had been bred up remote from the societies of men, would naturally begin to form that language by which they would endeavour to make their mutual wants intelligible to each other, by uttering certain sounds, whenever they meant to denote certain objects. Those objects only which were most familiar to them, and which they had most frequent occasion to mention, would have particular names assigned to them. The particular cave whose covering sheltered them from the weather, the particular tree whose fruit relieved their hunger, the particular fountain whose water allayed their thirst, would first be denominated by the words *cave*, *tree*, *fountain*, or by whatever other appellations they might think proper, in that primitive jargon, to mark them. Afterwards, when the more enlarged experience of these savages had led them to observe, and their necessary occasions obliged them to make mention

of other caves, and other trees, and other fountains, they would naturally bestow, upon each of those new objects, the same name by which they had been accustomed to express the similar object they were first acquainted with. The new objects had none of them any name of its own, but each of them exactly resembled another object which had such an appellation. It was impossible that those savages could behold the new objects without recollecting the old ones ; and the name of the old ones, to which the new bore so close a resemblance. When they had occasion, therefore, to mention, or to point out to each other, any of the new objects, they would naturally utter the name of the correspondent old one, of which the idea could not fail, at that instant, to present itself to their memory in the strongest and liveliest manner. And thus, those words, which were originally the proper names of individuals, would each of them insensibly become the common name of a multitude. A child that is just learning to speak, calls every person who comes to the house its papa or its mamma ; and thus bestows upon the whole species those names which it had been taught to apply to two individuals. I have known a clown, who did not know the proper name of the river which ran by his own door. It was *the river*, he said, and he never heard any other name for it. His experience, it seems, had not led him to observe any other river. The general word *river*, therefore, was, it is evident, in his acceptance of it, a proper name, signifying an individual object. If this person had been carried to another river, would he not readily have called it a river ? Could we suppose any person living on the banks of the Thames so ignorant, as not to know the general word *river*, but to be acquainted only with the particular word *Thames*, if he was brought to any other river, would he not readily call it a *Thames* ? This, in reality, is no more than what they, who are well acquainted with the general word, are very apt to do. An Englishman, describing any great river which he may have seen in some foreign country, naturally says, that it is another Thames. The Spaniards, when they first arrived upon the coast of Mexico, and observed the wealth, populousness, and habitations of that fine country, so much superior to the savage nations which they had been visiting for some time before, cried out, that it was another Spain. Hence it was called New Spain, and this name has stuck to that unfortunate country ever since. We say, in the same manner, of a hero, that he is an Alexander ; of an orator, that he is a Cicero ; of a philosopher, that he is a Newton. This way of speaking, which the grammarians call an *Antonomasia*, and which is still extremely common, though now

not at all necessary, demonstrates how much mankind are naturally disposed to give to one object the name of any other which nearly resembles it, and thus to denominate a multitude, by what originally was intended to express an individual.

“It is this application of the name of an individual to a great multitude of objects, whose resemblance naturally recalls the idea of that individual, and of the name which expresses it, that seems originally to have given occasion to the formation of those classes and assortments, which, in the schools, are called genera and species.”*

That the first designation of species and genera, by appellatives, was nothing more than this ingenious speculation supposes it to have been,—the extension of mere proper names, from similar objects to similar objects, I have very little doubt. But still it must be remembered, that the extension was from similar objects, to objects felt to be similar,—that, before the extension, therefore, there must have been a general notion of the circumstance of resemblance,—and, that, without this intermediate feeling of his mind, the savage would as little have thought of calling one tree by the name which he had previously given to another tree, as he would have thought of extending this name to the cave which sheltered him, or the fountain at which he quenched his thirst. In short, whatever our theory of the origin of general terms may be, it either must take for granted the previous existence of general relative notions, corresponding with them, or it must suppose that the terms were invented at random, without any reason whatever, to guide us in our application or limitation of them. To state any reason of this kind, is to state some general resemblance, that is felt by us, and consequently some notion of general circumstances of resemblance, which must be independent of the general term, because it is prior to it. This, which the Nominalist on reflection, I should conceive, must admit, is all for which the Conceptualist contends, or at least, is all for which I contend, in that view of the generalizing process which I have given you.

The decision of the controversy, might, indeed, as I have now said, be very safely trusted to the Nominalist himself, if he would only put a single question to his own mind, and reflect for a few moments before giving an answer. Why do I class together certain objects, and exclude certain others, from the class which I have formed? He must say, either that he

* Smith's Considerations concerning the First Formation of Languages, from the beginning.

classes them together, because he has classed them together and that he excludes the others because he excludes them which is surely not a very philosophic answer, though it is all which can be understood in the assertion, that it is the *name* which constitutes, as well as defines the *genus*; or he must say, that there is some reason which has led him to give the general name to certain objects, and not to certain others. The reason for which the name is given, must, of course, be something which is felt, prior to the giving of the name, and independent of it; and the only reason which can be conceived is that certain objects have a resemblance which certain other objects do not partake, and that the general name is therefore invented to express the objects which agree in exciting this common notion of relation. Before the name was invented, therefore, there must have been a feeling of circumstances of resemblance, common to certain individuals,—a feeling, which is neither the perception that precedes it, nor the name which follows it, but a state of mind intervening between the perception of the separate objects, and the verbal designation of them as a species or genus. In short, it is that general relative suggestion, or general notion of resemblance, on which we must admit our classifications to be founded, or contend that they are founded upon nothing.

Since all reasoning implies some generalization, the Nominalist, who allows nothing general but terms, is, of course led, or forced, by his theory, to deny the possibility of reasoning of any kind, without the aid of general terms; a denial which seems to me one of the boldest, because the least consistent with the observed facts which it is possible either for dogmatism or scepticism to make; as if the infant, long before he can be supposed to have acquired any knowledge of terms, did not form his little reasonings on the subjects, on which it is important for him to reason, as accurately probably as afterwards; but, at least, with all the accuracy which is necessary for preserving his existence, and gratifying his feeble desires. He has, indeed, even then, gone through processes, which are admitted to involve the finest reasoning, by those very philosophers who deny him to be capable of reasoning at all. He has already calculated distances, long before he knew the use of a single word expressive of distance, and accommodated his induction to those general laws of matter, on which he knows nothing but the simple facts, and his expectation, that what has afforded him either pain or pleasure, will continue to afford him pain or pleasure. What language does the infant require, to prevent him from putting his finger twice in the flame of that candle which has burned him once? or to per-

suade him to stretch his hand in exact conformity with the laws of optics, to that very point at which some bright trinket is glittering on his delighted eyes? To suppose that we cannot reason without language, seems to me, indeed, almost to involve the same inconsistency, as to say, that man is incapable of moving his limbs, till he have previously walked a mile.

The use of general terms is not to enable man to *reason*, but to enable him to reason *well*. They fix the steps of our progress,—they give us the power of availing ourselves, with confidence, of our own past reasonings, and of the reasonings of others,—they do not absolutely prevent us from *wandering*, but they prevent us from wandering *very far*, and are marks of direction, to which we can return; without them, we should be like travellers, journeying on an immense plain, without a track, and without any points on the sky, to determine whether we were continuing to move east or west, or north or south. We should still be moving, indeed, and each step would be a progress, if it were compared merely with the step that went before. But there could be no long journey onwards; and, after years of wandering, we might, perhaps, return to the very spot from which we set out, without even so much knowledge, as to have the slightest guess, that we were again where we had been before.

To drop this allegory, however, it is very evident, that, though we should be capable of reasoning, even without language of any sort, and of reasoning sufficient to protect ourselves from obvious and familiar causes of injury, our reasonings, in such circumstances, must be very limited, and as little comparable to the reasoning of him who enjoys the advantage of all the new distinctions of a refined language, as the creeping of the diminutive insect to the soaring of the eagle. Both animals, indeed, are capable of advancing;—but the one passes from cloud to cloud, almost with the rapidity of the lightning, which is afterwards to flash from them, and the other takes half a day, to move over the few shrunk fibres of a withered leaf.

What must be the arithmetic of that people in South America, of whom Condamine tells us, whose whole numeration did not extend beyond three, and who had no resource afterwards, but to point first to their *fingers* and then to their *hair*? What the reasonings of arithmetic would be to such a people, every other species of reasoning would be to us, if our general vocabulary bore no greater proportion to the feelings that were to be expressed by it, than this very limited numeral vocabulary, to all the possible combinations of numbers!

The extent of error into which we should be likely to fall, in our classifications and reasonings in general, if our language were of this very imperfect kind, it is, of course, impossible for us, in our circumstances, to guess; though we may derive some assistance, in our estimation of these possible absurdities, from facts of which voyagers occasionally tell us. I may take for an example a fact mentioned by Captain Cook, in describing the people of Watecoo, a small island, on which he lighted in his voyage from New Zealand to the Friendly Islands. "The inhabitants," he says, "were afraid to come near our cows and horses, nor did they form the least conception of their nature. But the sheep and goats did not surpass the limits of their ideas; for they gave us to understand, that they knew them to be *birds*."—"It will appear rather incredible," he adds, "that human ignorance could ever make so strange a mistake; there not being the most distant similitude between a sheep or goat and any winged animal. But these people seemed to know nothing of the existence of any other *land* animals besides hogs, dogs, and birds. Our sheep and goats, they could see, were very different creatures from the two first; and therefore, they inferred, that they must belong to the latter class, in which they knew that there is a considerable variety of species."—"I would add," says Mr. Stewart, who quotes this very striking fact, together with the judicious remark of Cook,—“I would add, that the mistake of these islanders, perhaps, did not arise from their considering a sheep or goat, as bearing a more striking resemblance to a bird than to the two classes of quadrupeds with which they were acquainted, but from the want of a *generic word*, such as *quadruped*, comprehending these two species; which men in their situation would no more be led to form, than a person who had seen only one individual of each species would think of an appellative to express both, instead of applying a proper name to each. In consequence of the variety of birds, it appears that they had a generic name comprehending all of them, to which it was not unnatural for them to refer any new animal they met with.”*

The observation of Mr. Stewart, with respect to the influence of a *generic name* on this seemingly very strange arrangement of these very rude zoologists, is ingenious and just. It must be remembered, however, in opposition to his general doctrine on the subject, that the application of the generic term, even in this very strange manner, is a proof, not that we are without general notions, but that we truly *have* gene-

* Stewart's Elements, Part II. c. iv. sect. 1.

ral notions, that are independent of the mere terms which express them. It was not merely because they had a generic term that they extended this term to the unknown sheep and goats, but because the sheep and goats coincided, in some measure, with the general notion expressed by the general term. Of this the most striking evidence is contained in the very statement of Captain Cook. The cows and horses, sheep and goats, were all equally unknown to the islanders. Why, then, did they not class the cows and horses with birds as much as the goats and sheep? As far as the mere possession of a generic word could have led to this application,—if a word alone were necessary,—it was common to all the new cases alike. When all these were equally unknown, there must have been some previous general notion of certain circumstances of resemblance in birds, with which the goats and sheep coincided more exactly than the cows and horses. Nor is it very difficult to guess what this previous notion was,—the *bulk* of the different animals must have led to the distinction. The winged tribes with which they were acquainted, though they might perhaps approach, in some slight degree, to the stature of the smaller quadrupeds, could have no resemblance in this respect to the horses and cows. A *bird*, in their mental definition of it, was certainly a living thing, of certain various sizes familiar to them, and not a dog or a hog. A sheep, or a goat, was seen by them to be a living thing, not a dog nor a hog, and of a size that implied no remarkable opposition to that involved in their silent, mental definition of a bird. In such circumstances, it was classed by them as a bird, with as much accuracy as is to be found in many of our systematic references, even in the present improved state of science and natural history,—in that, for example, which classes and ranks under one word, the whale that swims with the man that walks; or, to use a case still more analogous, even the ant that creeps with the gnat that flies,—and, with equal accuracy, they excluded the cows and horses that did not coincide with the general notion, of which a certain resemblance of size formed an essential part. The extension of the term to the one set of quadrupeds, and the exclusion of the other set, must have had some reason; and this reason, whatever it may have been, must have been some general feeling of resemblance of some sort,—a relative suggestion, intervening between the perception of the animals, and the application of the term.

LECTURE XLVIII.

ANALYSIS OF THE PROCESS OF REASONING.

GENTLEMEN, my last Lecture brought to a conclusion the remarks which I had to offer on that very interesting tribe of our suggestions of relation which constitute the feelings of *resemblance*,—a tribe, on the existence of which, as we have seen, all classification depends, and in a great measure the whole power of language, as an instrument or medium either of distinct thought in the mind or the individual, or of reciprocal communication of thought from mind to mind.

The examination of this species of *relation*, led us into one of the most memorable controversies in the whole science of Intellectual Philosophy; and though I knew well that there could be no reason to fear your adoption of the absurdities of Realism, and, therefore, did not think it necessary to occupy your time with any serious confutation of that obsolete hypothesis, I knew also too well the prevailing influence of the opposite error of Nominalism, and the high authorities which sanction it, not to think it necessary to put you fully on your guard against the fallacy of this system, by shewing you how incomplete it is, and therefore, how unfit to be adopted as a narrative of the actual *Process* of *Generalization*.

This process I described, as involving, not *two* stages only, as the Nominalists contend, but *three*. In the first place, the perception or conception of the two or more external objects, or the conception of the two or more internal feelings that are afterwards classed together; in the second place, the feeling or general relative notion of the resemblance, which these separate objects bear to each other, in certain respects, the relative suggestion, in consequence of which alone we are led to class them together; in the third place, the expression of this felt general resemblance, by a general term, as significant of that silent mental generalization which has already classed them together. The mental generalizing may, indeed, be considered as complete, before the invention of the general term; the term being of use, only as fixing and recording, or

conveying to others the knowledge of that general notion or feeling of resemblance, which preceded the first use of the general word.

At the same time, however, that I exhibited to you,—as simply and forcibly as the complex nature of the process would allow me,—the doctrine of general notions, as distinct mental affections of a peculiar species, arising from that susceptibility of the mind, by which we perceive, together with various other relations, the relations that constitute the resemblances of objects,—I took occasion to point out to you some errors of thought, and consequent improprieties of arrangement and expression, on the part of the Conceptualists, which I regarded as having had the chief effect in preventing the universal and ready adoption of this doctrine of the threefold nature of the process, as consisting in perceptions, relations, and verbal signs,—a doctrine, which, but for the almost universal prevalence of the opposite system of Nominalism, would have appeared to me to stand little in need of any argument in its support ; since the fact of the extension of general terms only to certain objects, to the exclusion of others, seems, of itself, sufficiently to shew, that there is a certain general notion of resemblance,—a peculiar state of mind,—intervening between the primary perceptions, and the use of the general term, which forms, as it were, the measure of adjustment of the particular objects,—that are arranged in the same class, if they agree with this general notion, and excluded, if they do not agree with it. An arrangement, without some principle of resemblance to direct the order in which objects are placed, seems to me absolutely unworthy of the name of an arrangement, and certainly could be but of very little aid to the memory,—even if it could be of any advantage to remember divisions, and subdivisions, that were founded upon nothing. The classifications, which our dictionaries form, according to the mere initial sounds of words,—which Dr. Reid, in reference to works of this kind, calls a sort of modern *categories*,—would be far more philosophic, than a classification which implied no previous notion of resemblance whatever. “Of all methods of arrangement,” he says, “the most antiphilosophical seems to be the invention of this age ;—I mean the arranging the arts and sciences, by the letters of the alphabet in Dictionaries and Encyclopædias. With these authors the categories are A, B, C,” &c. Yet these literal categories, antiphilosophical as they certainly would be, if their authors professed to give them as a scientific arrangement, still involve a resemblance of some sort, however insignificant and irrelative, to the great purposes of science. Every other ar-

rangement in science would be still more unphilosophical, because involving no relation whatever, if, according to the principles of the Nominalist, there were no general notions,—no relative feelings of resemblance,—independent of the terms of classification; but objects were first classed together, without any reason for being so classed together, more than any other objects, till the mere general term of the classification became a reason for itself; as if birds, beasts, and fishes, were not called *animals*, because they were previously felt to agree in certain respects; but were felt to have this relation of agreement in certain respects, because they had previously been comprehended in the one generic term *animal*.

With respect to the origin of the general terms themselves, as distinct from the general relative feelings which they express,—I stated to you a speculation of Condillac and Dr. Smith, which appears to me to be one of the most simple and beautiful speculations in the theoretical history of language. In ascribing it to these distinguished philosophers, however, I speak of it only as it is clearly developed by them,—for there are many hints of the same opinion to be found in works of an earlier date. The speculation, to which I allude, is that which supposes the proper names of individual objects to have become *appellatives* of a whole class, by extension from similar objects to similar,—the principle, which could not fail to operate in this way, being a principle, which still continues to operate, even in the common phraseology of the most common minds,—though, by rhetoricians, whose art is, in a great measure, the art of making common things mysterious, it has been advanced to the dignity of a figure of speech.

The brief expression, or result, of the feelings of resemblance, is a general term,—but when all which we feel, in our relative suggestions of resemblance, or in any other of our relative suggestions, is enunciated in language, it is termed a *proposition*, which, notwithstanding the air of mystery that invests it in our books of logic, is the expression of this common feeling of relation, and nothing more. The word *animal*, for example, is a general term, expressive of a particular relation of resemblance that is felt by us. *A horse is an animal*, is a *proposition*, which is merely a brief expression of this felt resemblance of a horse to various other creatures, included by us in the general term. It is the same in all the other species of relations, which we are capable of feeling. In the relation of *position*, for example, when we say that the planet Mercury is that which is next to the sun, our mere feeling of the local relation,—that particular relative suggestion which arises on the consideration of the sun, together with its planetary at-

tendants,—by this expression of it in words, becomes, what is termed in logic, a *proposition*. In the relative suggestion of degree, to say that gold is heavier than copper;—in the relative suggestion of proportion, to say, that four are to twenty, as twenty to a hundred;—in the relative suggestion of comprehension, to say, that there is a portion of heat even in the coldest snow, is to state, as a proposition, what in the mind itself, is the mere feeling of a certain relation. In all such cases, it is very evident, that the verbal statement of the proposition does not alter the nature of the relative suggestion, or feeling of relation, which it expresses, but simply expresses to others, a relation, that must have been felt, before the proposition could be framed,—that it is not the word *animal*, for example, which produces the feeling of the general resemblance of those various beings, which we have classed together under that term,—nor the word heavier, which makes us feel the greater pressure of a piece of gold, than of an equal bulk of copper,—but those feelings, previously existing, which have led to the verbal proposition that expresses to others those previous feelings. To insist on a distinction so obvious, seems to me, indeed, almost as if I were labouring to prove, what it would be impossible for any one to deny. But if you reflect on the influence of the doctrine of the Nominalists, with respect to general terms, as constituting all that can be said to be general in reasoning, you will perceive how necessary it is, that you should be fully impressed with the priority of the relative feeling involved in each proposition, to the proposition which expresses it,—and its consequent independence of those forms of language, which render it capable of being communicated to other minds, but do not alter its nature, as a feeling of that particular mind, in which it has previously arisen.

The proposition being only an expression of a relation of some kind or other, which has been previously felt, may, of course, be as various as the species of relative suggestions of which our minds are susceptible. There may be, as we have seen, propositions of resemblance, of order, of degree, of proportion, of comprehension—to which last class, indeed—that class which includes all the relations of a whole to its parts—the others, as I have already remarked, may, by a little effort of subtilty, be reduced; since every affirmative proposition enunciates, or *predicates*—to use the technical word—some quality or attribute of a subject, which may be said to form a part of the very essence of the subject itself, or, at least, of our complex notion of the subject. The one quality, of which

we speak, is comprehended with other qualities in that general aggregate to which we state it to belong.

On this class of our relative suggestions, therefore,—that which involves the feeling of the relation of the parts comprehended to the *comprehending whole*—it will be necessary to bestow a little fuller illustration, that you may understand clearly the nature of the process of reasoning—that most important of all our mental processes—which logicians and metaphysicians have contrived to render so obscure, but which is in itself nothing more than a series of felt relations of this particular class in the instances which I selected before, of a house and its apartments; a tree and its stems and foliage; a horse and its head, and limbs, and trunk; the relation which I have termed the relation of comprehension, or comprehensiveness, is so very obvious, that a mere allusion to it is sufficient, without any commentary. In these cases, the parts, which together form the whole, are truly substances, that admit of being separated, and can as easily be conceived to exist separately as together.

But substances are not conceived by us, only as composed of certain elementary substances, which constitute them, by their mere juxtaposition in apparent contiguity, and which may exist apart, after division. They are also conceived by us, as subjects of qualities, which coexist in them, and which cannot exist apart, or, in other words—for the qualities of substances, as perceived by us, are nothing more—they are capable of affecting us as sentient beings, directly or indirectly, in various ways. A flake of snow, for example, is composed of particles of snow, which may exist separately; and this composition of separate particles in seeming coherence is one species of *totality*; but the same snow, without any integral division, may be considered by us as possessing various qualities, that is to say, as capable of affecting us variously. It is *cold*, that is to say, it excites in us a sensation of chillness;—it is white, that is to say, it produces in our mind a peculiar sensation of vision, by the light which it reflects to us;—it has weight—is of a certain crystalline regularity of figure—is soft or hard, according as it is more or less compressed—liquefiable at a very low temperature—and my conception of snow is of that permanent subject, which affects my senses, in these various ways. The conglomerated flakes, in a snow-ball, are not more distinctly parts of the mass itself, which we consider, than the coldness, whiteness, gravity, regular form, softness or hardness, and ready fusibility, are felt to be parts of our complex notion of snow, as a substance.

—then I think of cases, in which the relation is of a sub-

stance to parts that are themselves substances—as when I say, that a room is a part of a house, or that a tree has branches—it is quite evident, that in these very simple propositions I merely state the relation of parts to a comprehending *whole*. But is this statement at all different in kind, when I speak in the common forms of a proposition, of the qualities of objects, when I say, for example, that snow is white, man capable of reasoning, the wisest of mankind still fallible? Do I not merely state *one* of the many qualities, comprehended in that *totality of qualities*, which constitutes the subject as known to me? I do not, indeed, divide a mass into integral parts; but I divide a complex notion into its parts; or at least separate from that complexity a quality, which I feel to belong, and state to belong, to that whole complex notion, from which I have detached it. It is as it were a little analysis and synthesis. I *decompose*, and, in expressing verbally to others the mental decomposition which I have made, I combine again the separated elements of my thought—not, indeed, in the same manner, for the analytic process is as different as matter is from mind—but with the same feeling of agreement or identity, which rises in the mind of a chemist, when he has reduced to one mass the very elements into which he had previously transmuted the mass, by some one of the analyses of his wonderful art.

What, then, is reasoning—which is nothing more than a number of propositions, though of propositions consecutive in a certain order—but a continued series of analytic operations of this kind, developing the elements of our thought? In every proposition, that which is affirmed is a part of that of which it is affirmed, and the proposition, however technical in language, expresses only the single feeling of this relation. When I say snow is white, I state one of the many feelings which constitute my complex notion of snow. When I say a man is fallible, I state one of the many imperfections, which, as conceived by me, together with many better qualities, constitute my complex notion of *man*. These statements of one particular relation are simple propositions, in each of which a certain analysis is involved. But, when I reason, or add proposition to proposition in a certain series, I merely prosecute my analysis, and prosecute it more or less minutely, according to the length of the ratiocination. When I say man is fallible, I state a quality involved in the nature of man, as any other part of an aggregate is involved in any other comprehending whole. When I add, he may therefore err, even when he thinks himself least exposed to error, I state what is involved in the notion of his *fallibility*. When I say, he therefore must not expect that all

men will think as he does, even on points which appear to him to have no obscurity, I state that which is involved in the possibility of his and their erring even on such points. When I say, that he therefore should not dare to punish those who merely differ from him, and who may be right even in differing from him, I state what is involved in the absurdity of the expectation, that all men should think as he does. And when I say, that any particular legislative act of intolerance is as unjust as it is absurd, I state only what is involved in the impropriety of attempting to punish those who have no other guilt than that of differing in opinion from others, who are confessedly of a nature as *fallible* as their own.

In all this reasoning, though composed of many propositions, there is obviously only a *progressive analysis*, with a feeling, at each step, of the relation of parts to the whole, the predicate of each proposition being the subject of a new analysis in the proposition which follows it. Man is fallible. He who is fallible may err, even when he thinks himself least exposed to error. He who may be in error, even when he thinks himself safest from it, ought not to be astonished that others should think differently from him, even on points which may seem to him perfectly clear; and thus, successively, through the whole ratiocination, the predicate becomes in its turn a subject of new analysis, till we arrive at the last proposition, which is immediately extended backwards to the primary subject of analysis, *man*,—as involved in that which is itself involved in that primary complex conception, or aggregate of many qualities. There are minds, perhaps, which, merely by considering *man*, and *opinion*, and *punishment*, would discover, without an intervening proposition, that fallible man ought not to set himself up in judgment as a punisher of the speculative errors of fallible man; there are others, perhaps, who might not perceive the conclusion, without the whole series of propositions enumerated, though the conclusion is involved, as an element, in the first proposition,—man is fallible: and according as the particular intellect is more or less acute, more or fewer of the intervening propositions will be necessary.

In every such case of continued intellectual analysis, it is impossible for us not to feel, when we have arrived at the conclusion, that the *last* proposition is as truly contained in the first, as any of the intervening propositions, though it is not seen by us, till exhibited, as it were, in its elementary state, by the repetition of analysis after analysis. It is, in this respect, precisely like the decompositions of chemical analysis, which are constantly shewing us something new, in the very substances which we carry about with us, or in those which

are every moment before our eyes. The air, for example, after being long considered as simple, in the sense in which chemists use that term, is afterwards shewn to be composed of different gaseous fluids, nor are even these regarded as simple, but each is believed to be composed of a certain base and the matter of heat; and it is impossible to predict, or even to guess, what future analysis may be made of these elements. Yet the atmosphere, now considered as compound, is, in kind, the same air which was continually flowing around the earth before this analysis; and, in the mere animal function of respiration, all mankind had, from the first moment of their infant breath, been incessantly employed, in separating into its constituent parts, the very substance which they considered as incapable of division. The *last chemist*, whose labours, when this scene of earthly things is to perish, are to close the long toils of his predecessors, will perhaps regard scarcely a single substance in nature in the same light in which we now regard it; and yet it is evident that the same terrestrial objects, which now meet our eyes, must continually have been present to his sight; the same seasons presenting the same herbage and flowers and fruits to the same races of animals,—to which, indeed, he may have given different names, or may have detected in them new elements, or proportions of elements, but of which all his arrangement and analysis, are incapable of altering the *nature*.

In the truths of reasoning, which a profound and penetrating genius is able in like manner to exhibit to us, we perceive a similar analysis, which presents to us, as it were, the elements of our own former conceptions; since the very reasoning, if it be at all intelligible, must begin with some conception already familiar to us, in which it asserts something to be contained, and proceeds only by tracing similar relations. A *new truth*, of this kind, is not so much added to us, therefore, as evolved from the primary truth already familiar; it is not as if new objects were presented to us, to be seen, but as if our intellectual senses—if I may venture to use that expression—were quickened and rendered more acute, so as to perceive clearly what we saw dimly, or not even dimly before, though we might have seen it as now, if we had not been too dull of vision to perceive what was in our very hands. The truths, at which we arrive, by repeated intellectual analysis, may be said to resemble the *premature plant*, which is to be found enclosed in that which is itself enclosed in the bulb or seed which we dissect. We must carry on our dissection, more and more minutely, to arrive at each new germ; but we do arrive at one after the other, and when our dissection is

ANALYSIS OF THE PROCESS OF REASONING.

obliged to stop, we have reason to suppose, that still finer instruments, and still finer eyes, might prosecute the discovery almost to infinity. It is the same in the discovery of the truths of reasoning. The stage at which one inquirer stops, is not the limit of analysis, in reference to the object, but the limit of the analytic power of the individual. Inquirer after inquirer discovers truths, which were involved in truths formerly admitted by us, without our being able to perceive what was comprehended in our admission. It is not absolutely absurd to suppose, that *whole sciences* may be contained in propositions that now seem to us so simple as scarcely to be susceptible of further analysis, but which hereafter, when developed by some more penetrating genius, may, without any change in external nature, present to man a new field of wonder and of power. Of the *possibility* of this, the mathematical sciences furnish a most striking example. The rudest peasant may be said to have in his mind all, or nearly all, those primary notions, of which the sublimest demonstrations of the relations of number and quantity are the mere development. He would be astonished, indeed, if he could be made to understand, that on notions, which appear to him of so very trifling import, have been founded some of the proudest monuments of the intellectual achievements of man, and that, among the names, to which his country and the world look with highest veneration, are the names of those whose life has been occupied in little more than in tracing all the forms of which those few *conceptions*, which exist in *his* mind as much as in theirs, are susceptible. What geometry and arithmetic are to his rude notions of numbers, and magnitudes, and proportions, some other sciences, unknown to us, indeed, at present, but not more unknown to us than geometry and arithmetic are now to him, may be, in relation to conceptions which exist, and perhaps have long existed in our mind, but which we have not yet evolved into any of their important elements. As man is quicker or slower in this internal analysis, the progress of all that philosophy, which depends on mere reasoning, is more or less rapid. There may be races of beings, or at least we can conceive races of beings, whose senses would enable them to perceive the ultimate embryo plant, enclosed in its innumerable series of preceding germs: and there may perhaps be created powers, of some higher order, as we know that there is *one Eternal Power*, able to feel, in a single comprehensive thought, all those truths, of which the generations of mankind are able, by successive analysis, to discover only a few, that are, perhaps, to the great truths which they contain, only as the flower which is blossoming before us, is to that infinity of future

blossoms enveloped in it, with which, in ever renovated beauty it is to adorn the summers of other ages.

" Lo! on each seed, within its slender rind,
Life's golden threads in endless circles wind :
Maze within maze the lucid webs are roll'd,
And as they burst, the living flame unfold.
The pulpy acorn, ere it swells, contains
The oak's vast branches in its milky veins,
Each ravel'd bud, fine film, and fibre-line,
Traced with nice pencil on the small design.
The young Narcissus, in its bulb compress'd
Cradles a second nestling on its breast,
In whose fine arms a younger embryo lies,
Folds its thin leaves, and shuts its floret-eyes;
Grain within grain successive harvests dwell,
And boundless forests slumber in a shell."

Such too, perhaps, are the boundless truths that may be slumbering in a single comprehensive relation at present felt by us. The evolutions of thought, however, in our processes of reasoning, though, in one respect, they may be said to resemble the evolutions of organic germs, have *this* noble distinction, that, if their progress be unobstructed, the progress itself is constant improvement. We have no reason to believe that the earth, after the longest succession of the ages during which it is to exist, will, at least without some new exertion of the power of its Creator, exhibit any races of organized beings different from those which it now pours out on its surface or supports and feeds. But, when thought rises after thought, in intellectual evolution, the thought which rises is not a *mere copy* of the thought from which it rose, but a *truth*, which was before unknown and unsuspected, that may be added to the increasing stores of human wisdom, and which, in addition to its own importance, is the presage, and almost the promise, of *other* truths which it is to evolve in like manner.

Every truth, indeed, at which we arrive, in our reasoning, becomes thus far more than doubly valuable, for the field of fresh discoveries, to which it may be opening a tract,—the facility of new analysis, after each preceding analysis, increasing, as this great field opens more and more on our view, with a wider range of objects,—stimulating at once, and justifying the hopes, which, in the language of Akenside,

" urge us on,
With unremitted labour, to pursue
Those sacred stores, that wait the ripening soul,
In Truth's exhaustless bosom."

* Darwin's Botanic Garden, Canto IV. v. 381—394.

† Pleasures of Imagination, B. I. v. 241—244.

If the profoundest reasonings, then, as we have seen, be nothing more than a continued analysis of our thought stating at every step what is contained in conceptions that previously existed, as complex feelings of our mind, it may, on first reflection, seem *extraordinary*, when we consider the important truths which have been thus afforded to us, that we should have been able previously to form opinions, which involve these important truths, afterwards detected in them, without having, at the time, the slightest knowledge, or even the slightest suspicion, that any such truths were contained in the general notions and general phraseology which we formed. But the reason of this is sufficiently obvious, when we attend to the nature and order of the process of generalization, the results of which are the subjects of this consecutive analysis. If, indeed, we had advanced, in regular process, from the less to the more general, from individuals to species, from species to genera, and thus gradually upwards, since we should then have known previously, the minute specific circumstances involved in the higher orders and classes to which we had gradually ascended, it might have been absurd to suppose, that these specific circumstances previously known, could be discovered to us by analysis. The mode in which we generalize, is, however, very different. In our systematic tables, indeed, if we were to judge from these only, we might seem to have a regular advance from individuals to classes, through *species, genera, orders*. But, in the actual process of generalizing, we form classes and orders before we distinguish the minuter varieties. We are struck first with some resemblance of a multitude of objects, perhaps a very remote one, in consequence of which we class them together, and we attend afterwards to the differences which distinguish them, separating them into genera and species, according to these differences. Every general term which we use, must express, indeed, an agreement of some sort, that has led us to invent and apply the term; but we may feel one resemblance, without feeling, or even suspecting other resemblances as real,—and the very circumstance of agreement, which we perceive,—at the time when we class objects together, as related, may involve, or comprehend, certain circumstances to which we then paid no attention, and which occur to us, only in that intellectual analysis of ratiocination, of which I spoke. It is as if we knew the situation and bearings of all the great cities in Europe, and could lay down, with most accurate precision, their longitude and latitude. To know this much, is to know that a certain space must intervene between them, but it is not to know what that space contains. The process of reasoning, in the discoveries which it gives, is

like that topographic inquiry which slowly fills up the intervals of our map, placing here a forest, there a long extent of plains, and beyond them a still longer range of mountains, till we see at last, innumerable objects connected with each other, in that space which before presented to us only a few points of mutual bearing. The extent of space, indeed, is still precisely the same, and Paris, Vienna, and London, are to each other what they were before. The only difference is, that we know what is contained, or a part, at least, of what is contained, in the long line that connects them.

The reasoning which proceeds from the complex to the less complex, detecting, at each stage, some unsuspected element of our thought, may be termed strictly *analytical reasoning*,—the relation, involved in each separate proposition of the series, being simply, as we have seen, the relation of parts to the whole. It is exactly in the same relation, however, which is felt, in reasonings that seem to proceed in an opposite way, exhibiting to us, not the whole first, and then some element of that whole, but first the elements, and then the whole which they compose. When we say, five and eight added together make thirteen, and when we say thirteen may be divided into eight and five; we express equally the comprehension of eight and five in thirteen, which is all that is felt by us in that particular proposition. Every *synthesis*, therefore, as much as its corresponding *analysis*, since one relation alone is developed at every step, implies the same elementary consideration of a whole and its parts; the difference being merely in the order of the propositions, not in the nature of the feeling of relation, involved in any one of the separate propositions.

To this relation of *comprehension*, or the relation of a whole and its parts, I have said, the other relations of coexistence, in all the propositions which express them, might, in strictness of analysis, be reduced,—even that relation of proportion which is of such importance in the reasonings of geometry and arithmetic;—so that every species of reasoning would be, in the strictest sense of the word, analytical, evolving only qualities essential to the very nature of the subjects of the different proportions. When, therefore, in developing one of the relations of proportion, I say, four are to five as sixteen to twenty, I state a relation of the number *four*, which may be regarded, as comprehended in my notion of that number, as any other quality is comprehended in any other subject.

It is one of the many properties of the number *four*, that when considered together with those other numbers, five, sixteen, twenty, it impresses us with a feeling of the relation of proportion, a feeling that its proportion to five is the same as the propor-

tion of sixteen to twenty; and it is a property which, as soon as the relation is felt by us, it is impossible for us not to regard as essential to the number four,—as when we discover any new quality of a material substance, it is impossible for us not to adduce this quality, as another part, to our previous complex notion of the sum. We cannot, indeed, perceive this property of the number four, till we have considered it at the same time with the other numbers. But, as little can we know the physical qualities which form parts of our complex notion of any substance, till we have considered the substance together with other substances. For example, who could have predicted, on the mere sight of an alkaline solution, that, if mixed with oil, it would convert the oil into a soap, or, if added to a vegetable infusion, would change the colour of the infusion to *green*? We must have observed these mixtures, or at least, have read or heard of the effects, before we could regard the changes as effects of the presence of the alkali,—that is to say, before we could include in our complex notion of the alkali, as a substance, the qualities of forming soap with oils, and of giving a peculiar tinge to vegetable infusions. But having seen, or read, or heard of these effects, we feel that now, in our complex notion of the *alkali*, is included, as a part in its comprehending whole, the conception of these particular qualities. In like manner, the affinity of one metal to another, with which it admits of amalgamation, may be said to form a part of our complex notion of the metal; and it is the same with every other substance, the various properties of which, as soon as these properties are discovered by us, so as to admit of being stated to others, seem to us to be truly included in the notion of the substance itself, though before they could be so included, various other substances must have been considered at the same time. When, therefore, I say four are to five as sixteen to twenty, I state truly a property included in the number four,—the property, by which it affects us with a certain feeling of relation when considered together with certain other numbers,—though for discovering the property originally, and for feeling it afterwards, it was necessary that the other numbers should be considered with it; as, when I state that mercury admits of being amalgamated with other metals, I state a property included in my complex notion of mercury, though, for originally discovering the property, and for feeling it afterwards, I must have considered the mercury together with other metals, with which I state its readiness of entering into chemical union. When I consider the same number four together with other numbers, I discover various other relations, as when I endeavour to form new combinations of mercury, or of other

chemical substances, I discover new relations, which I add to my complex notions of the substances themselves. As my original conception of mercury becomes more complex by all the new relations which I trace, so my original conception of the number four, which seemed at first a very simple one, becomes gradually more complex, by the detection of the various relations of proportion, which are truly comprehended in it as a subject of our thought,—as every new relation which I discover in a chemical substance, is comprehended in my widening conception of the substance itself,—and the arithmetical or geometrical *proportion*, like the chemical quality, may thus strictly be reduced to the general class of the relations of comprehension.

In this way, every new proportion which is traced out, in a long series of such arithmetical or geometrical propositions, may be considered as the result of a mere analysis, by which elements existing before, but unsuspected, are evolved, as in the other species of reasoning, more obviously analytic. It is evident, indeed, that the statement of any property inherent in and subject, must, in rigid accuracy of arrangement, be analytical. But without insisting on so subtle a process, it may be easier, at least, though it should not be more accurate, to regard our reasonings of this kind, in the same manner as we formerly regarded our feelings of the simple relation of proportion, involved in each proposition of the reasoning, as forming a class apart; the reasonings we may call, in distinction from our more obvious analytic reasonings, *proportional reasonings*, as we termed the simple relative suggestions which they involve, *relations of proportion*.

Whatever be the species of reasoning, however, it is necessary, that the propositions which form the reasoning, should follow each other in a certain order, for without this order, though each proposition might involve some little analysis, and consequently some little accession of knowledge, the knowledge thus acquired must be very limited. There could be no deduction of remote conclusions, by which the primary subject of a distant proposition might be shown, through a long succession of analyses, to have properties, which required all these various evolutions, before they could themselves be evolved to view. In the proportional reasonings of geometry, we know well, that the omission of a single proposition, or even a change of its place, might render apparently false, and almost inconceivable by us, a conclusion, which, but for such omission or change of place of a few words of the demonstration, we should have adopted instantly, with a feeling of the absolute impossibility of resisting its evidence.

How is it then, that, when order is so essential to discovery, the propositions which we form in our own silent reasoning, arrange themselves, as they rise in succession, in this necessary order ; and what are we to think of that art, which, for so many ages, was held out, not so much as an auxiliary to reason, as with the still higher praise of being an instrument that might almost supply its place, by the possession of which, the acute and accurate might argue still more acutely and accurately, and imbecility itself become a champion worthy of encountering them ; and though not perhaps the victor, at least not always the vanquished.

But to these subjects I must not proceed till my next Lecture.

LECTURE XLIX.

THE ORDER OF THE PROPOSITIONS IN A RATIOCINATION, IS NOT OWING TO ANY SAGACITY—IS WHOLLY INDEPENDENT OF OUR WILL—AND TRULY DEPENDS ON THE NATURAL ORDER OF SUGGESTION.—DIVERSITY IN OPINION AMONG MANKIND UN-AVOIDABLE, FROM THE VARIETY IN THEIR TRAINS OF SUGGESTION.—WHAT LOCKE TERMS SAGACITY, MAY BE, IN PART, PRODUCED INDIRECTLY.—DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE TRAINS OF THOUGHT THAT ARISE IN MEDITATION, AND THOSE SUBMITTED TO THE PUBLIC EYE IN A TREATISE.—THERE IS A RATIONAL LOGIC.—ANALYSIS OF THE SCHOLASTIC LOGIC.

GENTLEMEN, after considering and classing our feelings of relation,—as they arise in any particular case, from the simple perception or conception of two or more objects,—I proceeded in my last Lecture, to consider them, as they arise in those *series* which are denominated *reasoning*—series, that correspond, of course, with the division which we have made of the species of relations involved in the separate propositions that compose them; but of which the most important, are those which I termed analytical, as involving in every stage the consideration of a *whole* and its *parts*, or those which I termed proportional, as involving some common relation of intellectual measurement. To the former of these orders, indeed, the *analytical*—the others might, as I stated to you, and endeavoured to prove, admit of being reduced; but as the process which reduces them all to this one great order, might seem too subtle, and could afford no additional advantage in our inquiry, I conceived it more advisable, upon the whole, to retain our original division.

Every reasoning is a series of propositions; but every series of propositions is not reasoning; however just the separate propositions may be,—the half of eighteen is equal to the cube of three—man is liable to error—marble is a carbonate of lime—these propositions following each other, lead to no conclusion different from those which each separately implies and expresses. To constitute *reasoning*, it is necessary that there

should be some mutual *relation* of the subjects and predicates of the different propositions. The order in which the different propositions arrange themselves, so as to present to us this mutual relation of the successive subjects and predicates, is therefore of the utmost importance to our consecutive analysis, in the reasonings that are strictly *analytic*, and to our consecutive measurements in the reasonings which I have termed proportional.

On what does this order depend?

Let us suppose, for example, that A is equal to D,—that we are ignorant of this exact relation,—that we wish to estimate it precisely,—that we have no mode of considering them together, but that without knowing the relation of equality of A to D, we know the relation which these bear to some other objects which may be termed intermediate—that, for example, we know A to be equal to B, which we know to be equal to the half of C, and that C is known by us to be the double of D. If the proportional relative A is equal to B, which is the half of C, which is the double of D, follow each other in our mind in this order, it will be absolutely impossible for us to doubt, that A is exactly equal to D, since it is equal to that which is the half of the double of D. But, if any one of these relations of the intermediate objects do not arise in our mind—whether it be the relation of A to B, of B to C, of C to D, the relation of equality of A to D, which is instantly and irresistibly felt by us, after the former series, will not be felt, though the series should be exactly the same in every respect, with the exception of this single proposition omitted in it. It is not enough that we may have formerly observed and measured B and C, and known their relation to D, unless B occur to us while A is in our thought; and we might thus have all the knowledge which is necessary for discovering the proportional relation of A and D, without the slightest knowledge of the proportion, or even the slightest possibility of knowing it, unless our thoughts should arrange themselves in a certain order. It is quite essential to our demonstration, that B and C should arise at certain times; and they do arise at certain times. How is it that this happens?

The common opinion, on the subject, makes this order a very easy matter. We have a certain sagacity, it is said, by which we find out the intervening propositions that are so, and they are arranged in this order, because we have discovered them to be suitable for our measurement, and put them in their proper place. “Those intervening ideas, which serve to show the agreement of any two others,” says Locke, “are called proofs. A quickness in the mind to find out these intermediate ideas

(that shall discover the agreement or disagreement of any other,) and to apply them rightly, is, I suppose, that which is called *sagacity*.”* And reason itself, in another part of his work, he defines to be “the faculty which finds out these means, and rightly applies them.”† I need not quote to you the common expressions, to the same purpose, which are to be found in other writers.

That, in some minds, these intervening conceptions, on which demonstration depends, do arise more readily than in others, there can be no question; and it is by a very natural and obvious metaphor, that minds, able to detect those secret relations, which are not perceived by others, to whom the same intervening conceptions have not arisen,—or have arisen without suggesting the same feeling of common relation, are said to have peculiar sagacity. But it is a metaphor only, and is far from solving the difficulty. The question still remains, what that process truly is, which the word sagacity is borrowed to denote,—whether the intermediate conceptions, that arise more readily, in certain minds, than in others, arise in consequence of any skill in discovering them, or any voluntary effort in producing them, or whether they do not arise in consequence of laws of suggestion, that are independent alike of our skill, and of any efforts which that skill might direct? A and D are before us, and have a relation, which is at present unknown, but a relation which would be evolved to us, if B and C were to arise to our mind. Do they then arise at our bidding? Or do they arise without being subject to our command, and without obeying it?

After the remarks which I made, in reference to intellectual phenomena, in some degree analogous, I trust that you are able, of yourselves, to decide this question, by the argument which I used on the occasions to which I refer. The mind, it can scarcely fail to occur to you, cannot *will* the conception of B or C, however essential they may be to our reasoning; since to *will* them,—at least if we know what we will, which is surely essential to volition, implies the existence of the very conceptions which we are said to will, as states of the mind *present*, and prior to the exercise of that sagacity which is said to produce them. If B and C, therefore, rise to our thought, in the case supposed by us, it cannot be because we have *willed* them; but they must rise in consequence of laws of mind, that are independent of our volition. In short, we do not *find* them out, as Locke says, but they *come to us*; and when they

* Essay concerning Human Understanding, B. iv. c. ii. sect. 2.

† Ibid. B. iv. c. xvii. sect. 2.

have thus risen in our mind, we do not apply them, as he says, because we regard them as suitable; but the relation which is involved in them, is felt, without any intentional application, merely in consequence of their presence together in the mind. The skilful application, indeed, of which he speaks, involves an error of precisely the same kind as that which is involved in the assertion of the volition of the particular conceptions, which are said to be thus applied. It necessarily assumes the existence of the very relative feeling, for the rise of which it professes to account; since, without this previous feeling, the comparative suitability of one medium of proof, rather than another, could not be known. The right application of fit conceptions to fit conceptions, in the choice of intermediate ideas, presupposes then, in the very sagacity which is said to apply them rightly, a knowledge of the relation which the intermediate idea bears to the object to which it is applied,—of the very relation, for discovering which alone, it is of any consequence that the intermediate idea should be applied.

The subjects of our intervening propositions, in our trains of reasoning,—B and C, for example, by which we discover the relation of A to D, do not, then, and cannot arise in consequence of our *willing* them: since to will them, would be to have those very subjects of comparison, which we will to exist, already present to our mind, which wills them; and to will them, with peculiar sagacity, on account of their fitness as subjects of comparison, would be to have already felt that relation, for the mere purpose of discovering which, they are said to be willed. Though arising in conformity with our general desire, then, they do not arise in consequence of any particular volitions; and yet they arise, and arise in the very order that is necessary for developing the remote relation. The whole seeming mystery of this order, in the propositions which form our longest processes of reasoning, depends on the regularity of the laws, which guide our simple suggestions, in the phenomena of mere association formerly considered by us. Our various conceptions, in our trains of thought, we found, do not follow each other loosely, but according to certain relations. It is not wonderful, therefore, that A should suggest B, which is related to it,—B C,—C D. All this might take place by simple suggestion, though no relation were felt, and consequently no proposition or verbal statement of relation framed. But, it is not a train of simple suggestions only which the laws of mind evolve. We are susceptible of the feeling of relation of parts of the train, as much as of the conceptions themselves; and when A has excited the relative conception of B, it is not wonderful that we should feel the

relation of A and B ; or, when C is excited, the relation of B and C, more than that any other feeling of our mind should arise in its ordinary circumstances,—that we should hear the sound of a cannon, in consequence of the vibration of a few invisible particles of air, or see the flash which precedes it, in consequence of some slight affection of our visual nerves. It is impossible for us to will any one of the conceptions in the series A, B, C, D, though we may have the general wish of discovering the relation of A and D, and consequently their relation to any common objects of comparison. It is equally impossible for us to will our feeling of any one of the relations of these to each other, though we may be desirous of discovering their relations ; since to will any particular feeling of relation, would be to have already felt that relation. But the conceptions rise after each other, in a certain order, in consequence of the natural order of the course of suggestion ; and our *feelings of relation*, therefore, and consequently our propositions, which are only our feelings of relations expressed in language, correspond, as might be supposed, with the regularity of the conceptions which suggest them.

The *sagacity* of which Locke and other writers speak, may then, since it is nothing more than a form of our simple suggestion itself, be reduced to that peculiar tendency of the suggesting principle, varying in different minds, of which I before treated, when considering the Secondary Laws of Suggestion, in their relation to Original Genius. The same objects do not suggest to all the same objects, even where past observation and experience may have been the same ; because the peculiar suggestions of the objects, the relations of which are afterwards felt, depend in a great measure, on constitutional tendencies, varying in different individuals, and, in a great measure, also on tendencies modified by long habit ; and, therefore, varying in different individuals, as these habits may have been different. To some minds,—the common minds, which, in the great multitudes of our race, *think* what others have thought, as they *do* what others have done,—the conceptions which form their trains of memory, that scarcely can be called trains of reflection, rise, as we have seen, according to the relation of mere contiguity, or former proximity in time, of the related images. The conceptions of minds of a higher order, rise in almost infinite variety, because they rise according to a relation which does not depend on former coexistence of the very images themselves, but is itself almost infinitely various.

It is this tendency of our suggestions, to rise according to the relation of *analogy*, which gives inventive vigour to our

reasoning, as it gives richness and novelty to our products of mere imagination. By continually presenting to us new objects, in succession, it, of course, presents to us new relations, and leads the philosophic genius from the simplest perceptions of objects, which the dullest of mankind equally behold, but in which the objects themselves are all which they see, to those sublime relations of universal nature, which bind everything to everything, in the whole infinity of worlds, and of which the knowledge of the immensity, is scarcely so wonderful as the apparent insignificance of the means by which the knowledge has been acquired.

The sagacity, then, of which Locke and other writers speak, is as little wonderful in itself, as any other modification of the suggesting principle. Since the tendencies to suggestion are various, in different minds, the conceptions, which rise according to those tendencies, are of course various; and with the order of our conceptions, that are felt to be related, the relations which we feel, must vary. There may, indeed, be the same conclusion formed, when the intervening conceptions, in the trains of reflection of different individuals, have been different. But it is much more likely, that, when these intervening conceptions, of which the relations are felt, have been different, the conclusion, or ultimate relation which results from the whole, should itself be different; and that men should not agree in opinion, seems, therefore, to be almost a part of the very laws of intellect, on which the simplest phenomena of thought depend. Even by the same individual, as I remarked before, when treating of the Laws of Simple Suggestion, what opposite conclusions are formed on the same subjects, in different circumstances of health and happiness, or of disease and misfortune, —and conclusions which are drawn, with the same logical justness from the premises, in one case, as in the other. The process of *reasoning*, which is only the continued feeling of the relations of the conceptions that have arisen by the common laws of suggestion, is equally accurate; but, though the reasoning itself may have been as accurate, the conceptions of which the successive relations have been felt, during the process of reasoning, were different, in consequence of the tendency of the mind in these different states, to suggest different and almost opposite images. This tendency to form, under slight changes of circumstances, opposite conclusions, on the same subjects, is happily illustrated by Chaulieu, the French poet, in some verses, in which he considers himself as viewing nature during a fit of the gout, and of course seeing nothing in it but what is dreadful; when he is surprised to find differ-

ent views breaking upon him, of beauty in the universe, and benevolence in its Author, and discovers that the change has arisen, not from any greater brightness of the sky, or from any happier objects that surround him, but from the mere cessation of that paroxysm, which had shed, while it lasted, its own darkness on the scene. It is almost as little possible for him, whose train of conceptions is uniformly gloomy, to look upon *nature*, or, I may say, even upon the *God of Nature*, in the same light, as that happier mind, which is more disposed to images of joy, as for one, to whose eyes the sunshine has never carried light, to think of the surface of that earth on which he treads, with the same feeling of beauty and admiration, as the multitudes around him, whose eyes are awake to all the colours that adorn it. What is true, in these extreme cases, is not less true in cases that are less remarkable. How few are the opinions of any sort, in which the greater number of mankind concur; and, even in the case of those opinions, in which they are unanimous, how few, if they were to attempt to support them by argument, would support them by argument precisely similar. All might set out with the same conception, in their primary design; and, if the discovery of the strongest proofs depended on the mere will to discover the strongest, all would instantly, by the exercise of this simple will, be omnipotent logicians. But all are not omnipotent logicians,—for the intermediate conceptions which rise to one mind, do not rise to others; and the relations, therefore, which those intermediate conceptions suggest, are felt, of course, and stated, only by those to whom the conceptions which suggest them have arisen.

The differences of opinion in mankind, then,—far from being wonderful,—are such, as must have arisen, though there had been no other cause of difference, than the variety of the conceptions, which, by the simple laws of suggestion, occur in the various trains of thought of individuals, diversifying, of course, the order of propositions in their reasonings, and consequently the relation, which the conclusion involves. The objects, compared, at every stage of the argument, have been different; and the results of the comparison of different objects, therefore, cannot well be expected to be the same. I formerly alluded to a whimsical speculation of Diderot, in which he personifies the senses, and makes them members of a society, capable of holding communication with each other, and of discoursing scientifically, on one subject at least,—that of *numbers*, in the calculations of which, he conceives that each of them might become as expert as the most expert arithmeticians. In all their other colloquies, however, it is quite evi-

dent, that each must appear to the rest *absolutely insane*; because each must speak of objects in relations, of which the others would be incapable of forming even the slightest notion. "I shall remark only," says Diderot, "that in such a case, the richer any sense was, in notions peculiar to itself, the more extravagant would it appear to the rest,—that the stupidest of the whole would, therefore, infallibly be the one, that would count itself the wisest,—that a sense would seldom be contradicted, except on subjects which it knew the best, and that there always would be four wrong, against the one that was right,—which may serve to give a very fair opinion of the judgments of the multitude."* In the reasonings of mankind; indeed, the sources of difference are not so striking and obvious, as in this allegorical society. But, in many instances, they are nearly as much so; and merely because the same order of propositions, that is to say, the same order of conceptions and relative feelings, has not arisen in the reasonings of the ignorant, they laugh inwardly at the follies and extravagance of the wise, with the same wonder and disdain, with which, in Diderot's fabled society of the senses, the *Ear* would have listened to the *Eye*, when it spoke, with calm philosophy, of *forms and colours*, or which in return, the *Eye* would have felt for the seeming madness of the *Ear*, when it raved, in its strange ecstasies, of *airs and harmonies*.

The different order of propositions, in our trains of reasoning,—and consequently, in a great measure, the different results of reasoning,—may, then, it appears, depend on the mere differences of *simple suggestion*, in consequence of which different relations are felt, because the relative objects suggested to the mind are different. But, in like manner, as there are, in different minds, different tendencies of simple suggestion, there are also in different minds, peculiar tendencies to different relative suggestions, from the contemplation of the same objects. Any two objects may have various relations,—and may, therefore, suggest these variously. The same two columns, for example, when we look at the remains of ancient splendour, in some magnificent ruin, may, in the moment of the first suggestion, produce, in our mind, the feeling of their resemblance or difference,—of their relative position,—of their comparative degrees of beauty, of their proportion in dimensions,—or various other relations, that may be easily imagined which connect them, as parts of one whole, with the melancholy traces of present decay, or the still more melancholy vestiges of the flourishing past. In different minds, there is a

* Œuvres, tom. II. p. 133—4.

tendency to feel some of these relations, more than others,—a tendency which may be traced, in part, to original constitutional diversities ; but which depends also, in part, on factitious habits, and on transient circumstances of the moment, intellectual or bodily. In short, there are secondary laws of relative suggestion, constitutional, habitual, and temporary, as there are secondary laws of simple suggestion, in like manner, constitutional, habitual, and temporary ; and these secondary laws, as well as those of simple suggestion, since they vary the relations which are felt by individuals, and, therefore, the results of reflecting thought, which different individuals present to the world, are unquestionably to be taken into account, in our estimation of diversities of genius,—diversities, that consist both in the variety of the conceptions which arise, and the variety of the relations which those conceptions suggest,—and which, as one splendid compound, you are now, I flatter myself, able to reduce to the simple elements that compose it.

From the influence, then, which education has on the tendencies both of simple and relative suggestion, we can, in this way, indirectly produce in part, that *sagacity*, or ready discovery of means of proof, which I have shewn to be absolutely beyond our direct volition. We can continually render ourselves acquainted with more objects, and can thus increase the store of possible suggestions, which may on occasion, present to us new means of proof ; and we can even, by the influence of certain habits, so modify the general tendency of suggestion, that certain relations, rather than others, shall rise to the mind, or shall rise, at least, more rapidly and readily. How many arguments occur to a well cultivated understanding, in treating every subject which comes beneath its review, that never would have occurred to others?—and though not one of the separate suggestions, which either strengthen or adorn the reasoning, has been the object of a particular volition,—the general cultivation, from which they all flow, has been willed, and would not have taken place, but for that love of letters and science, which continued to animate the studies which it produced,—making it delightful to *know*, what it was happiness almost to *wish to learn*.

These remarks, on the order of propositions, which constitute *reasoning*, have shown you, I trust, that they depend on tendencies of the mind more lasting than our momentary volitions,—that the relations, which they involve, could not be felt by us, unless we had previously the conceptions, which are the subjects of the relations,—and that it is impossible for

us to will any one of these conceptions ; since, in that case, the conception must have existed, before it was willed into existence. The conceptions, then, and the feelings of relation, that is to say, the propositions, in the order, in which they present themselves to our internal thought,—arise, by the simple laws of *suggestion only*,—conception suggesting conception, and that which is suggested, being felt to have a relation of some sort to the conception which suggested it.

The laws of simple suggestion,—according to which conceptions do not follow each other loosely, but those only which have a certain relation of some sort to each other,—furnish, as I have already said, the true explanation of the regularity of our reasonings. While there is a continued desire of discovering the relations of any particular object, it is not wonderful, that with this continued desire, the reasoning should itself be continuous ; since the remaining conception of the object, the relations of which we wish to explore, and which must be as permanent, as the permanent desire that involves it, will, of course, suggest the conception of objects related to it ; and, therefore, the relations themselves, as subsequent feelings of the mind. If we wish to discover the proportion of A to D, these conceptions, as long as the very wish which involves them remains, must, by the simple laws of suggestion, excite other conceptions related to them ; and in the multitude of relative objects, thus capable of being suggested, it is not wonderful, that there should be some one B or C, which has a common relation to both A and D ; and which, therefore, becomes a measure for comparing them, or suggests this very relation without any such intentional comparison. Indeed, since A and D, both conceived together, form one complex feeling of the mind, it might be expected, that the relative objects, most likely to arise by suggestion, would be such as have a common relation to both parts—if I may so term them—of complex feeling, by which they are suggested,—the very proofs, or intermediate conceptions, which form the links of our demonstration.

You are aware, that in these remarks, I speak of the series of propositions that arise in our mind when we meditate on any subject, not of the series which we submit, in discourse or in written works, to the consideration of others. Though it is impossible for us, even in these cases, to will a single conception or a single feeling of relation,—since this would be to will into existence that which already *exists*,—it is, unquestionably, in our power not to clothe in words the conceptions or relations that have arisen in our thought ; and, by this mere omission of the parts of our internal series, which

we regret as feeble or irrelative to our principal object, the whole series of propositions, as expressed, may seem very different, certainly far more forcible, than that which really passed through our mind, and produced in us that conviction or persuasion which we wish to diffuse. But still it must be remembered, that it is the *omission only* which makes the difference, and that in the whole series of propositions which we express in language, there is not a single conception or feeling of relation which we have directly willed.

Such is the process of ratiocination, considered as a natural process of the mind. But what are we to think of that *art of reasoning*, which, for so many ages, banished reason from the schools;—of that art which rendered it so laborious a drudgery, to be a *little more ignorant than before*, which could produce so much disputation without any subject of dispute, and so many proud victories of *nothing over less than nothing*! I need not say that it is to the scholastic art of logic I allude.

That there may be, or rather that there is, a rational *logic*, I am far from denying; and that many useful directions, in conformity with a certain system of rules, may be given to the inexperienced student that may facilitate to him acquisitions of knowledge, which but for such directions, he would have made only more slowly, or perhaps not made at all. The art of reasoning, however, which a judicious logic affords, is not so much the art of acquiring knowledge as the art of communicating it to others, or recording it, in the manner that may be most profitable for our own future advancement in the track which we have been pursuing. Its direct benefit to ourselves is rather negative than positive—teaching us the sources of error in our mental constitution, and in all the accidental circumstances of the language which we are obliged to use, and the society in which we must mingle,—and thus rather saving us from what is *false*, than bestowing on us what is *true*. Indeed, since we cannot, as I have shewn, produce, directly, in our mind, any one conception, or any one feeling of relation, it is very evident that the influence of any art of reasoning on our trains of thought must be indirect only.

But if an art of reasoning is to be given to us, it is surely to be an art which is to render the acquisition of knowledge more easy, not more difficult,—an art which is to avail itself of the natural tendency of the mind to the discovery of truth, not to counteract this tendency, and to force the mind, if it be possible, to suspend the very progress which was leading it to truth. With which of these characters did the syllogistic logic more exactly correspond?

The natural progress of reasoning I have already explained to you, and illustrated by examples both of the *analytic* and *proportional* kind. One conception follows another conception, according to certain laws of suggestion, to which our Divine Author has adapted our mental constitution; and by another set of laws which the same Divine Author has established, certain feelings of relation arise from the consideration of the suggesting and suggested object. This is all in which reasoning, as felt by us, truly consists. We have the conception of A, it suggests B, and, these two conceptions coexisting, we feel some relation which they bear to each other. B, thus suggested, suggests C; and the relation of these is felt in like manner,—and thus, through the longest ratiocination, analytical or proportional, each subject of our thought suggests something which forms a part of it, and is involved in it, or something which has to it a certain relation of proportion; and the relation of comprehension in the one case, or of proportion in the other case, is felt accordingly at every step. Nothing, surely, can be simpler than a process of this kind; and it is not easy to conceive how the process could be made shorter than nature herself has rendered it, unless every truth were known to us by intuition. *Objects*, and the *relations* of objects,—these are all which reasoning involves; and these must always be involved in every reasoning. While reasoning, then, or a series of propositions is necessary for the development of truth, the intervening conceptions which form the subjects of those propositions that connect one remote conception with another must arise successively in the mind, and their relations be felt, in like manner, successively. What is it which the syllogistic art would confer on us in addition? To shorten the process of arriving at truth, it forces us to use, in every case, three propositions instead of the two which nature directs us to use. Instead of allowing us to say *man is fallible*—he may therefore err, even when he thinks himself most secure from error—which is the spontaneous order of analysis in reasoning,—the syllogistic art compels us to take a longer journey to the same conclusion, by the use of what it calls a *major proposition*,—a proposition which never rises spontaneously, for the best of all reasons, that it cannot rise without our knowledge of the very truth, which is by supposition unknown. To proceed, in the regular form of a syllogism, we must say all beings that are fallible may err, even when they think themselves most secure from error. But man is a fallible being—he may therefore err, even when he thinks himself most secure from error. In our spontaneous reasonings, in which we arrive at precisely the same conclusions, and

with a feeling of evidence precisely the same, there are, as I have said, no major propositions, but simply what in this futile art are termed technically the minor and the conclusion. The invention and formal statement of a major proposition, then, in every case, serve only to retard the progress of discovery, not to quicken it, or render it in the slightest degree more sure.

This *retardation* of the progress of reasoning, is one circumstance which distinguishes the *syllogism*; but the absurdity, which is implied in the very theory of it, *distinguishes* it still more. It constantly assumes, as the first stage of that reasoning, by which we are to arrive at a particular truth, our previous knowledge of that particular truth. The major is the very conclusion itself under another form, and its truth is not more felt than that which it professes to develop. Thus, to take one of the trifling examples, which, in books of logic, are usually given, with a most appropriate selection, to illustrate this worse than trifling art—when, in order to prove that John is a sinner, I do not adduce any particular sin of which he has been guilty, but draw up my accusation more irresistibly, by the major of a syllogism. All men are sinners. John is a man; therefore John is a sinner. If I really attached any meaning to my major proposition, all men are sinners, I must, at that very moment, have felt as completely that John was a sinner, as after I had pursued him, technically, through the minor and conclusion.

The great error of the theory of the syllogism—an error, which, if my time allowed, it would be interesting to trace in its relation to the ideal systems of forms and species, which prevailed when the syllogistic art was invented, and during the long ages of its sway—consisted in supposing, that, because all our knowledge may be technically reduced, in some measure, to general maxims, these maxims have naturally a prior and paramount existence in our thought, and give rise to those very reasonings which, on the contrary, give rise to them.

It is not on account of our previous assent to the axiom, a whole is greater than a part, that we believe any particular whole to be greater than any part of it; but we feel this truth in every particular case, by its own intuitive evidence, and the axiom only expresses briefly our various feelings of this kind without giving occasion to them. The infant, from whom half his cake has been taken, who has seen it taken, and who yet does not believe that he has less cake afterwards than he had before, is very likely to prove a most obstinate denier of that general proposition, by which we might attempt to convince him, that he now must have less cake than he had at first, be-

cause a whole is greater than a part, and consequently a part less than a whole. "Is it possible," says Locke, "to know that one and two are equal to three, but by virtue of this or some such axiom, the whole is equal to all its parts taken together? Many a one knows, that one and two are equal to three, without having heard or thought on that or any other axiom, by which it might be proved; and knows it as certainly as any other man knows that the whole is equal to all its parts, or any other maxim, and all from the same reason of self-evidence; the equality of those ideas being as visible and certain to him, without that or any other axiom, as with it,—it needing no proof to make it perceived. Nor, after the knowledge that the whole is equal to all its parts, does he know that one and two are equal to three, better or more certainly, than he did before; for if there be any odds in those ideas, the whole and parts are more obscure, or at least more difficult to be settled in the mind, than those of one, two, and three."*

The general axiom, then, is in every case *posterior* to the separate feelings, of which it is only the brief expression, or, at least, without which, as prior to our verbal statement of the axiom, the axiom itself never could have formed a part of our system of knowledge. The syllogism, therefore, which proceeds from the axiom to the demonstration of particulars, reverses completely the order of reasoning, and begins with the conclusion, in order to teach us how we may arrive at it. It is, in the great journey of truth, as if, in any of our common journeyings from place to place—from Edinburgh to London, for example—we were to be directed first to go to London, and *then* to find out York, or some other intermediate town, when we might be quite sure of knowing the way from York to London, because we must already have travelled it. Is this the sort of direction which we could venture to give to any traveller, or would not every traveller, if we were to venture to give him such a direction, smile at our folly? It would have been happy for science, if the similar folly of the dialectic directions of the schools had been as easily perceived. But we all know what it is to journey from place to place; and few knew, accurately, what it is to journey from truth to truth. In the one case, we are fond of the shortest road, and very soon find out what that shortest road is. In the other case, it is by no means certain that we are fond of the shortest road, or at least we have an unfortunate tendency to believe that a road is the shortest possible, merely because, being a *great deal* longer, it may have made us go through much very rapid exercise to very little purpose.

* Essay Concerning Human Understanding, B. iv. c. vii. sect. 10.

"God has not been so sparing to men," says Mr. Locke, "as to make them barely *two-legged animals*,* and left it to Aristotle to make them *rational*."† Indeed the most convincing proof of their own independent rationality is, that, with the incumbrance of the logical system of the schools, they were able to shake this off, and to become reasoners in the true and noble sense of that term, by abandoning the art which made them only disputants.

* *Creatures*.—Orig.

† *Essay Concerning Human Understanding*, B. iv. c. xvii. sect. 4.

LECTURE L.

ANALYSIS OF THE SCHOLASTIC LOGIC, CONTINUED.—ORDER II.
RELATIONS OF SUCCESSION.

IN my last Lecture, Gentlemen, after analysing the process of ratiocination, and explaining the laws, on which the order of its regular series of propositions depends, I proceeded to consider the *logic of the schools*, as an instrument of reasoning, not on account of any merits, which I supposed it to possess, as an useful instrument for this purpose, but merely from that interest, which even error itself acquires, when it is regarded as the error of all the wise, or of all who were considered as wise, for many ages. The ruins of a mighty intellectual system must surely be viewed by us, with some portion at least of that emotion, which is so readily excited by the decaying monuments, and the mere workmanship of mechanic art in the ruins of an ancient city, or even of the solitary castle of some distinguished chieftain. It is impossible not to pause on the intellectual ruin, as we would pause on some half worn sculpture or fallen column,—when the same column or sculpture, if existing entire in any modern edifice, would scarcely attract our regard.

In considering this ancient system,—ancient, unfortunately, only if we date it from the period at which it began its destructive reign, and not, if we date it from the period of its decay,—I endeavoured to show you, by a comparison of the process of the syllogistic art with the process, by which, without any such artificial system, we advance from truth to truth, in those progressive feelings of relation, which arise when we are said to reflect or meditate on a subject, how much simpler and shorter the natural process of two propositions at every stage, is, than the artificial process of three at every stage; and what inconsistency is implied, in the very theory of the syllogism, if considered as an art of acquiring truth, and not merely as an art of communicating it; since the very knowledge implied in the

major proposition, which, in the syllogism, is the first proposition of the series, supposes the previous feeling of that relation, which is expressed in the conclusion,—for the discovery of which ultimate relation alone, the syllogism is supposed to be invented. If we have previously felt this relation, which the conclusion expresses, we have evidently no need of the syllogism, which is technically to unfold it to us ; if we have not previously felt it, we cannot admit the major proposition of the syllogism, which is the first step of the reasoning ; and that which teaches us, by a series of propositions, only what we have admitted already, before the first proposition, cannot surely be supposed to add much to our stock of truths.

The natural process of reasoning, by two propositions, instead of the three, which the syllogism would force us to use, has been allowed, indeed, by logicians to have a place in their system ; because, with all their fondness for their own technical modes and figures, they had not quite sufficient hardihood to deny, that it is at least possible for us to reason *sometimes*, as in truth we *always* reason. Their only resource, therefore, was to reduce this natural process under their own artificial method, and to give it a name, which might imply the necessity of this reduction, before the reasoning itself could be worthy of that honourable title. They supposed, accordingly, the proposition which was technically wanting, to be understood, in the mind of the thinker or hearer, and termed the reasoning, therefore, an enthymeme. It was, they said, a truncated or imperfect syllogism. They would have expressed themselves more accurately, if they had described their own syllogism, as, in its relation to the natural *analytic* process of our thought, a cumbrous and overloaded enthymeme.

The imperfection of the syllogism, as an instrument of reasoning for the acquisition of knowledge, is strikingly shewn by the very examples, which every writer on the subject employs, to illustrate its power. If all the instances, that have been used for this purpose, in the innumerable works of the schoolmen, were collected together,—though they might make a pretty large volume, they would not communicate to the most ignorant reader a single truth ; and can we think, then, that the superior facility, which it gives for the discovery of truth, is an excellence, to which it may fairly lay claim ? If the art could have been made profitable, in any way, for discovery, there can be no doubt, that some zealous admirer of it, in the enthusiasm of his admiration, would have illustrated its power by some applications of it, that were more than verbal trifling. Yet, I may safely venture to say, that a mere perusal of the reasonings, brought forward as illustrative of the power of the

sylogism, would be sufficient to convince the reader, if he had any doubt before of the absolute inefficacy of the art, of which he was perusing the shadowy achievements.

It is very justly remarked, by Dr. Reid,—in his “Brief Account of Aristotle’s Logic,” published by Lord Kames, in the last volume of his Sketches,—“That the defects of this system were less apparent, in the original works of its inventor, than in the works of his commentators,—from this circumstance, that Aristotle, in discussing the legitimate syllogisms, never makes use of real syllogisms, to illustrate his rules, but avails himself of the mere letters of the alphabet, as representative of the subjects and predicates of his propositions.”* “The commentators, and systematical writers in logic,” says Dr. Reid, “have supplied this defect, and given us real examples, of every legitimate mode, in all the figures. We acknowledge this to be charitably done, in order to assist the conception in matters so very abstract; but whether it was prudently done for the honour of the art, may be doubted. I am afraid, this was to uncover the nakedness of the theory; it has undoubtedly contributed to bring it into contempt; for when one considers the silly and uninformative reasonings, that have been brought forth by this grand organ of science, he can hardly forbear crying out, ‘Parturiunt montes, et nascitur ridiculus mus.’ Many of the writers on logic,” continues Dr. Reid, “are accurate and ingenious, and much practised in the syllogistical art; and there must be some reason, why the examples they have given of syllogisms are *so lean*.”†

The reason of this leanness, of which Dr. Reid speaks, is not very difficult of discovery. It is to be found in the nature of the syllogism itself, which, as I have shewn, assumes, and must assume, in every case, as evident, and already felt, in the major proposition, the very truth, which the technical reasoner is afterwards supposed to discover by the aid of the two following propositions. No choice, therefore, was left to the illustrator of the technical process, but of such puerile and profitless examples, as have been uniformly employed for illustration; because any other examples would have shewn the total inapplicability of his boasted art. It is very evident, that the art could not be regarded as of the slightest efficacy, unless the conclusion, which was the important proposition, were to be attended with belief; and since the truth of the conclusion, if felt at all, must, as I have shewn, have been felt before the major proposition itself could have been admitted, this *primary*

* Ch. iv. sect. 3.—The language somewhat varied.

† Ch. iv. sect. 3.

feeling of the truth of the conclusion, before the opening of the argument, necessarily limited the argument itself, to the demonstration of propositions, of which no proof was requisite. Since the *major* is only another form of expressing the conclusion, it is manifest, that if the syllogism had attempted to add any thing to our knowledge, it must have enunciated something in the major proposition, which was previously unknown,—which, therefore, as unknown, we should have required to be itself proved, and of which the remaining propositions of the syllogism were far from affording any proof. To obtain immediate assent, therefore, for the major, it was absolutely necessary, not to enunciate in it any thing, which was not either self-evident, or previously demonstrated; and the unfortunate logician, if he expected his syllogisms to be credited, was thus obliged to shew the wonders of his art, by proving Peter to be a sinner, because all men are sinners; or demonstrating that a horse has four legs, because it is a quadruped. All quadrupeds have four legs—but a horse is a quadruped—therefore a horse has four legs.

These remarks, though relating chiefly to the influence of this technical process, as a supposed mode of facilitating the acquisition of knowledge in our own meditative reasonings, may have already shewn you, that, if the syllogism was inefficacious, and, I may say, even worse than inefficacious as a process for discovering truth, it was not less inadequate as an instrument for communicating truth to others; though it is for its supposed advantages in this respect that, of late at least, when we are beginning to recover from our transcendental admiration of it, has been chiefly panegyricized or defended. A very little attention to the nature of the different propositions of the syllogism, will be sufficient to shew that the same fundamental error, which renders it useless for discovering truth, renders it equally useless for the development of it; and that, as our internal reasoning is only a series of enthymemes, it is only by such a series of enthymemes as that by which truth unfolds itself to our own minds, that it can be successfully unfolded to the minds of others.

In the attempt to communicate knowledge by the technical forms of reasoning, the major proposition, as first stated in the argument, must of course have been supposed to be understood and admitted when stated, since, if not admitted by the hearer or reader as soon as stated, it would itself stand in need of proof; and if it was so understood and admitted, of what use would the remaining propositions of the syllogism be, since they could communicate no truth that was not communicated and felt before? There is no absurdity in suppos-

that we may admit the conclusion of a syllogism, without admitting the major proposition ; since the major, though it involves the conclusion, involves some more general relations. We may admit, for example, that Peter is six feet high, though, if his stature were attempted to be demonstrated to us by the syllogism, all men are six feet high ; but Peter is a man, therefore Peter is six feet high,—we should certainly object to the major proposition, and form our belief only on particular observation of the individual. But though we may thus admit the proposition which forms the conclusion of a syllogism, without admitting the major proposition, from which it is said to flow, it is absolutely impossible that we should know the meaning of the *major*, and admit it, without admitting also, tacitly, indeed, but with equal feeling of its truth, the conclusion itself. The whole question, as we have seen, relates to the feeling of the truth of the major proposition ; for if it be true, and felt to be true, all the rest is already allowed ; and yet this most important of all propositions, which, if the conclusion be of a kind that demands proof, must itself demand proof still more, is the very proposition which is most preposterously submitted to us in the *first* place for our assent, without any proof whatever,—the honour of a proof being reserved only for a proposition, which, if the major require no proof, must be itself too clear to stand in need of it. As a mode of communicating knowledge, therefore, the syllogism is, if possible, still more defective than as a mode of acquiring it. It does not give any additional knowledge, nor communicate the knowledge which it *does* communicate in any simpler, or shorter, or surer way. On the contrary, whatever knowledge it gives, it renders more confused by being more cumbrous ; and it cannot fail to train the mind, which receives instructions in this way, to two of the most dangerous practical errors,—the errors of admitting, without proof, only what requires proof, and of doubting, that is to say, of requiring proof, only of what is evident. Such is the syllogism, considered as an instrument, either for forwarding our own attainments in knowledge, or for communicating these attainments to others.

The triumph of the syllogistic art, it must be confessed, however, is not an art of acquiring or communicating truth, but as an art of disputation—as the great art of proving any thing by any thing, *quidlibet per quodlibet probandi*. And, if it be a merit to be able to dispute long and equally well, on subjects known and unknown, to vanquish an opponent, by being in the wrong, and sometimes too by being in the right, but without the slightest regard either to the right or wrong, and merely as these accidental circumstances may have cor-

responded with certain skilful uses of terms without a meaning,—this merit the logicians of the schools unquestionably might claim. Indeed in controversies of this sort, in those ages of endless controversy, “success,” as has been very truly remarked, “tended no more to decide the question, than a man’s killing his antagonist in a duel serves now to satisfy any person of sense that the victor had right on his side, and that the vanquished was in the wrong.”

Of this system of logic, the views given by philosophers, during the period in which it flourished, are almost innumerable; and, in no other works can we find so striking a mixture of intellectual strength and intellectual weakness, of acuteness, capable of making the nicest and most subtle distinctions, with an imbecility of judgment, incapable of estimating the insignificance of any one of those subjects, on which so many nice and subtle distinctions were made. All these commentaries, and systematic views, however,—though all that is valuable in them were condensed into a few pages—would scarcely be equal in value to the few pages of a commentary of a different kind; in which the maxims of logic are adapted with most singular happiness, to a ludicrous theory of syllogism, the striking coincidences of which, with the actual laws of the syllogism, will be best felt by those to whom the rules of syllogizing are most familiar.

“Though I’m afraid I have transgressed upon my reader’s patience already, I cannot help taking notice of one thing more extraordinary than any yet mentioned; which was Crambe’s *Treatise of Syllogisms*. He supposed that a philosopher’s brain was like a great forest, where ideas ranged like animals of several kinds; that those ideas copulated, and engendered conclusions; that when those of different species copulate, they bring forth monsters or absurdities; that the *major* is the male, the *minor* the female, which copulate by the middle term, and engender the conclusion. Hence they are called the *præmissæ*, or predecessors of the conclusion; and it is properly said by the logicians *quod pariant scientiam, opinionem*, they beget science, opinion, &c. Universal propositions are persons of quality; and therefore in logic they are said to be of the first *figure*. Singular propositions are private persons, and therefore placed in the third or last figure, or rank. From those principles all the rules of syllogisms naturally follow.

“I. That there are only three terms, neither more nor less; for to a child there can be only one father and one mother.

“II. From universal premises there follows an universal conclusion, as if one should say, that persons of quality always beget persons of quality.

" III. From singular premises follows only a singular conclusion, that is, if the parents be only private people, the issue must be so likewise.

" IV. From particular propositions nothing can be concluded, because the individua vaga are (like whoremasters and common strumpets) barren.

" V. There cannot be more in the conclusion than was in the premises, that is, children can only inherit from their parents.

" VI. The conclusion follows the weaker part, that is, children inherit the diseases of their parents.

" VII. From two negatives nothing can be concluded, for from divorce or separation there can come no issue.

" VIII. The medium cannot enter the conclusion, that being logical incest.

" IX. An hypothetical proposition is only a contract, or a promise of marriage ; from such, therefore, there can spring no real issue.

" X. When the premises, or parents, are necessarily joined, (or in lawful wedlock) they beget lawful issue ; but contingently joined, they beget bastards.

" So much for the affirmative propositions ; the negative must be deferred to another occasion.

" Crambe used to value himself upon this system, from whence he said one might see the propriety of the expression, such a one has a barren imagination ; and how common is it for such people to adopt conclusions that are not the issue of their premises ; therefore as an absurdity is a monster, a falsity is a bastard ; and a true conclusion that followeth not from the premises, may properly be said to be adopted. But then what is an enthymeme ? (quoth Cornelius.) Why, an enthymeme (replied Crambe,) is when the major is indeed married to the minor, but the marriage kept secret."*

Of the direct influence of the school logic, in retarding, and almost wholly preventing the progress of every better science, I need not attempt any additional illustration, after the remarks already offered. But the indirect influences of this art were not less hurtful.

One of the most hurtful consequences of this method, was the ready disguise of venerable ratiocination which it afforded for any absurdity. However futile an explanation might be, it was still possible to advance it in all the customary solemnities of mood and figure ; and it was very natural, therefore, for those who heard what they had been accustomed to regard

* *Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus*, B. i. c. 8.

as reasoning, to believe, that, in hearing a reasoning, they had heard a reason. Of this I may take an instance which Lord Kames has quoted from the great inventor of the system himself, and one which very few of his followers have been able to surpass. "Aristotle, who wrote a book about mechanics, was much puzzled about the equilibrium of a balance, when unequal weights are hung upon it, at different distances from the centre. Having observed that the arms of the balance describe portions of a circle, he accounted for the equilibrium by a notable argument. 'All the properties of the circle are wonderful. The equilibrium of the two weights that describe portions of a circle is wonderful; therefore the equilibrium must be one of the properties of the circle.' What are we to think of Aristotle's logic," continues Lord Kames, "when we find him capable of such childish reasoning? and yet that work has been the admiration of all the world, for centuries upon centuries—nay, that foolish argument has been espoused and commented upon, by his disciples, for the same length of time."*

As another very hurtful consequence of this technical system, I may remark, that the constant necessity of having recourse to some syllogistic form of argument, and of using these forms, in cases in which the opinions, involved in the syllogism, were at least as clear before the syllogism as after it, rendered argument and belief, by a sort of indissoluble association, almost synonymous terms. If we had still to prove *John* to be fallible, after having proved or at least obtained assent to the proposition, that *all men* are fallible, it was not easy to discover any truth, so self-evident, as not to stand at least equally in need of demonstration. Hence the constant tendency in the scholastic ages to prove what did not stand in need of proof. Every thing was to be *demonstrated*, and every thing *was* demonstrated; though it must be confessed, that the only effect of the demonstration frequently was to render obscure—at least as obscure as any thing self-evident could be rendered—what, but for the demonstration, could not have admitted of the slightest doubt.

Akin to this tendency of *proving* every thing—even self-evident propositions—by some *syllogistic* form, was the tendency which the mind acquired, to apply many varieties of technical phraseology to the same proposition, so as to make many propositions of one, as if every repetition of it in another form of language, were the enunciation of another truth. It is impossible to take up a volume of any of the old logicians,

* Sketches of the History of Man, B. iii. Sk. i. 2.

and to read a single page of it, without discovering innumerable examples of the influence of which I speak. Indeed, as the forms of technical expression, or at least the possible combinations of these, are almost infinite, it is, in many cases, difficult to discover what principle of forbearance and mercy to the reader, led the logician to stop at *one* of his identical propositions, rather than to extend the supposed ratiocination through many similar pages. There can be no doubt at least, that the principle which produced many pages, might, with as much reason, have produced a whole volume.

It is not easy to imagine a proposition that would less stand in need of proof, than that which affirms what is possible and what is impossible, not to be the same; or if, for the honour of logic, that nothing might be allowed to be credited without mood and figure, a syllogism should be thought necessary, a single syllogism seems all that could, with any decency, be claimed. But how many syllogisms does an expert logician employ to remove all doubt from this hardy proposition! The example which I take, is not from those darker ages, in which almost any absurdity may readily be supposed, but from the period which produced the Essay on the Human Understanding. It is from a work of a logician, David Dirodon, a professor in one of the French universities—an author, of no ordinary merit, who in many cases reasons with singular *acuteness*, and whose works were held in such high admiration, that he was requested, by a provincial synod of the church, to make as much haste as possible, to publish his course of philosophy for the benefit of the churches, *tanquam ecclesiis nostris pernecessarium*. The argument which I quote from him, may be considered, therefore, not as an instance of logical pleonasm peculiar to him, but as a very fair example of the technical argumentation of the period.

His demonstration, that things possible and things impossible, are not the same, is contained in six weighty paragraphs, of which I translate literally, the first two, that are sufficiently absurd indeed, but not more absurd than the paragraphs which follow them.

“Whatever, of itself and in itself, includes things contradictory, differs in itself, from that which, of itself and in itself, does not imply any thing contradictory. But what is *impossible* of itself and in itself, involves things contradictory,—for example, an irrational human being, a round square. But what is *possible* of itself and in itself, includes no contradiction. Therefore, what is impossible in itself, differs from what is possible.

“Things *contradictory* are not the same,—for example, a

man and *not a man*. But what is possible in itself and impossible in itself are contradictory, which I prove thus. What is possible in itself, and what is impossible in itself, are contradictory. But what is impossible in itself, is not possible in itself; therefore what is possible in itself, and what is impossible in itself, are contradictory; therefore they are not the same in themselves.

“*Quod ex se et in se includit contradictoria, differt in se ab eo quod ex se, et in se non involvit contradictoria. Sed impossibile ex se, et in se involvit contradictoria, puta homo irrationalis, quadratum rotundum, &c. Possibile vero ex se, et in se non includit contradictoria. Ergo, impossibile in se differt a possibili.*”

“*Contradictoria non sunt idem,—puta homo et non homo. Sed possibile in se, et impossibile in se sunt contradictoria, quod sic probatur. Possibile in se, et non possibile in se, sunt contradictoria. Sed impossibile in se est non possibile. Ergo, possibile in se et impossibile in se, sunt contradictoria. Ergo, in se non sunt idem.*”*

I have already said, that the two paragraphs which I have quoted are but a small part of the ratiocination; for, as the reasoner supposes his adversary to be very obstinate, he thinks it necessary to assail him with a multitude of arguments, even after these which he had so strenuously urged.

What but the constant habit of mere verbal disputation, could have reconciled even the dullest reasoner to such reasoning as this? If we had not previously believed what is impossible, and what is possible, not to be in themselves the same, could we have believed it more, after all this labour? The only circumstance which could make us have any doubt on the subject, is the long labour of such a demonstration, in which the truth is almost hid from our view by the multitude of words.

“*So spins the silk-worm small, her slender store,
And labours till it clouds itself all o’er.*”†

The reign of this philosophy may now, indeed, be considered merely as a thing which has been, for it is scarcely necessary to speak of one or two devoted admirers of the Aristotelean method, who may, perhaps, not yet have vanished from among us,—thrown as they are unfortunately, on too late an age, with opinions, which, in other ages, might have raised them to the

* *Dirodonis Philosophiæ contractæ, Pars II. quæ est Metaphysica, Pars I. cap. i. sect. 10, 11.*—The same subject is treated at much greater length, in his larger work on *Metaphysics*, from the 9th to the 28th page.

† *Pope’s Works—Dunciad, l. iv. v. 253—4.*

most envied distinctions—who love what is *very ancient*, and who love what is written in *Greek*, and who have, therefore, two irresistible reasons for venerating that philosophy, which is unquestionably much older than Newton, or Des Cartes, or Bacon, and, as unquestionably, written in a language which saves it from vulgar eyes. Or rather, to speak with more candour of such misplaced sages of other times, there may, perhaps, be some few generous, but erring lovers of wisdom, who, impressed with the real merits of Aristotle, and with the majesty of that academic sway, which he exercised for so long a period of the history of our race, give him credit for merit still greater and more extensive, than he really possessed,—but merit, it must, at the same time, be acknowledged, which was long as indisputable as his real excellence, and which all the learned and honoured, of every nation, in which learning could confer honour, united in ascribing to him, and gloried in being his worshippers. The worship, however, is now past, but there are *effects* of the worship which still remain. We have laid aside the *superstition*; but, as often happens in laying aside the superstition, we have retained many of the superstitious practices.

That we reason worse than we should have done, if our ancestors had reasoned better, there can be no doubt,—because we should have profited by the results of their better reasonings; but I have almost as little doubt, that we suffer from their errors, in another way, by having imbibed, as it was scarcely possible for us not to imbibe, some portion of the spirit of their Dialectic subtleties; some greater passion, for distinctions merely verbal, and for laborious demonstrations of things self-evident, than we should have felt, from the mere imperfection of our intellectual nature, if the logic of Aristotle had never been.

In the division which I made of the relations suggested, by objects either perceived or conceived by us, I arranged these relations in two classes,—those of *Coexistence* and *Succession*. I have now considered, as fully as my limits will permit, the former of these classes, both as the relations occur separately, and as they occur in those series which constitute *reasoning*, that at each step are only progressive feelings of relation, varying as the conceptions of the relative objects are different, and connected with each other, because the conceptions that arise in the course of the reasoning, are not loose, but regular. The inquiry has led us into some of the most interesting discussions, in the Philosophy of the Mind,—discussions, interesting from their own absolute importance, and, I may add, from

the peculiar obscurity which has been supposed to hang over these processes of thought, though, as I flatter myself, you have seen, this obscurity does not arise so much from any peculiar difficulty in the subject, as from the labour which has been generally, or, I may say, almost universally, employed to make it difficult. For many ages, indeed, all the powers of the human understanding, seem to have had scarcely any other occupation, than that of darkening the whole scene of nature, material and intellectual,—that scene, on which the light of nature, and the light of Heaven were shining, as they shine upon it now, and in which it seemed to require all those efforts of voluntary ignorance, which the wise in those ages were so skilful and so successful in making, *not* to see what was before them, and on every side. You have all, perhaps, read or heard of that celebrated sage of antiquity, who is said to have put out his eyes, for no other purpose than that he might study nature better; and, if the anecdote, which there is no reason to credit, were true, it would, certainly, have been a sufficient proof of that insanity, which his fellow citizens, on another celebrated occasion, ascribed to him. What Democritus is thus said to have done, is the very folly, in which all mankind concurred, for a long succession of centuries. They put out their eyes, that they might see nature better; and they saw, as might be supposed, only the dreams of their own imagination.

The order of relations which we have next to consider, are those, which, as involving the notion of time, or priority and subsequence, I have denominated *Relations of Succession*. On these, however, it will not be necessary to dwell at any length. They require, indeed, very little more than to be simply mentioned,—the only questions of difficulty which they involve, having been discussed fully, in my Preliminary Lectures, in which it was necessary, before proceeding to examine the *changes* or *affections* of the mind, in its varying phenomena, and the mental powers or susceptibilities which these changes or affections denote, that we should understand what is meant by the terms change and power, cause and effect. Any part of these discussions it would be quite superfluous now to repeat; since, after the full illustration of the Doctrine of Power or Efficiency, which I then submitted to you, and the frequent subsequent allusions to it, I may safely take for granted, that the doctrine itself cannot have escaped from your memory.

The relations of succession, then, as the very name implies, are those, which the subjects of these relations bear to each other, as *prior* or *posterior* in time. What we term a *cause*, suggests its particular effect; what we term an *effect*, suggests

proximity of succession, which it bears to some prior object, I term it an effect of that prior object. When I look forward, instead of backward, and regard the present object, in relation to some other object, which is not yet existing, I feel a relation, which, in reference to the object that is to be produced, may be termed fitness or aptitude, and it is on our knowledge of these fitnesses or aptitudes, that all practical science is founded. By our acquaintance with this relation, we acquire a command, not merely of existing things, but almost of things, that, as yet, have scarcely any more real existence, than the creations of poetic fancy. We *lead* the future, almost at our will, as if it were already present. While mechanic hands are chipping the rough block, or adding slowly stone to stone, with little more foresight than of the place where the *next* stone is to be added, there is an eye, which has already seen that imperfect edifice in all its finished splendour, which other eyes are incapable of seeing, till year after year shall have unfolded, through a series of progressive changes, that finished form which is their ultimate result. What is true, in architectural design, is not less true in all the other arts, which science has evolved. There are hands continually toiling to produce what exists already to the mind of that philosopher, whom they almost blindly obey,—who, by his knowledge of the various aptitudes of things, knows, not merely what is, but what must be,—beholding, through a long series of effects that ultimate effect of convenience or beauty, which is at once to add some new enjoyments to life, and to confer additional glory to the intellectual empire of that being, whom God has formed to image, however faintly, the power, by which he raised him into existence. We cannot look around us, without discovering, in every work of human art, which meets our eye, the benefits, which we have received from our knowledge of this one relation. Whatever industry has conferred upon us,—the security, the happiness, the splendour, and, in a great measure, the very virtues of social life,—are referable to it; since industry is nothing more than the practical application of those productive fitnesses, which must have been felt and known, before industry could begin.

“These are thy blessings, Industry, rough power,
Whom labour still attends, and sweat and pain:
Yet the kind source of every gentle art,
And all the soft civility of life;
Raiser of human kind! by Nature cast
Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods
And wilks, to rude inclement elements!—
And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd

With beasts of prey, or for his acorn meal,
 Fought the fierce tusky boar;—a shivering wretch
 Aghast, and comfortless, when the bleak North,
 With winter charged, let the mix'd tempest fly,
 Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost;—
 Then to the shelter of the hut he fled,
 And the wild season, sordid, pined away.
 For home *he* had not.—Home is the resort
 Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
 Supporting and supported, polish'd friends
 And dear relations mingle into bliss.
 But this the rugged savage never felt,
 Ev'n desolate in crowds;—and thus his days
 Roll, heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along.
 A waste of time!—till Industry approach'd,
 And roused him from his miserable sloth;
 His faculties unfolded! pointed out,
 Where lavish Nature the directing hand
 Of art demanded; shew'd him how to raise
 His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
 To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth;
 On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
 On what the torrent and the gather'd blast;
 Gave the tall ancient forest to his axe;
 Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the stone,
 Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose;
 Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
 And wrapt him in the woolly vestment warm;—
 Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity,
 But still advancing bolder, led him on
 To pomp, to pleasure, elegance and grace;
 And, breathing high ambition through his soul,
 Set science, wisdom, glory, in his view,
 And bade him be the lord of all below.”*

Such is the value of that susceptibility of our mind, by which we feel the relations of objects to each other as successive,—when considered in reference to what is commonly termed science. It has made us what we are,—and when we think of what we now are, and of what the race of mankind once was,—to speculate on the future condition of man, in those distant ages, which still await him on this scene of earth,—when new relations shall have been evolved in objects the most familiar to us, and new arts consequently developed, which, with our present knowledge, no genius can anticipate, is almost as if we were speculating on the possible functions and enjoyments of some higher being.

“How near he presses on the angel's wing!
 Which is the seraph? which the child of clay?”

* Thomson's Seasons—Autumn, v. 43—49, 57—85, and 90—95.

LECTURE LI.

ON THE FEELINGS BELONGING TO THE ORDER OF SUCCESSION, CONCLUDED.—REDUCTION OF CERTAIN SUPPOSED FACULTIES TO RELATIVE SUGGESTION—I. JUDGMENT—II. REASON—III. ABSTRACTION.

GENTLEMEN, in my last Lecture, I began the remarks which I had to offer on the *relations of succession*,—that order of relations which remained to be examined after our examination of *relations of coexistence*.

Objects, or events, or feelings, when we consider them in the relation which they bear to each other as successive, may be regarded as casually *prior* or *posterior*, when they occur as parts of different trains, or as invariably *antecedent* and *consequent*, when they occur as parts of a single train in the order of causes and effects.

On the relation of objects, as casually successive, I felt it unnecessary to dwell at any length. It has already, indeed, been in some measure discussed, when I treated of the laws of those simple suggestions, or associate trains of images, which rise according to this relation of proximity in time. As there is nothing permanent in the relation, it scarcely can be counted an object of science. Its only advantage,—but this is a very great advantage,—is, that which it affords as an assistance to our memory, which is thus enabled to preserve much knowledge that might otherwise be lost; since we are able, by the accidental bearings of other events in time, to form a sort of chronology of many of those little events of life, that are great in relation to our wishes and affections, and that probably would have been forgotten, but for those fixed points, in the track of our life, which recall to us what lay between. By the aid of these, we are able to journey again over hours, and days, and months of happiness, in years the most remote, connecting together, in one delightful series, events which would have been of little moment if remembered singly, but which, when combined, are almost representative of the

group of pleasures and friendships that existed once, but may perhaps exist to us no more ; as in the similar order of contiguity in place, it would be productive but of slight gratification, if we were to think only of some separate tree, or rock, or stream, or meadow of the landscape of our infancy. It is when the whole scene rises before us in combination,—when the tree, under which we hollowed out our seat, waves over the rock, from which we have leapt with a sort of fearful delight to the opposite overhanging cliff, and the rivulet foams in the narrow channel between, spreading out, afterwards, its waters in the sunny expanse in which we bathed, and separating the field of our sports from the churchyard, at which we have cast, in the twilight, many a trembling glance ; when all which nature blended before us, in the perceptions of our earliest years, thus coexists in our conception, it is then that we truly recognize the scene, not as an object of memory only, but as if present to our very eyes and heart. Such is the effect of the representation of objects in the order in which they coexisted in place ; and it is not wonderful, that the feeling of the relation of their order in time, should have a similar influence on our emotions, by giving unity of connexion ; and thus as it were, additional and more interesting reality to all which we remember. The priority and subsequence of the events remembered, according to this slight accidental relation, may have arisen, indeed, from circumstances the most unimportant in themselves ; but it is enough to our feelings, that they arose thus successively, constituting a part of the very history of our life, and forming some of the many ties which connect us with those of whom the very remembrance is happiness. What was truly casual in its origin, almost ceases to appear to us casual, by the permanent connexions which it afterwards presents to our memory. Other successions of events may be imagined, which would have been more interesting to others, and in which it would have been easier to trace some principle of original connexion. But, though more regular, and more interesting to others, they would not have been the events of our youth ; as a scene might perhaps readily be imagined, far more lovely to other eyes than the landscape of our early home, but in which *our* eyes, even in admiring its loveliness, would look in vain for a charm, which, if it be not beauty itself, is at least something still more tenderly delightful.

The relation even of *casual* succession, then, by the connexion and grouping of events to which it gives rise, and the consequent aid and interest which it yields to our remembrance, affords no slight accession of enjoyment and permanent utility. The relations of invariable antecedents and consequents, how-

ever, which are felt by us to be essentially different, from mere proximity, and to be all that is truly involved in our notion, of power or causation, are of much greater importance to that intellectual, and moral, and physical life, which may almost be said to depend on them. Even if they gave us nothing more than our knowledge of the uniform connexions of past events, as objects of mere speculative science, at once constituting and explaining the phenomena that excited our astonishment, and awoke that early curiosity which they have continued to busy ever since, they would furnish, by the view which they open of the powers of nature, and of all the gracious purposes to which those powers have been subservient, one of the sublimest delights of which our spiritual being is capable.

This gratification they would yield to us, even if we were to regard them only in the past, as objects of a science purely speculative. But, when we consider the relations of events, in their aptitudes to precede and follow, as equally diffused, over the time that is to come, as presenting to us, every where, in the past or present sequences observed by us, the source of some future good or future evil,—of good which we can obtain, and of evil which we can avoid, merely by knowing the order in which these past sequences have occurred,—the knowledge of these invariable relations of succession becomes to us inestimable,—not as a medium only of intellectual luxury, but as the medium of all the arts of life, and even of the continuance of our very physical existence, which is preserved only by an unceasing adaptation of our actions to the fitnesses or tendencies of external things.

All practical science is the knowledge of these aptitudes of things in their various circumstances of combination, as every art is the employment of them, in conformity with this knowledge, with a view to those future changes which they tend to produce in all the different circumstances in which objects can be placed. To know how to add any enjoyment to life, or how to lessen any of its evils, is nothing more, in any case, than to know the relation which objects bear to each other, as antecedent and consequent, some form of that particular relation which we are considering. In the conclusion of my last Lecture, I treated of it, in regard to the physical sciences, and arts,—those intellectual energies, which have given to the savage man, and consequently to all mankind,—since, in every state of society, refined or rude, in the palace, as much as in the hut, or in the cave, man must be born a savage,—another life, a life almost as different from that with which he roams in the woods, as if he had been suddenly transported, from the barren waste of earth, to those Elysian groves of which poetry

speaks, and that godlike company of bards, and heroes, and sages, with which they have peopled the delightful scene.

Of the importance of the feeling of this relation to the physical sciences, which is abundantly evident of itself, it would be vain to attempt to give any fuller illustration. But it must be remembered, that the mind is a subject of this relation, as much as the body,—that there are aptitudes of producing certain feelings, as much as of producing certain material changes,—and that the power which discerns or feels the mere aptitude, in the one case, is not essentially distinct from the power which discerns or feels, the mere aptitude, in the other case. The particular relations that are felt, are, indeed, different, as the relative objects are different, but not that general susceptibility of the mind, by which it is capable of feeling the relation of fitness or unfitness. To foreknow, in mechanics, what combination of wheels and pullies will be able to elevate a certain weight, is to feel one sort of fitness or relation of antecedence. To foreknow, in chemistry, what more powerful attraction will overcome an affinity that is weaker, and precipitate a substance, which we wish to obtain, from the liquid that holds it in solution, is to feel another sort of fitness. The particular feelings of relation, in these cases, imply acquirements that are very different; but no one, on account of this mere difference of the objects of which the relation of antecedence and consequence is felt, thinks of classing the chemical foresight as indicative of an intellectual power essentially different from that, which, in the applications of mechanic foresight, feels the relation of the weights and pullies in a machine, and foresees, by a knowledge of this relation, the equilibrium or preponderance which is to result. The experience which gives the foresight, is, indeed, different, but the power which reasons from that different experience is the same. The susceptibility of the same feeling of the relation of the productive aptitude, however, has, in certain *mental* cases, been supposed to be different, merely because its objects are different; and discriminations of mere fitness or unfitness, which are truly referable to the same simple capacity of relative suggestion, that foresees the future by knowing the present, have been formed into a class apart, as if not the discriminations only were different, but the power itself which has formed them.

When we feel any of the mechanical or chemical relations of succession, and predict, accordingly, events which are to take place, we are commonly said to do this by the power of reasoning. Even in many of the mental phenomena, when we venture, in like manner, to predict the future, from our

knowledge of the relation of feelings to each other, as uniformly successive, we are said to make the prediction by the power of reasoning. When a statesman, for example, meditates on the probable effects of a particular law which is about to be enacted, and, from his knowledge of the interests, and passions, and prejudices,—the wisdom and the very ignorance of man,—calculates the relative amount of good and evil, which it may possibly produce to those frail half-stubborn, half-yielding multitudes, whom he must often benefit against their will, and save from the long evil, of which they see only the momentary good, there is no one who hesitates in ascribing this political foresight to the sagacity of his power of reasoning, or of drawing accurate conclusions, as to future sequences of events, from his observations of the past. In the calculation of the motives which may operate in the general mind, however, nothing more is implied than a knowledge of the relation of certain feelings to other feelings, reciprocally antecedent and consequent. But, if the *states of mind*, the relation of which, as successive to other states of mind, is felt by us, be of a different order,—if, instead of a legislator, feeling accurately the relation of certain feelings to certain attendant emotions in the mind of the people, we imagine a *critic* feeling, with equal precision, the relation of certain perceptions of form, or colour, or sound, to certain emotions of admiration or disgust that are to arise in the mind of him who has those perceptions, though all which is felt, in both cases, is a certain relation of customary antecedence, we are instantly said to speak of a different power of the mind. The power which we consider, is said to be the power of *Taste*.

This distinction, of the power of taste,—in appreciating the excellence of the fine arts, and the beauties of nature from that general capacity of feeling the aptitudes of certain feelings to be followed by certain other feelings, of which it is only a modification, has arisen, there can be very little doubt, from the complexity of the term *taste*, in our common phraseology,—as involving *two classes* of feelings, that admit of being separated in our thought by a very easy analysis,—*emotions* and *judgments* of the objects that are fit or unfit to excite those emotions. Certain objects are not merely perceived by us, as forms, or colours, or sounds; the perception of these forms, and colours, and sounds, is followed by an *emotion* which is of various nature, according to the nature of the object. What we call beauty, is, in our mind, an emotion,—as, in external things, it is the aptitude to produce this emotion. To feel this emotion is one state of mind;—to know the relation which other previous feelings bear to it—what forms, or sounds, or

ON THE FEELINGS BELONGING

~~separately~~ separately or together, have a fitness of producing the ~~is another~~ is another state of mind, as distinct from it, as the ~~sagacity~~ sagacity of the statesman, in anticipating the violence ~~popular~~ popular feeling, on any particular occasion, is distinct from ~~those~~ passions and prejudices of the vulgar, which he foresees, as the certain effects of certain necessary measures, and which he strives accordingly, by some of the expedients of his mighty art, to disarm or dissipate. If the judgments of *taste* had been as clearly distinguished from the emotions which it measures in their relation to the objects that are likely or unlikely to produce them, as the wisdom of the politician, from the passions which that wisdom contemplates, in their relation to the circumstance which may tend to inflame them, we should as little have thought of ranking it as a peculiar power, as we think, at present, of inventing new names of faculties corresponding with all the variety of events corporeal or mental, in which we are capable of inferring the future from the past, by our knowledge of the reciprocal tendencies of objects,—of ranking, for example, as a peculiar intellectual power, distinct from the general power of reason, the *skill* with which the legislator adapts his regulations to the varying circumstances of society,—or, as in the physics of matter, we think of ascribing to different intellectual powers, the reasonings of the chemist and of the mechanician. Chemistry, mechanics, politics, *taste*,—that is to say, the *critical* part of taste,—of course imply previous observation of the successions of those different phenomena, material and mental, which are the subject of these respective sciences,—an experience of the past that is different in each particular case; but when the successions of the different phenomena have been observed, it is the same faculty, which, in all these sciences alike, predicting the future from the past, feels the relation of antecedence of each phenomenon to its successive phenomena, distinguishing the particular antecedents that are more or less likely to be followed by particular consequents. To call taste a *science*, like chemistry, or mechanics, or even politics, may seem at first a bold, and perhaps even an unwarrantable use of the term; but I have no hesitation in calling it a *science*. because it is truly a science, as much as any other knowledge of the successions of phenomena to which we give that name,—the science of certain effects which may be anticipated as the consequents of certain antecedents. It is a science, indeed, which is not capable of the universality of some other sciences, because it is a science of *emotions*, that must, in some measure, at least, have been *felt* by him who judges of the fitness of certain objects to produce these emotions; and all have not

this sensibility. But the sensibility relates to the existence of the emotions only, which, as I have already stated, are mental phenomena of a different class, from the subsequent judgments, which estimate the fitness of objects, to excite the emotions. The feeling of these emotions is unquestionably not a science, more than the feelings of security and patriotism, or discontent and selfish ambition, which the statesman must have in view, are sciences. But the *knowledge* of those objects which will excite the most general emotions of beauty and admiration, is a *science*, as the political knowledge of the means that will have most general influence in producing the emotions of civil happiness, and contentment, or the fury of popular indignation, is a science. Both are nothing more than the experience of the feelings which follow certain other feelings, and the consequent feeling of the relation of their future aptitudes. We may deny the name of a science to both, but, if we allow it to the one, I cannot see any reason which should lead us to deny it to the other.

Of the *emotions*,—of the aptitudes of producing which taste is the science,—it is not at present my intention to speak. As emotions, they come under our consideration afterwards; and even the few remarks, which I may have to offer on *taste itself*, as the knowledge of the fitness of certain objects to excite the emotion of beauty, and other kindred emotions, I shall defer, till I have treated of the emotions, which are its subjects. My only object at present, is to point out to you, the proper systematic place, in our arrangement, of those mere feelings of the aptitudes of certain objects for exciting certain emotions,—which constitute the judgments distinguished by the name of *taste*. It is peculiarly important for me to point this out to you at present; since, but for the analysis, which I have made of the emotion itself, as one state of mind, and the knowledge of what is fitted to excite it, as a very different state of mind, you might conceive, that my classification of our intellectual phenomena, as referable to the two mental susceptibilities, under which I have arranged them, was defective, from the omission of one very important faculty. You now, I trust, see my reason for dividing what is commonly denominated taste, into its two distinct elements,—one of which is as much an emotion, as any of our other emotions,—the other,—which is only the knowledge of the particular forms, colours, sounds, or conceptions, that are most likely to be followed by this emotion,—is as much a feeling of the relation of fitness, as any of the other suggestions of fitness, on which every science, that has regard to the mere successions of phenomena, as reciprocally antecedent and consequent is founded.

I am aware that many authors have concurred, in not regarding *taste* as a simple faculty of the mind; but the taste, of which they speak, is chiefly the very *emotion* of pleasure, to the production of which they conceive various circumstances to be essential. The two great elements, as it appears to me, which it is of most importance to distinguish, are the emotion itself, in whatever way it may arise, and however complex it may be, and the feeling of the relation of certain forms, sounds, colours, conceptions, or various combinations of these, to this emotion as their effect,—the feeling of the relation of the one, as successive in time to the other, and of the corresponding aptitude of that other for producing it. Whatever additional analyses may be formed by philosophers of the emotion itself, *this* analysis, at least, seems to me obvious and indisputable. I proceed upon it, therefore, with confidence, and flatter myself, that you will have no difficulty in forming in your own mind the same analysis,—referring the one element to our susceptibility of the relative suggestion of fitness, that are necessarily as various, as the phenomena which precede and follow them,—the other primary element to our susceptibility of emotion.

In concluding my view of the phenomena of Simple suggestion, or, as it is more commonly termed, *Association*, I considered those various modifications of it, which philosophers from a defective analysis of the phenomena, had converted into separate intellectual powers. In concluding my view of the phenomena of *Relative Suggestion*, it may be necessary in like manner, to take such a view, though the field over which we have to move, is, in this case, a more narrow one.

The tendency of the mind, which I have distinguished by the name of *relative suggestion*, is that by which, on perceiving or conceiving objects together, we are instantly impressed with certain feelings of their mutual relation. These suggested feelings are feelings of a particular kind, and require, therefore, to be classed separately from the perceptions or conceptions, which suggest them, but do not involve them.

Our relative suggestions, then, as you have seen, are those feelings of relation, which arise from the perception or conception of two or more objects, or two or more affections of our mind,—feelings which are of considerable variety, and which I classed under two heads, as the relations of *coexistence* and the relations of *succession*. It is easy for us in every case, to separate this feeling of relation from the perceptions or conceptions themselves. We perceive or conceive objects;—we feel them to be variously related; and the feeling of the

relation itself is not more mysterious, than the perception or simple suggestion, which may have given rise to it. The law of mind, by which on considering four and eight, I feel a certain relation of proportion,—the same precise relation, which I feel, on considering together five and ten, fifty and a hundred,—is as clear and intelligible a law of our mental constitution, as that by which I am able to form the separate notion, either of four or eight, five or ten, fifty or a hundred.

With this susceptibility of relative suggestion, the faculty of judgment, as that term is commonly employed, may be considered as nearly synonymous ; and I have accordingly often used it as synonymous, in treating of the different relations that have come under our review.

But those who ascribe judgment to man, ascribe to him also another faculty, which they distinguish by the name of *reason*,—though reasoning itself is found, when analysed, to be nothing more than a *series of judgments*. The whole is thus represented as something different from all the parts which compose it. Whether we reason syllogistically with the schoolmen, or according to those simpler processes of thought, which nature teaches, our reasoning is divisible into a number of consecutive judgments, or feelings of relation ; and if we take away these consecutive judgments, we have nothing behind, which can be called a ratiocination. In a simple proposition, we take one step, or feel one relation,—in an enthymeme, we take two steps, or feel two relations,—in a syllogism, we take three steps, or feel three relations ; but we never think, when we speak of the motion of our limbs, that the power of taking three steps differs essentially from the power of taking one ; and that we must, therefore, invent new names of bodily faculties for every slight variety, or even every simple repetition of movement. If this amplification of faculties would be absurd in treating of the mere motion of our limbs, it is surely not more philosophic, in the case of the intellectual exercise. Whatever is affirmed, in any stage of our reasoning, is a relation of some sort,—of which, as felt by us, the proposition that affirms the relation is only a verbal statement,—is a series of such judgments, or feelings of relation, and nothing distinct from them, though the mutual relations of the series which together form the reasoning, have led us falsely to suppose, as I have said, that the whole is something more than all the parts which constitute the whole.

The circumstance, which led to the distinction of *reason* from *judgment*, was perhaps, however, not the mere length and mutual connexion of the series, so much as that mistake with respect to the power falsely ascribed to the mind, of find-

ing out by some voluntary process, those intervening propositions, which serve as the medium of proof. The error on which this opinion is founded, I have already sufficiently exposed; and, therefore, need not repeat, at any length, the confutation of it.

We cannot *invent*, as I shewed you, a single medium of proof; but the proofs *arise* to us independently of our will, in the same manner, as the primary subject of the proposition, which we analyse in our reasoning, itself arose. The *desire* of tracing all the relations of an object, when we meditate, may coexist with the successive feelings of relations as they arise,—and it is this complex state of mind, in which intention or desire continues to coexist, with these successive feelings, to which we commonly give the name of reasoning. But it surely is not difficult to analyse this complex state, and to discover in it, as its only elements, the desire itself, with the conceptions which it involves, or which it suggests, and the separate relations of these conceptions, which rise precisely as they arose, and are felt precisely as they were felt before, on other occasions, when no such desire existed, and when the relative objects chanced to present themselves together to our perceptions, or in our loosest and most irregular trains of thought. The *permanence* of the desire, indeed, keeps the object to which it relates more permanently before us, and allows therefore, a greater variety of relative suggestions belonging to it to arise; but it does not affect the principle itself, which develops these relations. Each arises, as before, unwilling. We cannot will the feeling of a relation, for this would be to have already felt the relation which we willed; as to will a particular conception in a train of thought, would be to have already that particular conception. Yet, while this power of willing conceptions and relations was falsely ascribed to the mind, it was a very natural consequence of this mistake, that the reasoning, which involved the supposed invention, should be regarded as essentially different from the judgments, or simple feelings of relation, that involved no such exercise of voluntary power.

Reasoning then, in its juster sense, as felt by us internally, is nothing more than a series of relative suggestions, of which the separate subjects are felt by us to be mutually related—as expressed in language, it is merely a series of propositions, each of which is only a verbal statement of some relation internally felt by us. There is nothing, therefore, involved in the ratiocination independently of the accompanying desire, but a series of feelings of relation, to the susceptibility of which feelings, accordingly, the faculty called reason, and the faculty

called judgment, may equally be reduced. If we take away at each step the mere feeling of relation, the judgment is nothing, and if we take away the separate feelings termed judgments, nothing remains to be denominated reasoning.

Another faculty, with which the mind has been enriched, by those systematic writers, who have examined its phenomena, and ranked them under different powers, is the faculty of *abstraction*, a faculty by which we are supposed to be capable of separating in our thought certain parts of our complex notions, and of considering them thus abstracted from the rest.

This *supposed* faculty, however, is not merely unreal, as ascribed to the mind, but, I may add, even that such a faculty is impossible, since every exertion of it would imply a contradiction.

In abstraction, the mind is supposed to single out a particular part of some one of its complex notions, for particular consideration. But what is the state of the mind immediately preceding this intentional separation—its state at the moment in which the supposed faculty is conceived to be called into exercise? Does it not involve necessarily the very abstraction which it is supposed to produce? and must we not, therefore, in admitting such a power of voluntary separation, admit an infinite series of preceding abstractions, to account for a single act of abstraction? If we *know* what we single out, we have already performed all the separation which is necessary; if we do *not* know what we are singling out, and do not even know that we are singling out any thing, the separate part of the complex whole may, indeed, rise to our conception; but it cannot arise by the operation of any voluntary faculty. That such conceptions do indeed arise, as states of the mind, there can be no question. In every sentence which we read—in every affirmation which we make—in almost every portion of our silent train of thoughts, some decomposition of more complex perceptions or notions has taken place. The exact recurrence of any complex whole, at any two moments, is perhaps what never takes place. After we look at a scene before us, so long as to have made every part of it familiar, if we close our eyes to think of it, in the very moment of bringing our eyelids together, some change of this kind has taken place. The complex whole, which we saw the very instant before, when conceived by us in this instant succession, is no longer, in every circumstance, the same complex whole. Some part, or rather many parts, are lost altogether. A still greater number of parts are variously diversified,—and though we should still call the scene the same, it would appear to us a

very different scene, if our conception could be embodied and presented to our eye, together with the real landscape of which it seems to us the copy. If this change takes place in a single instant, at longer intervals it cannot fail to be much more considerable, though the very interval, which gives occasion to the greater diversity, prevents the diversity itself from being equally felt by us.

Abstraction then—as far as abstraction consists in the rise of conceptions in the mind, which are parts of former mental affections, more complex than these, does unquestionably occur; and since it occurs, it must occur according to laws which are truly laws of the mind, and must indicate some mental power, or powers, in consequence of which the conceptions termed abstractions arise. Is it necessary, however, to have recourse to any *peculiar* faculty, or are they not rather modifications of those susceptibilities of the mind, which have been already considered by us?

In treating of those states of the mind, which constitute our general notion, I have already, in a great measure, anticipated the remarks, which it might otherwise be necessary to offer in explanation of abstraction. The relative suggestions of resemblance are, in truth, or at least involve as parts of the suggestion,—those very feelings, for the production of which this peculiar faculty is assigned. We perceive two objects,—a rock, for example, and a tree: We press against them—they both produce in us that sensation, which constitutes our feeling of resistance. We give the name of hardness to this common property of the external objects; and our mere feeling of resemblance, when referred to the resembling objects, is thus converted into an abstraction. If we are capable of feeling the resemblance, the abstraction is surely already formed, and needs, therefore, no other power to produce it.

To that principle of *relative suggestion*, by which we feel the resemblance of objects in certain respects, to the exclusion, consequently, of all the other circumstances, in which they have no resemblance, by far the greater number of our abstractions, and those which most commonly go under that name, may, in this manner, be traced; since, in consequence of this principle of our mind, we are almost incessantly feeling some relation of similarity in objects, and omitting, in consequence, in this feeling of resemblance, the parts or circumstances of the complex whole, in which no similarity is felt. What is thus termed abstraction, is the very notion of partial similarity. It would be as impossible to regard objects as similar in certain respects, without having the conceptions termed abstract, as to see, without vision, or to hope without desire. The capacity

of the feeling of resemblance, then, is the great source of the conceptions termed abstract. Many of them, however, may be referred, not to that susceptibility of the mind, by which our relative suggestions arise, but to that other susceptibility of suggestions of another kind, which we previously considered. In those common instances of simple suggestion, which philosophers have ascribed to a principle of association, they never have thought it necessary to prove, nor have they even contended, that the feels which arise in consequence of this mere association, must be exact transcripts of the former feelings in every respect, however complex these former feelings may have been; that, when we have seen a group of objects together, no part of this group can be recalled, without the rest,—no rock, or streamlet, of a particular valley, for example, without every tree, and every branch of every tree, that were seen by us, waving over the little current, and every minute angle of the rock, as if measured with geometrical precision. Suggestions of images, so exact as this, perhaps never occur; and if every conception, therefore, which meets some circumstance of the complex perception, which has given rise to it, be the result of a faculty, which is to be termed the faculty of abstraction, the whole imagery of our thought which has been ascribed to an associating or suggesting principle, should have been considered rather as the result of this power, in its never ceasing operation. But if we allow, that in ordinary association, the principle of simple suggestion can account for the rise of conceptions, that omit some circumstances of the past, it would surely be absurd to attempt any limitation of the number of circumstances which may be omitted, by the operation of this principle alone, and to refer every circumstance that is omitted beyond this definite number, to another faculty, absolutely distinct. The truth is, that it is only of certain parts of any complex perception, that our simple suggestions, in any case, are transcripts,—that the same power, which thus, without any effort of our volition, and even without our consciousness, that such a suggestion is on the point of taking place, brings before us, only three out of four circumstances, that coexisted in some former perception, might as readily be supposed to bring before us two of the four, or only one—and that the abstraction, in such a case, would be thus as independent of our will, as the simple suggestion; since it would be in truth, only the simple suggestion, under another name, being termed an *abstraction*, merely because, in certain cases, we might be able to remember the complex whole, with the circumstances omitted in the former partial suggestion, and thus to discover, by comparison of the two

coexisting conceptions, that the one is to the other, as a whole to some part of the whole. If this comparison could be made by us in every case, there is not a single conception, in our whole train of memory or fancy, which would not equally deserve to be denominated an abstraction.

Many of the states of mind, which we term abstractions, might thus arise by mere simple suggestion, though we had not, in addition to this capacity, that susceptibility of relative suggestion, by which we discover resemblance, and to which, certainly, we are indebted for the far greater number of feelings, which are termed abstract ideas. The partial simple suggestion of the qualities of objects, in our trains of thought, is less wonderful, when we consider how our complex notions of objects are formed. In conceiving the hardness separately from the whiteness of an object, we have no feeling that is absolutely new; we only repeat the process by which our conceptions of these qualities were originally formed. We received them separately, through the medium of different senses; and each, when it recurs separately, is but the transcript of the primary separate sensation.

But even though objects, as originally perceived, had been precisely, in every respect, what they now appear to us,—concretes of many qualities—the capacity of relative suggestion, by which we feel the resemblances of objects, would be of itself, as I have said, sufficient to account for the abstractions, of which philosophers have written so much. It is superfluous, therefore, to ascribe to another peculiar faculty what must take place, if we admit only the common mental susceptibilities, which all admit. If we are capable of perceiving a resemblance of some sort, when we look at a swan and on snow, why should we be astonished that we have invented the word whiteness, to signify the common circumstances of resemblance? Or why should we have recourse for this feeling of whiteness itself to any capacity of the mind, but that which evolves to us the similarity which we are acknowledged to be capable of feeling?

Whatever our view of the origin of these partial conceptions may be, however, the truth of the general negative argument, at least, must be admitted, that we have no power of singling out, for particular consideration, any one part of the complex group; since, in the very intention of separating it from the rest, we must already have singled it out in our will, and consequently, in our thought; and that we do not need any new operation, therefore, to conceive, what we must have conceived before the supposed operation itself could take place.

I have now, then, brought to a conclusion my analysis of the intellectual phenomena; and have shown, I flatter myself, or, at least, have endeavoured to show, that all these phenomena, which are commonly ascribed to many distinct faculties, are truly referable only to *two*—the capacity of *simple* suggestion, which gives to us conceptions of external objects formerly perceived, and of all the variety of our past internal feelings, as mere conceptions, or fainter images of the past; and the capacity of *relative* suggestion, by which the objects of our perception or conception, that are themselves separate, no longer appear to us separate, but are instantly invested by us with various relations that seem to bind them to each other, as if our mind could give its own unity to the innumerable objects which it comprehends, and, like that *mighty Spirit* which once hovered over the confusion of unformed nature, convert into *a universe* what was only chaos before.

We have a capacity of *conceiving* objects,—a capacity of feeling the relations of objects,—and to those capacities all that is intellectual in our nature is reducible. In treating of the phenomena of these two powers, I have not merely examined them, as I would have done if no previous arrangements of the same phenomena had been made by philosophers, but I have examined, afterwards, those arrangements also; not omitting, as far as I know, any one of the faculties of which those writers speak. If it has appeared, therefore, in this review, that the distinctions which they have made have been founded on errors, which we have been able to trace; and that the faculties of which they speak are all, not merely reducible, but easily reducible, to the two classes of the intellectual phenomena, which I have ventured to form,—this coincidence, or facility of corresponding reduction, must be allowed to furnish a very powerful argument in support of my arrangement, since the authors who have formed systems essentially different, cannot be supposed to have accommodated the phenomena of which they treated to a system which was not their own; though a theorist himself may, in some cases, perhaps with reason, be suspected of an intentional accommodation of this sort, for the honour of his system, and in many more cases, without any intention of distorting a single fact, or omitting a single circumstance unfavourable to his own opinions, may, by the influence of those opinions, as a more habitual form of his thoughts, perceive every thing in a stronger light, which coincides with them, and scarcely perceive those objects with which they do not harmonize.

That *two* simple capacities of the mind should be sufficient to explain all the variety of intellectual phenomena, which dis-

tinguish man from man, in every tribe of savage and civilized life, may indeed seem wonderful. But of such wonders, all science is nothing more than the development—reducing, and bringing as it were, under a single glance, the innumerable objects that seemed to mock by their infinity, the very attempt of minute arrangement. The splendid profusion of apparent diversities, in that earth which we inhabit, are reduced by us chemically, to a few elements, that in their separate classes, are all similar to each other. The motions, which it would be vain for us to think of numbering, of every mass, and of every particle of every mass, have been reduced to a few laws of motion still more simple; and if we regard the universe itself in the noblest light in which it can be viewed—that which connects it with its Omnipotent Creator,—its whole infinity of wonders are to be considered as the effect but of one simple volition. At the will of God, the world arose, and when it arose, what innumerable relations were present, as it were, and involved in that creative will; the feeling of a single instant comprehending at once, what was afterwards to occupy and to fill, the whole immensity of space, and the whole eternity of time!

LECTURE LII.

RETROSPECT OF THE ORDERS OF THE PHENOMENA OF MIND,
 ALREADY CONSIDERED,—OF EMOTIONS,—CLASSIFICATION OF
 THEM, AS IMMEDIATE, RETROSPECTIVE, OR PROSPECTIVE,—
 AND EACH OF THESE SUBDIVIDED, AS IT INVOLVES, OR DOES
 NOT INVOLVE SOME MORAL AFFECTION.—I. IMMEDIATE EMO-
 TIONS, INVOLVING NO MORAL AFFECTION.—II. CHEERFULNESS
 —MELANCHOLY.

GENTLEMEN, after the attention which we have paid to the class of external affections of the mind, and to that great order of its internal affections, which I have denominated *intellectual*, the only remaining phenomena, which, according to our original division, remain to be considered by us, are our *emotions*.

This order of our internal feelings, is distinguished from the external class, by the circumstances which I have already pointed out, as the basis of the arrangement,—that they are not the immediate consequences of the presence of external objects ; but, when excited by objects without, are excited only indirectly, through the medium of those direct feelings, which are commonly termed sensations or perceptions. They differ from the other order of the same internal class,—from the intellectual states of mind, which constitute our simple or relative suggestions of memory or judgment,—by that peculiar vividness of feeling, which every one understands, but which it is impossible to express, by any verbal definition ; as truly impossible, as to define sweetness, or bitterness, a sound or a smell, in any other way, than by a statement of the circumstances in which they arise. There is no reason to fear, however, from this impossibility of verbal definition, that any one, who has tasted what is sweet or bitter, or enjoyed the pleasures of melody and fragrance, will be at all in danger of confounding these terms ; and, as little reason is there to fear, that our *emotions* will be confounded with our *intellectual* states of mind, by those who have simply remembered and compared, and have also loved, or hated, desired, or feared.

Before we proceed to consider the order of emotions, it may be interesting to cast a short glance over the other orders of the phenomena of mind, before considered by us.

In the view which we have taken of the external or sensitive affections of the mind, we have traced those laws, so simple and so efficacious, which give to the humblest individual, by the medium of his corporeal organs, the possession of that almost celestial scene, in which he is placed, till he arrives at that nobler abode which awaits him,—connecting him not merely with the earth which he treads, but indirectly, also with those other minds, which are journeying with him in the same career, and that enjoy at once, by the same medium of the senses, the same beauties and glories that are shed around them, with a profusion so divine, as almost to indicate, of themselves, that a path so magnificent is the path to Heaven. A few rays of light thus revealed to us, not forms and colours only, which are obviously visible, but latent thoughts, which no eye can see; a few particles of vibrating air, enable mind to communicate to mind, its most spiritual feelings,—to awake and be awakened mutually to science and benevolent exertion, as if truths, and generous wishes, and happiness itself, could be diffused in the very voice that scarcely floats upon the ear.

Such are our mere *sensitive feelings*, resulting from the influence of external things, on our corresponding organs, which are themselves external. The view of the *intellectual states* of the mind, to which we next proceeded, laid open to us phenomena still more astonishing—those capacities, by which we are enabled to discover in nature more than the causes of those brief separate sensations which follow the affections of our nerves,—to perceive in it proportion and design, and all those relations of parts to parts, by which it becomes to us a demonstration of the wisdom that formed it,—capacities, by which, in a single moment, we pass again over all the busiest adventures of all the years of our life, or, with a still more unlimited range of thoughts, are present, as it were, in that remote infinity of space, where no earthly form has ever been, or, in the still more mysterious infinity of time,—in ages, when the universe was not, nor any thing, but that *Eternal One*, whose immutable existence is all which we conceive of *eternity*.

Such are the wonders, of which we acquire the knowledge, in those phenomena of the mind, which have been already reviewed by us. The order of feelings, which we are next to consider, are not less important—nor important only in themselves, but also in their relation to those other phenomena which have been the subjects of our inquiry; since they com-

prehend all the higher delights which attend the exercise of our sensitive and intellectual functions. The mere pleasures of *sense*, indeed, as direct and simple pleasures, we do not owe to them; but we owe to them every thing which confers on those pleasures a more ennobling value, by the enjoyments of social affection which are mingled with them, or the gratitude which, in the enjoyment of them, looks to their Divine Author. We might, perhaps, in like manner, have been so constituted, with respect to our *intellectual* states of mind, as to have had all the varieties of these, our remembrances, judgments, and creations of fancy, without our *emotions*. But without the emotions which accompany them, of how little value would the mere intellectual functions have been? It is to our vivid feelings of this class, we must look for those *tender regards*, which make our remembrances sacred—for that love of *truth* and *glory*, and *mankind*, without which, to animate and reward us, in our discovery and diffusion of knowledge, the continued exercise of judgment would be a fatigue rather than a satisfaction—and for all that delightful wonder which we feel, when we contemplate the admirable creations of fancy, or the still more admirable beauties of the unfading model—that model which is ever before us, and the imitation of which, as has been truly said, is the only *imitation* that is itself *originality*. By our other mental functions, we are mere spectators of the machinery of the universe, living and inanimate; by our *emotions*, we are admirers of nature, lovers of man, adorers of God. The earth, without them, would be only a field of colour, inhabited by beings who may contribute, indeed, more permanently, to our means of physical comfort, than any one of the inanimate forms which we behold, but who, beyond the moment in which they are capable of affecting us with pain or pleasure, would be only like the other forms and colours, which would meet us whenever we turned our weary and listless eyes; and God himself, the source of all good, and the object of all worship, would be only the Being by whom the world was made.

In the picture which I have now given of our emotions, however, I have presented them to you in their fairest aspects; there are aspects, which they assume, as *terrible* as these are *attractive*; but even, terrible as they are, they are not the less interesting objects of our contemplation. They are the *enemies* with which our moral combat, in the warfare of life, is to be carried on; and, if there be enemies that are to assail us, it is good for us to know all the arms and all the arts with which we are to be assailed; as it is good for us to know all the misery which would await our defeat, as much as all the

if they were to be considered simply as elementary feelings. I repeat, therefore, that the order in which I intend to treat of them, will regard them in their ordinary state of complication with particular conceptions or other emotions, though I shall be careful, at the same time, to state to you, in every case, as minutely as may be in my power, the elements of which the complex whole is composed.

In treating of them in this view, the most obvious principle of general arrangement seems to me to be one of which I have already more than once availed myself,—their relation to *time*,—as *immediate*, or involving no notion of time whatever,—as *retrospective*, in relation to the past,—or as *prospective*, in relation to the future. Admiration, remorse, hope, may serve as particular instances, to illustrate my meaning in this distinction which I would make. We admire what is before us,—we feel remorse for some past crime,—we hope some future good.

In conformity with this arrangement of our emotions, as *immediate*, *retrospective*, *prospective*, the first set which we have to consider, are those which arise without involving necessarily any notion of time.

These *immediate emotions*, as I have termed them, may be subdivided according to the most interesting of their relations, as they do not involve any feeling that can be termed *moral*, or as they do involve some moral affection.

Of the former kind, which do not involve necessarily any moral affection, are *cheerfulness*, *melancholy*,—our *wonder* at what is new and unexpected,—our *mental* weariness of what is long continued without interest,—our feelings of *beauty*, and that opposite emotion, which has no corresponding and equal name, since *ugliness* can scarcely be regarded as coextensive with it,—our feelings of sublimity and ludicrousness.

To the latter subdivision may be referred the vivid feelings, that constitute to our heart what we distinguish by the names of *vice*, and *virtue*,—if these vivid feelings be considered simply as *emotions*, distinct from the judgments, which may at the same time measure actions, in reference to some particular standard of morality, or to the amount of particular or general good, which they may have tended to produce, and which might so measure them, without any moral emotion, as a mathematician measures the proportion of one figure to another, our emotions of love and hate,—of sympathy with the happy and with the miserable,—of pride and humility, in the various forms which these assume.

These, if not *all*, are at least the most important of our *immediate* emotions.

The first emotions, then, which we have to consider, of that order which has no reference to time, are Cheerfulness and Melancholy.

Cheerfulness, which, at every moment, may be considered only as a modification of joy, is a sort of perpetual gladness. It is that state, which, in every one,—even in those of the most gloomy disposition,—remains for some time after any event of unexpected happiness,—though the event itself may not be present to their conception at the time ;—and which, in many of gayer temperament, seems to be almost a constant frame of the mind. In the early period of life, this alacrity of spirit is like that bodily alacrity, with which every limb, as it bounds along, seems to have a delightful consciousness of its vigour. To suspend the mental cheerfulness, for any length of time, is, then, as difficult, as to keep fixed, for any length of time, those muscles, to which *exercise* is almost a species of *repose*, and repose itself *fatigue*. In more advanced life, this sort of animal gladness is rarer. We are not happy, without knowing why we are happy ; and though we may still be susceptible of joy, perhaps as intense, or even more intense than in our years of unreflecting merriment, our joy must arise from a *cause* of corresponding importance. Yet, even down to the close of extreme old age, there still recur occasionally some gleams of this almost instinctive happiness, like a vision of other years, or, like those brilliant and unexpected coruscations, which sometimes flash along the midnight of a wintry sky, and of which we are too ignorant of the circumstances that produce them, to know when to predict their return.

Of *Melancholy*, I may remark, in like manner, that it is a state of mind, which even the gayest must feel, for some time after any calamity, and which many feel for the greater part of life, without any particular calamity, to which they can ascribe it. Without knowing why they should be sorrowful, they still *are* sorrowful,—even though the weathercock should *not* have moved a single point nearer to the east, nor a single additional cloud given a little more shade to the vivid brightness of the sun.

I need not speak of that *extreme depression*, which constitutes the most miserable form of insanity, the most miserable disease,—that fixed and deadly gloom of soul, to which there is no sunshine in the summer sky,—no verdure or blossom in the summer field, no kindness in affection,—no purity in the very remembrance of innocence itself,—no Heaven, but hell,—

"In truth, he was a strange and wayward wight,
 Fond of each gentle and each dreadful scene,
 In darkness and in storm he found delight,
 No less than when on ocean-wave serene,
 The Southern sun diffus'd his dazzling sheen.
 Even sad vicissitudes amused his soul;
 And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
 And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
 A sigh, a tear so sweet he wish'd not to control."

The state of melancholy, as I have already remarked, when it is not constitutional and permanent, but temporary, is a state which intervenes between the absolute affliction of any great calamity, and that *peace* to which, by the benevolent arrangements of Heaven, even melancholy itself ultimately leads. As it is nearer to the time of calamity, and the consequent profound affliction,—the melancholy itself is more profound, and gradually softens into tranquillity, after a period, that is in some degree proportioned to the violence of the affliction.

"Finem dolendi, etiam qui consilio non fecerat, tempore invenit,"† says Seneca. What then, you say, shall I forget my friend? No! He is not to be forgotten. But soon, indeed, would he be forgotten, if his memory were to last only with the continuance of your grief. Fixed and sad as your brow now may be, it will soon require but a trifle to loose it into smiles. "Quid, ergo, inquis, obliviscar amici? Brevem illi apud te memoriam promittis, si cum dolore mansura est. Jam istam frontem ad risum quælibet fortuita res transferet. Non differo in longius tempus, quo desiderium omne mulcet, quo etiam accerimi luctus residant; cum primum te observare desideris, imago ista tristitiæ discedet. Nunc ipse custodis dolorem, sed custodienti quòque elabitur, eoque citius quo est acrior desinit."†

"The great philosopher Citophilus," says Voltaire, in one of the most pleasing of his little tales, "was one day in company with a female friend, who was in the utmost affliction, and who had very good reason to be so. Madam, said he to her, the Queen of England, the daughter to our great Henry, was as unfortunate as you. She was almost drowned in crossing our narrow channel, and she saw her royal husband perish on the scaffold.—I am very sorry for her, said the lady; and she began to weep her own misfortunes.

"But, said Citophilus, think of Mary Stewart. She loved very honourably, a most noble musician, who sung the finest

* Book I. Stanza xvi. and xxii.

† Epist. 63.

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I. IMMEDIATE EMOTIONS,

as *Chari*, but a demon of wrath. With what strange feelings
~~we~~ more than commiseration, must we imagine Cowper to
~~have~~ written that picturesque description, of which he was
~~himself~~ the subject:

—Look where he comes. In this embower'd alcove
 Stand close conceal'd, and see a statue move;
 Lips busy, and eyes fix'd, foot falling slow,
 Arms hanging idly down, hands clasp'd below!—
 That tongue is silent now;—that silent tongue
 Could argue once, could jest, or join the song—
 Could give advice, could censure or commend,
 Or charm the sorrows of a drooping friend.
 Now,* neither heathy wilds, nor scenes as fair
 As ever recompensed the peasant's care,
 Nor gales that catch the scent of blooming groves,
 And waft it to the mourner, as he roves,
 Can call up life, into his faded eye—
 'That passes all he sees, unheeded by.'†

Cases of this dreadful kind, however, are fortunately rare;
 —but some degree of melancholy all must have experienced—
 that internal sadness, which we diffuse unconsciously from
 our own mind over the brightest and gayest objects without,
 almost in the same manner, and with the same unflinching cer-
 tainty, as we invest them with the colours, which are only in
 our mental vision.

The scenery, which Eloise describes, is sufficiently gloomy
 of itself.—But with what additional gloom does she cloud it
 in her description:

“The darksome pines, that o'er yon rock reclined,
 Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
 The wandering streams that shine between the hills,
 The grotts that echo to the tinkling rills,
 The dying gales, that pant upon the trees,
 The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
 No more these scenes my meditation aid,
 Or lull to rest the visionary maid;
 But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
 Long-sounding aisles and intermingled graves,
 Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
 A deathlike silence, and a dread repose.
 Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
 Shades every flower, and darkens every green,
 Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
 And breathes a browner horror on the woods.”‡

Of the melancholy of common life, there are two species

* Then,—Orig.

† Cowper's Poems. Retirement, v. 283—286. 289—292. 331—2. 337—340.

‡ Pope's Epistle of Eloise to Abelard, v. 155—170.

that have little resemblance. There is a *sullen gloom*, which disposes to unkindness, and every bad passion ; a fretfulness, in all the daily and hourly intercourse of familiar life, which, if it weary at last the assiduities of friendship, sees only the neglect which it has *forced*, and not the perversity of humour which gave occasion to it, and soon learns to hate, therefore, what it considers as ingratitude and injustice,—or, which, if friendship be still assiduous as before, sees, in these very assiduities, a proof not of the strength of that affection, which has forgotten the acrimony to sooth the supposed uneasiness which gave it rise, but a proof that there has been no offensive acrimony to be forgotten, and persists, therefore, in every peevish caprice, till the domestic tyranny become habitual. This melancholy temper, so poisonous to the happiness, not of the individual only, but of all those who are within the circle of its influence, and who feel their misery the more, because it may, perhaps, arise from one whom they strive, and vainly strive, to love, is the temper of a vulgar mind. But there is a melancholy of a gentler species, a melancholy which, as it arises, in a great measure, from a view of the sufferings of man, disposes to a warmer love of man the *sufferer*, and which is almost as essential to the finer emotions of virtue, as it is to the nicer sensibilities of poetic genius. This social and intellectual effect of philosophic melancholy is described with a beautiful selection of moral images, by the Author of the *Seasons*.

“ He comes ! he comes ! in every breeze the Power
Of Philosophic Melancholy comes !
His near approach the sudden-starting tear,
The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,
The soften'd feature, and the beating heart,
Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.
O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes !
Inflames imagination ; through the breast
Infuses every tenderness ; and far
Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought,
Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such
As never mingled with the vulgar dream,
Crowd fast into the mind's creative eye.
As fast the correspondent passions rise,
As varied, and as high ; Devotion rais'd
To rapture, and divine astonishment ;
The love of Nature, unconfin'd, and, chief,
Of human race : the large ambitious wish,
To make them blest ; the sigh for suffering worth
Lost in obscurity ; the noble scorn
Of tyrant pride ; the fearless great resolve ;
The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
Inspiring glory through remotest time ;
Th' awaken'd throb for virtue, and for fame :

The sympathies of love, and friendship dear ;
With all the social offspring of the heart.”^o

The same influence is, by another poet, made peculiarly impressive, by a very happy artifice. In Akenside’s Ode to Cheerfulness, which opens with a description of many images and impressions of gloom, and in which the Power, who alone can dispel them, is invoked to perform this divine office, he returns at last to those images of tender sorrow, which he would be unwilling to lose, and for the continuance of which, therefore, he invokes that very cheerfulness, which he had seemed before to invoke for a gayer purpose :—

“ Do thou conduct my fancy’s dreams,
To such indulgent placid themes,
As just the struggling breast may cheer
And just suspend the starting tear,
Yet leave that sacred sense of woe,
Which none but friends and lovers know.”†

How universally a certain degree of disposition to melancholy, is supposed to be connected with genius, at least with poetic genius, is manifest from every description which has been given by those who have formed imaginary pictures of the rise and progress of this high character of thought. The descriptions, I have said, are imaginary, but they still show sufficiently the extent of that observation, on which so general an agreement must have been founded. The melancholy, indeed, is not inconsistent with occasional emotions of an opposite kind ; on the contrary, it is always supposed to be coupled with a disposition to mirth, on occasions in which others see perhaps as little cause of merriment, as they before saw of melancholy,—but the general character to which the mind most readily returns, is that of sadness,—a sadness, however, of that gentle and benevolent kind, of which I before spoke. The picture which Beattie gives of his Minstrel, is exactly of this kind ; and even if it had not absolute truth, must be allowed to have at least that relative truth, which consists in agreement with the notion, which every one, of himself, would have been disposed previously to form :—

“ And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy ;
Deep thought oft seem’d to fix his infant eye ;
Dainties he heeded not, nor gaud, nor toy,
Save one short pipe, of rudest minstrelsy.
Silent when glad,—affectionate though shy ;
And now his look was most demurely sad,
And now he laugh’d aloud, yet none knew why ;
The neighbours stared and sigh’d, yet bless’d the lad ;
Some deem’d him wondrous wise, and some believed him mad.

^o Thomson’s Seasons. Autumn, v. 1002—1027.

† V. 157—162.

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 Fond of each gentle and each dreadful scene,
 In darkness and in storm he found delight,
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tenor in the world. Her husband killed her musician before her very eyes; and afterwards her good friend, and good relation, Queen Elizabeth, who first kept her in prison eighteen years, contrived to have her beheaded on a scaffold, covered with the finest black.—That was very cruel, answered the lady; and she sunk back into her melancholy as before.

“You have perhaps heard of the beautiful Joan of Naples, said the comforter. She was seized, you know, and strangled. I have a confused remembrance of it, said the lady.

“I must tell you, added the other, the adventures of a queen, who was dethroned in my own time, after supper, and who died in a desert island.—I know the whole story, she replied.

“Well, then, how can you think of being so miserable, when so many queens and great ladies have been miserable before you. Think of Hecuba! Think of Niobe!—Ah! said the lady, if I had lived in their time, or in the time of those beautiful princesses of whom you speak; and, if to comfort *them*, you had told them *my* griefs, do you think they would have listened to you?

“The next day the philosopher lost his only son, and was at the very point of death with affliction. The lady got a list made out of all the *kings* who had lost their children, and carried it to the philosopher. He read it,—found the list to be very accurate, and did not weep the less. Three months afterwards, they met again, and were quite astonished, at meeting, to find themselves so gay. They resolved immediately to erect a beautiful statue to Time, and ordered this inscription to be put upon it, ‘*To the Comforter.*’”*

The tale, it must be admitted, is a very faithful picture of the power of time, the universal comforter, and of the comparative inefficacy of the ordinary topics of consolation. But how is it, that time does produce this effect? Some remarks, which I formerly made in treating of association, will aid us, I think, in explaining the mystery.

A very easy solution of it, is sometimes attempted by the analogy of bodily pains and pleasures, which become more tolerable in the one case, and less delightful in the other case, when long continued; and the analogy must be admitted to a considerable extent—but is far from affording the complete solution required. We feel bodily pain, indeed, less acutely, after long torture, because our nervous frame is oppressed by the continued suffering. But in the case of grief, there is

* Les deux Consolés, Œuvres, 4to edit. of 1771, t. xiv. p. 86, 87, with certain exclusions.

not this oppression ; and when we have ceased to grieve for one calamity, we are still as susceptible as before of the emotion itself, and require only some new calamity to feel again, with the same acuteness, all the agony which we suffered.

It is not mere corporeal exhaustion, therefore, that can account for the diminution of sorrow. It is because the source of the sorrow itself is removed as it were at a distance, and has admitted in the meanwhile, of various soothing associations ; and, still more, of various other emotions, which, without any relation to our grief itself, have modified and softened it, by exciting an interest that was incompatible with it, or rather that changed its very nature, by the union with it which they may have formed.

The melancholy emotion, which remains after any great affliction,—after the death, for example, of a husband or a child, is, of course, when recent, combined with few feelings that do not harmonize with the grief itself, and augment it, perhaps, rather than diminish it. In a short term, however, from the mere unavoidable events of life, other feelings, suggested by these events, combine with that melancholy, with which they *coexist*, so as to form with it one complex state of mind. When the melancholy remembrance recurs, it recurs, therefore, not as it was before, but as modified by the combination of these new feelings. In the process of time, other feelings, that may casually, but frequently coexist with it, combine with it in like manner ; the complex state of mind partaking thus gradually less and less of the nature of that pure affliction, which constituted the original sorrow, till at length it becomes so much softened and diversified by repeated combinations, as scarcely to retain the same character, and to be rather sadness, or a sort of gentle tenderness, than affliction. The coexistence of the melancholy thought, when it recurs, with other new feelings that may be accidentally excited at the time, constitutes, then, I conceive, one of the chief circumstances on which the softening influence depends.

It must be remembered too, as a very strong circumstance additional, that the effect is not confined to the *direct feeling itself*, but that every surrounding object, which before was associating perhaps chiefly with the object of regret, and recalled this object more frequently than any other, becomes afterwards associated with other objects, which it recalls more frequently than the object of regret, in consequence of that secondary law of suggestion, by which feelings, recently coexisting or proximate, rise again more readily in mutual succession.

There is scarcely an object which can meet a father's eye,

soon after the death of his child, which does not bring that child before him, thus aggravating, at every moment, the sorrow which was felt the very moment preceding. If, even at this period of recent affliction, we could, by any contrivance, prevent these melancholy suggestions, by suggestions of a different kind, it is evident, that we should not merely prevent the aggravations of distress which they occasion, but could not fail even to alleviate what was felt before, by the revival of thoughts and emotions, which would have no peculiar relation to the object lost. This, which *we* cannot by any contrivance completely produce, is the effect which *time* necessarily produces, by rendering stronger the suggestion of recent objects and events, and thus making every thing which meets our eyes, a memorial of every thing more than of him whom we lament. What time more fully produces, is produced, in some degree, by mere change of scene,—especially if the country through which we pass be new to us—and is produced evidently in both cases, by the operation of the same principle.

Another very abundant source of the misery which is felt, in such a recent affliction, is the relation of the object lost to all the plans which have engaged us, and all the hopes which we have been forming. These, as the recent objects of thought, and its liveliest objects, must of course, by the operation of the common laws of suggestion, frequently arise to the mind. They all now, however, seem frustrated, and our whole life, as it were, in those feeling which alone constituted life to us, suddenly rent or broken. He who listens to the lamentations of a disconsolate parent, for the loss of an only child, cannot fail to perceive how much of the affliction depends on this very circumstance, and how readily the delightful cares of education in past years, and the equally delightful hopes of years that were to come, arise to embitter the anguish of the present. These cares and hopes must *then* arise, indeed, because they were the chief feelings with which the mind has been occupied. In the progress of time, however, other cares and other hopes, unconnected with the last object of regard, must necessarily engage the mind; and these, as more recent, arise, of course, more readily by suggestion, and thus fill not the busy hours of action only, but the very hours of meditation and repose.

On these causes combined, I conceive the soothing influence of time to depend. The melancholy is less frequently excited, because fewer objects now recall it, and it is at the same time gentler when it is excited; because it rises now, mingled, as it were, with other feelings that have at different times coexisted

with it, and modified it; and these circumstances, if they be not sufficient to account for the tranquillity, or serene grief, which ultimately arises, must at least be allowed to be circumstances that concur powerfully with whatever other unknown circumstance may be instrumental in producing the same happy influence.

Of the facts which this theory of the mollifying influence of time assumes, there can be no question. The same principle, by which the objects that surround us were originally connected with the conception of the object of our regret, must, of course, continue its operation, when that object itself has certainly ceased to exist, and must connect new objects, therefore, as it before connected the past. In like manner the principle which led to the combination of feelings that gave peculiar vividness to any one of our emotions, must continue to combine new feelings with the very affliction; and to combine new feelings with it, is in some degree to alter its nature, in the same way as the thousand offices of kindness, to which reciprocal friendship gives occasion, alter continually, by augmenting with their own united influence, those simple feelings of regard in which the friendship had its origin.

Such, then, is the bountiful provision of Heaven, that man cannot long be wretched, from griefs to which his own guilt has not led,—and that sorrow, even though it had nothing else to comfort it, derives a never-failing comfort from that very continuance of affliction, which, but for our experience, might have seemed capable only of aggravating it. Time is truly *the comforter*, at once lessening the tendency to suggestion of images of sorrow, and softening that very sorrow when the images arise.

LECTURE LIII.

1. IMMEDIATE EMOTIONS, WHICH DO NOT NECESSARILY INVOLVE ANY MORAL FEELING, CONTINUED.—II. WONDER AT WHAT IS NEW AND STRANGE—UNEASY LANGUOR WHEN THE SAME UNVARIED FEELINGS HAVE LONG CONTINUED.—III. ON BEAUTY AND ITS REVERSE.

IN my last Lecture, Gentlemen, I entered on the consideration of our Emotions ; and after stating the small number of elementary feelings to which they seem to admit of being reduced, and the reasons which led me to prefer the consideration of them in the complex state in which they usually exist, I proceeded to arrange these complex varieties of them, in three divisions, according to the relation which they bear to time, as *immediate*, *retrospective*, *prospective*. There are certain emotions which arise or continue in our mind, without referring to any particular object or time, such as cheerfulness or melancholy ; or which regard their objects simply as existing, without involving, necessarily, any notion of time whatever,—such as wonder, or our feelings of beauty or sublimity ;—these I denominate *immediate*. There are certain others which regard their objects as past, and which cannot exist without this notion of the past, such as remorse, or revenge, or gratitude ; these I denominate *retrospective* emotions. There are certain others, which regard their objects as future, such as the whole tribe of our desires ;—these I denominate *prospective* emotions.

It was to the first of these divisions, of course, that I proceeded in the first place ; and since man, in the most important light in which we can consider him, is a social being, united by his emotions with whatever he can love or pity, or respect or adore, these and other moral emotions, seemed to form a very proper subdivision of this particular order, as distinct from the emotions, of the same order in which no moral feeling is involved.

The immediate emotions, in which no moral feeling is involved, and which admit, therefore, of being arranged apart, : found to be the following—cheerfulness, melancholy,—our

wonder at what is new or unexpected, and that emotion of languid uneasiness, which arises from the long continuance of the same objects, or of objects so nearly similar, as scarcely to afford the refreshment of variety—our feeling of beauty, and the emotion opposite to that of beauty—the emotion excited by objects which we term sublime, and the emotion almost opposite to this, excited by objects which we term ludicrous.

I proceeded, accordingly, to consider these in their order; and in my last Lecture, offered some remarks on the first two in the series—cheerfulness and melancholy, that are obviously mere forms of two of the elementary feelings mentioned by me. I now then proceed to the consideration of the next in our arrangement—our feeling of *wonder* at what is new and strange, and of uneasy langour, when the same unvaried feelings have long continued.

Long before we are capable of philosophizing on the different states of our mind, in different circumstances, or even of preserving any distinct memory of these states, for subsequent speculations on their nature, we have already become familiar with many of the most important successions of events in that part of the physical universe, with which we are immediately connected, so that it is impossible for us to form any conjecture which can be said to approach to certainty, as to the positive nature of our primary feelings, when these successions of events were first observed by us. It seems most probable, however, that the feeling of wonder, which now attends any striking event that is unexpected by us, would not arise in the infant mind, on the occurrence of events, all of which might be regarded as equally new to it; since wonder implies not the mere feeling of novelty, but the knowledge of some other circumstances which were expected to occur, and is therefore, I conceive, inconsistent with absolute ignorance.

At present, with the experience which we have acquired of the order of physical changes, the situation of the mind is very different, on the occurrence of any seeming irregularity. The phenomena of nature are conceived by us, not as separate events, but as uniformly consequent in certain series. We, therefore, do not only see the present, but *seeing* the present, we *expect* the future. When the circumstances, which we observe in any case, are very similar to the circumstances formerly observed by us, we anticipate the future with confidence,—when the circumstances are considered different, but have many strong similarities to the past, we make the same anticipation, but not with confidence,—and if the event should

prove to be different from the event anticipated by us, we treasure it up, for regulating our future anticipations in similar circumstances; but we do this without any emotion of astonishment at the new event itself. It is when we have anticipated with confidence, and our anticipation has been disappointed by some unexpected result, that the astonishment arises, and arises always with greater or less vividness of feeling, according to the strength of that belief, which the expectation involved.

When new and striking objects occur, therefore, in any of the physical trains of events,—or when familiar objects occur to us, in situations in which we are far from expecting to find them, a certain emotion arises, to which we give the name of astonishment, or surprise, or wonder, but which, whatever the name may be, is truly the same state of mind,—at least, as an emotion, the same;—though different names may be given, with distinctive propriety, to this *one emotion*,—when combined or not combined with a process of rapid intellectual inquiry, or with other feelings of the same class.

When the emotion arises simply, for instance, it may be termed, and is more commonly termed, *surprise*;—when the surprise thus excited by the unexpected occurrence, leads us to dwell upon the object which excited it, and to consider, in our mind, what the circumstances may have been, which have led to the appearance of the object, the surprise is more commonly termed wonder, which, as we may dwell on the object long, and consider the possibilities of many circumstances, that may have led to the unexpected introduction of it, is, of course, more lasting than the instant surprise, which was only its first stage.

Still, however, though the terms in this sense be not strictly synonymous, but expressive of states, more or less complex, the *wonder* differs from the *surprise*, only by the new elements which are added to this primary emotion, and not by any original diversity of the emotion itself. Whether it be a familiar object, which we perceive in unexpected circumstances, or an object that is itself as new as it is unexpected, the first feeling of astonishment,—which is the emotion now considered by us,—is the same in kind, however different the series of subsequent feelings may be. We may feel, for example, only the momentary surprise itself, or we may begin to consider what circumstances are the most likely to have occasioned the presence of the object, and our surprise is, by this union of uncertain and fluctuating thought, converted into *wonder*,—or we may be struck at the same time with the beauty or grandeur of the new object, and our mixed emotion of the novelty

and beauty combined, will obtain the name of admiration,—the simple primary emotion, which we term surprise or astonishment, being in all these cases the same, and being only modified by the feelings of various kinds, that afterwards arise, and coexist with it.

In the History of Astronomy,—that very elegant specimen of scientific history, which Dr. A. Smith has bequeathed to us, in one of the Essays of his posthumous volume,—he commences his inquiry, with some remarks on the emotion which we are now considering,—and contends, as many other philosophers have contended, for an essential distinction of the varieties of the emotion, both with respect to the objects that excite these varieties, and to the nature of the feelings themselves.

What is new and singular, he conceives to excite that feeling,—or *sentiment*, as he terms it,—which in strict propriety, is called wonder; what is unexpected, that different feeling which is commonly termed surprise.

“We wonder,” he says, “at all extreme and uncommon objects,—at all the rarer phenomena of nature,—at meteors, comets, eclipses,—at singular plants and animals,—and at every thing, in short, with which we have before been either little, or not at all acquainted; and we still wonder, though forewarned of what we are to see.”

“We are surprised,” he continues, “at those things which we have seen *often*, but which we least of all expected to meet with in the place where we find them; we are surprised at the sudden appearance of a friend, whom we have seen a thousand times, but whom we did not imagine we were to see then.”*

This distinction, which Dr. Smith makes of wonder and surprise, seems, when we first consider it, a very obvious and accurate one; and yet I conceive, that if we analyse it more minutely, the difference, as I have already endeavoured to shew, is more in the circumstances, in which the emotions arise; and the thoughts, which are the consequence of the emotions, than in these emotions themselves, as simple feelings of the mind. The circumstances in which they arise, are obviously very different; since, in the one case, the object is familiar, in the other new, and the consequences are usually as different; since in the one case, we are generally able to discover, by mere inquiry, what has led to the presence of the familiar object, in the unexpected situation,—and when we know this, we know every thing; or cease to think of it, if

* Page 2d of *Essays on Philosophical Subjects*, by the late Dr. Smith. With his life prefixed, by D. Stewart, Esq.

such inquiry be ineffectual. In this case, therefore, there is little fluctuation of doubtful and varying conjecture, blending with the emotion and modifying it. In the other case, the very *novelty* of the object is gratifying to our love of the new, which is one of the strongest of our desires, and leads us to dwell on it, with particular interest, while this very novelty, or uncommonness, which stimulates our curiosity to observe and inquire, renders inquiry less easy to be satisfied; and *one* inquiry, even when satisfactorily answered, far from giving us all the knowledge which we desire, leaves of course, when the object is one with which we are unacquainted, many new properties to be investigated. In the one case, that in which a familiar object appears to us, where we did not expect to find it, there is only surprise, or little more; in the other case, when the object itself is new to us, there is surprise followed by many very doubtful conjectures; and, during these conjectures, from the little satisfaction which they afford, a constant recurrence and mingling of the surprise, with the imperfect inquiries. It is not the emotion, therefore, which is different itself, but the mixture of inquiry and emotion, which, coexisting, form a state of mind different from the simple emotion itself. "The imagination and memory," to use Dr. Smith's own words, "exert themselves to no purpose, and in vain look around all their classes of ideas, in order to find one, under which it may be arranged. They fluctuate to no purpose, from thought to thought; and we remain still uncertain and undetermined, where to place it, or what to think of it. It is this fluctuation, and vain recollection, together with the emotion or movement of the spirits that they excite, which constitute the sentiment properly called wonder, and which occasion that staring, and sometimes that rolling of the eyes, that suspension of the breath, and that swelling of the heart, which we may all observe, both in ourselves and others, when wondering at some new object; and which are the natural symptoms of uncertain and undetermined thought. What sort of a thing can that be? What is that like? are the questions which, upon such an occasion, we are all naturally disposed to ask. If we can recollect many such objects, which exactly resemble this new appearance, and which present themselves to the imagination *naturally*, and, as it were, of their own accord, our wonder is entirely at an end. If we can recollect but a few, and which it requires, too, some trouble to be able to call up, our wonder is, indeed, diminished, but not quite destroyed. If we can recollect none, but are quite at a loss, it is the greatest possible."*

* Essay, &c. page 12.

Even from this very description which Dr. Smith has given us,—a description which seems to be, in its chief circumstance, a very faithful picture of the phenomena of wonder,—it might be collected, that wonder, as a *mere emotion*, independently of the trains of thought that may mingle with it, does not differ essentially from *surprise*; and so completely does he forget the distinction, laid down by himself, which would confine wonder and surprise to distinct objects, that he afterwards speaks of them both as produced by the same object, remarking, that when one accustomed object appears after another, which it does not usually follow, it first excites, by its unexpectedness, the sentiment properly called surprise, and afterwards, by the singularity of the succession, or order of its appearance, the sentiment properly called wonder. “We start and are surprised at seeing it there, and then wonder how it came there;”^{*}—that is to say, if I may attempt the analysis, according to the view which I have given you, of the complex state, or states of mind described,—we are first surprised at the appearance of the unaccustomed object,—we are desirous of knowing what circumstances have led to the appearance,—and, by the various relations which the circumstances perceived bear to other circumstances that may have been present unobserved, and the consequent operation of the laws of suggestion, not one object only occurs, as a cause in which we might immediately acquiesce, but various possible causes arise to the mind, in judging of which we pass rapidly from one probability to another, and are lost and perplexed with a sort of anxious irresolution. The application of *both* terms to the emotions excited by *one object*, in our peculiar situation, is, however, as I have before remarked, a sufficient proof that Dr. Smith had either forgotten his original distinction of wonder and surprise, or had seen that the distinction, precise and apposite as it appears at first, involves truly no specific difference of the astonishment itself, but merely of the circumstances which precede or attend it.

The defective analysis, however, on which the distinction of the mere emotion appears to me to be founded,—if I may venture to term it defective,—is an error of much less consequence than another error of Dr. Smith with respect to surprise,—and an error which seems rather incongruous with his former speculation, as to the supposed difference which we have been now considering. Surprise he thinks to be nothing more than the sudden changes of feelings which are commonly regarded, and, I conceive, truly regarded, as only the circum-

stances which give occasion to the surprise, not the surprise itself. "Surprise," he says, "is not to be regarded as an original emotion, of a species distinct from all others. The violent and sudden change produced upon the mind, when an emotion of any kind is brought suddenly upon it, constitutes the whole nature of surprise."* Now if there be any emotion which is truly original, it really seems to me very difficult to discover one, which could have a better claim to this distinction, than surprise. It certainly is not involved in either of the successive perceptions, or conceptions, or feelings of any kind, the unusual successions of which, appear to us surprising; and, if it be not even in the slightest degree involved, in either of them separately, it cannot be involved in the two, which contain nothing more, as successive, than they contained separately. When the two are regarded by the mind as objects, indeed, they may give rise to feelings which are not involved in themselves, and the emotion of surprise may be, or rather truly is, one of these secondary feelings; but the surprise is then an original emotion, distinct from the primary states of mind which gave rise to it, indeed, but do not constitute it. Sudden joy, and sudden sorrow, even in their most violent extremes, might succeed each other, reciprocally, in endless succession, without exciting surprise, if the mind had been unsusceptible of any other feelings than joy and sorrow. Surprise is evidently not joy,—it is as evidently not sorrow,—nor is it a combination of joy and sorrow,—it is surely, therefore, something different from both; and we may say with confidence, that before the mind can be astonished at the succession of the two feelings, it *must* have been rendered susceptible, at least, of *a third feeling*.

The error of Dr. Smith, in this case, is precisely the same as that fundamental error which we before traced in the system of Condillac and the other French metaphysicians,—the error of supposing that a feeling, which is the consequence of certain other previous feelings, is only another form of those very feelings themselves. Joy and sorrow, as mere states or affections of the mind, are as truly different from that state or affection of mind, which we term *surprise*, that may arise from the rapid succession of the two former states, as the fragrance of a rose, the bitterness of wormwood, or any other of our mere sensations, differs from those emotions of gratitude or revenge, into which these, or similar mere sensations, are, according to the very strange doctrine of Condillac, *transformed*,—though, as we found, in examining that system.

which assumes without any proof, what it would certainly not have been very easy to prove,—all which constitutes the supposed transformation, is the mere priority of one set of feelings and subsequence, in time, of another.

Surprise, in like manner, is not, as Dr. Smith contends, a mere rapid change of feelings, but is a *new* feeling, to which that rapid change gives rise,—a state of mind, as clearly distinguishable from the primary feelings, that may have given occasion to it, as gratitude is distinguishable from the mere memory of kindness received,—or revenge, as an emotion from that mere feeling of injury received, which attends it, indeed, forever in the mind of the vindictive, but preceded the first desire of vengeance that was kindled by the thought.

The importance of our susceptibility of this emotion of surprise at things unexpected, as a part of our mental constitution, is very obvious. It is in new circumstances that it is most necessary for us to be upon our guard; because, from their novelty, we cannot be aware of the effects that attend them, and require, therefore, more than usual caution, where foresight is impossible. But, if new circumstances had not produced feelings peculiarly vivid, little regard might have been paid to them, and the evil, therefore, might have been suffered, before alarm was felt. Against this danger nature has most providentially guarded us. We cannot feel surprise, without a more than ordinary interest in the objects which may have excited this emotion, and a consequent tendency to pause, till their properties have become, in some degree, known to us. Our *astonishment* may thus be considered as a voice from that Almighty Goodness, which constantly protects us, that, in circumstances, in which inattention might be perilous, whispers, or almost cries to us, Beware!

Of a kind very different from astonishment, which implies unexpected novelty, is the emotion of weary and languid uneasiness, which we feel from the long continuance of one unvaried object, or from a succession of objects so nearly similar, as scarcely to appear varied. Even objects that originally excited the highest interest, if long continued, cease to interest, and soon become painful. Who, that is not absolutely deaf, could sit for a whole day in a music-room, if the same air, without any variation, were begun again in the very instant of its last note? The most beautiful couplet of the most beautiful poem, if repeated to us without intermission, for a very few minutes, would excite more uneasiness than could have been felt from a single recitation of the dullest stanza of the most soporific inditer of rhymes. By a little wider extension of this principle, we may perceive, how the very excellence of a work

of genius often operates against it, in the later estimation which we form of it. What is intrinsically excellent, may, indeed, admit of being frequently perused, without any diminution, or, perhaps, even with increase of pleasure,—a circumstance which has been assigned as the distinguishing mark of excellence in works of this sort. But there are limits to this susceptibility of repeated perusal with delight; and, if a work be very excellent,—especially if the work be comprised in small compass—we are in great danger of passing these limits, till it become too familiar to us to give us any direct pleasure; and, if it were not for our remembrance of the pleasure which we formerly received, we might be led to think it incapable of giving us very high delight, merely because it has given us so much delight, as to have wearied us with the too frequent voluntary repetition of it.

What works of genius gain with the multitude by extensive diffusion of the admiration which they excite when very popular, they thus often lose, in its intensity, as a permanent feeling of individuals. How weary are we of many of the lines of our best poets, which are quoted to us forever, by those who read only what others quote; and the same remark may be made as to those longer passages, or whole pieces, which are collected in the volumes of so many publishers of *beauties*, as they term them, who see only the beauties which others have seen, and extract, therefore, and collect only what their compiling predecessors have extracted and collected—presenting to us, very nearly the same volumes, with little more than the difference of the order of the pages. What we admired when we read it first, fatigues and disappoints us when we meet with it so often; and the author appears to us almost trite and common, in his most original images, merely because these images are so very beautiful, as to have become some of the common places of rhetorical selection. He gains, indeed, by this *ubiquity*, many admirers, whom he otherwise would not have found; but he loses probably more than he gains, by the diminished pleasure which he affords to the few whose approbation is far more than equal in value to the homage of a multitude of dull admirers.

In travelling over a flat country, amid unvaried scenery, how weary does the mind become! and what refreshment would a single eminence give, that might shew us at a distance, rivers, and woods, and villages, and lakes, or perhaps the ocean, still more remote; or at least something more than a few *heggs*, which, if they shew us any thing, seem to shew us constantly the same meadow which they have been shewing us miles before. Notwithstanding our certainty, that a road,

without one turn, must lead us sooner to our journey's end, it would be to our mind, and thus indirectly to our body also, which is soon weary when the mind is weary, the most fatiguing of all roads. A very long avenue is sufficiently wearying, even when we see the house which is at the end of it. But what patience could travel for a whole day, along one endless avenue, with perfect parallelism of the two straight lines, and with trees of the same species and height, succeeding each other exactly at the same intervals? In a journey like this, there would be the same comfort in being blind, as there would be in a little temporary deafness, in the case before imagined of the same unvaried melody endlessly repeated in a music-room.

I need not, however, seek any additional illustrations of a fact, which, I may take for granted, is sufficiently familiar to you all, without any illustration. You cannot fail to have been subject to the influence of which I speak, in some one or other of its forms; and may remember that weariness of mind, which you would gladly have exchanged for weariness of body; and which it is perhaps more difficult to bear with good humour, than many profound griefs;—because it involves, not merely the uneasiness of the uniformity itself, but the greater uneasiness of hope, that is renewed every moment to be every moment disappointed. The change, which we know must come, seems yet never to come. In the case of the supposed journey of a day along one continued avenue, there can be no doubt, that the uniformity of similar trees, at similar distances, would itself be most wearisome. But what we should feel with far more fretfulness, would be the constant disappointment of our expectation, that the last tree, which we beheld in the distance, would be the last that was to rise upon us; when tree after tree, as if in mockery of our very patience itself, would still continue to present the same dismal continuity of line.

The great utility of this uneasiness, that arises from the uniformity of impressions, which may even have been originally pleasing, it is surely superfluous for me to point out. Man is formed, not for rest, but for action; and if there were no weariness on a repetition of the past, the most general of all motives to action would be instantly suspended. We *act*, that is to say, we perform what is new, because we are desirous of some result, which is new; and we are desirous of the new, because the old, which itself was once new, presents to us no longer the same delight. If the old appeared to us, as it once appeared to us, we should rest in it with most indolent content.

"Hope, eager Hope, the assassin of our joy,
 All present blessings treading under foot,
 Is scarce a milder tyrant than Despair.
 Possession, why more tasteless than pursuit?
 Why is a wish far dearer, than a crown?"*

It is not because Hope treads our present blessings under foot, that they seem to us to have lost their brightness, but, in a great measure, because they already seem to us to have faded, that we yield to the illusions of that Hope, which promises us continually some blessing more bright and less perishable,—from the enjoyment of which it is afterwards to seduce us with a similar deceit.

The diminished pleasure, however, fading into positive uneasiness, which thus arises from uniformity of the past, answers, as we have seen, the most benevolent purposes. It is to our mind, what the corresponding pain of hunger is to our bodily health. It gives an additional excitement, even to the active; and to far the greater number of mankind, it is, perhaps, the only excitement which could rouse them, from the sloth of ease, to those exertions, by which their intellectual and moral powers are, in some degree, at least more invigorated,—or by which, notwithstanding all their indifference to the welfare of others, they are forced to become the unintentional benefactors of that society, to which otherwise they might not have given the labours of a single bodily exertion, or even of a single thought.

After these remarks, on two of our very common emotions, I proceed to that which is next in the order of our arrangement.

"And lo! disclosed in all her smiling pomp,
 Where Beauty, onward moving, claims the praise
 Her charms inspire.—O, source of all delight,†
 O thou, that kindest, in each human breast,
 Love, and the wish of poets, when their tongue
 Would teach to other bosoms what so charms
 Their own!—Thee, form divine! thee, Beauty, thee,
 The regal dome, and thy enlivening ray,
 The mossy roofs adore: thou, better Sun!
 For ever beamest on the enchanted heart,
 Love, and harmonious wonder, and delight
 Poetic!—Brightest progeny of Heaven!
 How shall I trace thy features! where select
 The roscate hues to emulate thy bloom!"‡

* Night Thoughts, VII. v. 107—109, and 112, 113.

† "O Beauty, source of praise."—Orig.

‡ Pleasures of Imagination, B. I. v. 271—3. Second form of the poem, v. 282, 284—7, (from "O, source," to "their own!") First form of the poem, v. 275,—282.

The emotions of beauty, and the feelings opposed to those of beauty, to which I now proceed, are, next to our moral emotions, the most interesting of the whole class. They are emotions, indeed, which, in their effects, either of vice or virtue, may almost be considered as *moral*,—being mingled, if not with our own moral actions, at least in our contemplation of the moral actions of others, which we cannot admire, without making them, in some measure, our own, by that desire of imitating them, which, in such a case, it is scarcely possible for us not to feel,—or which, in like manner, we cannot view with disgust and abhorrence, without some strengthening in ourselves of the virtues, that are opposite to the vices which we consider.

Delightful as our emotions of beauty are,—important as they are, in their indirect effects,—and universally as they are felt, there is, perhaps no class of feelings, in treating which so little precision has been employed by philosophers, and on which so little certainty has been attained. It is a very striking, though a quaint remark, of an old French writer, La Chambre, in his Treatise on the Characters of the Passions, that beauty has had a sort of double effect, in depriving men of their reason. “The greatest men,” says he, “who have felt its effects, have been ignorant of its cause,—and we may say, that it has made them lose their reason, both when they have been touched with the charms of it, and when they have attempted to say any thing about that very charm which they felt.”

So many, indeed, have been the opinions of philosophers, on this subject,—and opinions so very confused, and so very contradictory, that I conceive it safest, to proceed at once to the consideration of the subject itself, without attempting to give you any previous view of the opinions of others with respect to it. I am quite sure, that, if these opinions were exhibited to you in succession, your powers of inquiry would be distracted and oppressed, rather than enlightened or invigorated, and, therefore, would not be in a state very well fitted for prosecuting the investigation, on which you might be called to enter. In questions which relate to objects that cannot be directly submitted to the senses, and that have been thus perplexed by many opposite doctrines and speculations, it is often necessary to endeavour to forget as much as possible what others have thought, and to strive to think as if the opinions of others had been unknown to us. I know no question, in which this temporary forgetfulness could be of more profit than in that on which we are to enter.

When we speak of the emotion which beauty excites, we

speak necessarily of an emotion that is pleasing; for it is only in the case of pleasing emotions that all writers concur in using the name, and only in such cases that the name is used, even by the vulgar, in their common phraseology. It is, in truth, only one of the many forms of that joyous delight, which I ranked as one of the elementary feelings to which our emotions are reducible. The pleasure, then, I may remark, in the first place, is one essential circumstance of the emotion.

Another circumstance, which may not seem so obvious, but which I consider as not less constituent of beauty, in that maturer state of the mind, in which alone we are capable of considering it, is that we transfer, in part at least, the delight which we feel, and embody it in the object which excited it, whatever that object may have been, combining it at least partially with our very conception of the object, as beautiful,—much in the same way as we invest external forms, with the colours which exist as feelings of our own mind, or in our vague conception, and of the sapid or odoriferous substances, that are gratifying to our luxury, we consider as almost present in them, and permanent some part of the very delight which they afford. I know well, that, philosophically, we consider these sapid and odoriferous substances, merely as the unknown *causes* of our sensations of sweetness and fragrance; but I have little doubt, at the same time, that it is only philosophically we do consider them, and that, while we smell a rose, without thinking of our philosophy, we do truly consider the fragrance, which we are at the moment enjoying, or at least a charm which involves a sort of shadowy resemblance of that peculiar species of delight, to be floating around that beautiful flower, as if existing there, independently of our feeling. We do not, indeed, think of the sensation of fragrance as existing without, for if we characterised it as a *sensation*, this very judgment would imply a sort of philosophizing on its nature, which is far from taking place in such a moment. But, without regarding it as a sensation, and enjoying merely the actual feeling of the moment, we incorporate the charm, as it were, with the colours of the rose, with as little intention of forming this combination, and even with as little consciousness that any such combination is taking place, as when, in vision, we invest the external hardness,—the mere feeling of gentle and limited resistance, which the rosebud gives us as an object of touch, or of muscular compression, with the colours, which are at the moment arising from affections of a different organ. In the case of *fragrance*, it is more easy for us, indeed, to separate the sensation from the external form with which we combine it,—and to imagine a rose without odour, than, in the

use of vision, to separate the form and hue that mingle as if in one sensation, because there are many objects which we touch, that excite in us no sensations of fragrance; and no objects of touch which do not excite in us some sensations of colour. The coexistence is, therefore, more uniform, and the subsequent suggestions consequently more uniform and indissoluble in the one case, than in the other. It is much easier for us, accordingly, to persuade those who have never read, or discoursed, or thought, on such subjects, that the feelings of smell and taste are not inherent in their objects, than to persuade them that the actual colours, which form their sensations of vision, are not spread over the surfaces of external things. But the actual investment of external things with the feelings of our own mind, does take place in our sensitive references to objects without; and in some cases, as in those of vision, constitutes a union so close, that it is impossible even for our philosophy to break the union while the sensation continues. We know well, when we open our eyes, that whatever affects our eyes, is within the small compass of their orbit; and yet we cannot look for a single moment, without spreading what we thus visually feel over whole miles of landscape.

Still, I must repeat, not the slightest doubt is *philosophically* entertained by those, who, when they open their eyes, yield like the vulgar to the temporary illusion—that the colours, thus supposed to be spread over the external scenery, are truly feelings of the mind, of which the external objects, or rather the rays of light that come from them, are merely the unknown causes. When questioned on the subject of vision, we state this opinion with confidence, and even with astonishment, that our opinion on the subject, in the present age of philosophy, should be doubted by him who has taken the superfluous trouble of putting such a question. At the very moment, probably, at which we give our answer, we have our eyes fixed on him, to whom we address it. His complexion, his dress, are regarded by us as external colours, and we are practically, at the very moment, therefore, belying the very opinion, which we profess, and in speculation truly profess, to hold.

These remarks show sufficiently the distinction of our speculative limitation of our feelings to mind, as the only subject of feeling, and our practical diffusion of these very feelings over matter, which, by its nature, is incapable of being the subject of any feeling; and they shew, that it is very possible for the same mind to combine both, or rather, that there is no individual, who has accurately made the distinction, that does not, in almost every moment of his life,—and certainly in every moment of vision,—go through that very process of spiritual-

izing matter, or of diffusing over matter his own sensations, which, in his speculations, appears to him to involve an absolute contradiction.

It is not enough, therefore, to urge, in disproof of any diffusion of our mental feelings over material things, that our feelings are affections of mind, and cannot be affections of matter ; since this would be to disprove a fact, which certainly in vision, and, as I conceive, in some degree in our other senses also, is continually taking place, notwithstanding the supposed demonstration of its impossibility.

To apply these remarks, however, to our particular subject.—Beauty, I have said, is necessarily an emotion that is pleasing, and it is an emotion which we diffuse, and combine with our conception of the object that may have excited it. These two circumstances, the pleasing nature of the emotion itself, and the identification of it with the object that excites it, are essential to it, in those years in which alone it can be an object of reflection ; and are, as I conceive, the only circumstances that are essential to it, in all its varieties, and in whatever way the emotion itself may be produced. It is true, indeed, that when questioned, precisely as in the case of simple vision, whether we think that the emotion of beauty is a state or affection of matter, we should have no hesitation, in affirming instantly, that it is a state of the mind, and is absolutely incapable of existing in any substance, that is purely material. All this we should say with confidence, as we say with confidence that colour is an affection of the mind, and only an affection of the mind. Yet still, as in the case of colour, the temporary diffusion of our own feeling over the external objects, would take place as before. The beauty as truly felt, and as reasoned upon, would be in our mind ; the beauty, as considered by us at the time of the feeling, would be a delight that seemed to float over the object without—the object which we, therefore, term beautiful, as we term certain other objects red or green—not the mere unknown causes of the feelings which we term redness, or greenness, or beauty,—but objects that are red, and green, and beautiful. Even at the time of the diffusion, however, we do not say, or even think, that we diffuse the *emotion* of beauty any more than we say or think that we diffuse the *sensations* of colour ; for this, as I have said, would be to have philosophized on the nature of the feelings or states of a substantial mind ; but without any thought of the colours as sensations, or of the beauty as an emotion, we feel them as in the objects that excite them, that is to say, we reflect them from ourselves on the objects. The diffusion may be temporary, indeed, and depend on the actual presence

of the object, but still the temporary diffusion does take place ; and while the object is before us, it is as little possible for us not to regard it, as permanently beautiful, though no eye were ever to behold it, as it would be for us to regard its colour, as fading the very moment in which we close our eye. Beauty, then, is a pleasing emotion, and a delight which we feel, as if diffused over the object which excites it.

I shall proceed further in my inquiry in my next Lecture.

LECTURE LIV.

OF IMMEDIATE EMOTIONS, NOT NECESSARILY INVOLVING ANY MORAL FEELING.—3. BEAUTY AND ITS OPPOSITE, CONTINUED.

GENTLEMEN, the latter part of my Lecture, yesterday, was employed in considering one of the most interesting of our emotions,—that which constitutes the charm of Beauty,—an emotion, which every one must have felt sufficiently, to understand, at the mere mention of the name, what it is, which is the subject of inquiry, and which, notwithstanding, when we endeavour to explain to others what we feel, no two individuals probably would define by the same terms.

Of an emotion, which is so delightful, and so universal, and, by a singular, and almost contradictory character of thought, at once so clearly *felt*, and so obscurely *comprehended*, many theories, as might well be supposed, have been formed by philosophers. If the accurate knowledge of a subject bear any necessary proportion, to the number of opinions with respect to it, that have been stated and canvassed, and the labour and ability of those who have advanced their own theories, or examined the theories of others, there could now be scarcely any more doubt, as to the nature of what is beautiful, than as to any property of a circle or a triangle, which geometers have demonstrated.

Such a proportion, however, unfortunately does not hold. There are subjects, which as little grow clearer, by a comparison of many opinions with respect to them, as the waters of a turbid lake grow clearer, by being frequently dashed together, when all that can be effected, by the agitation, is to darken them the more.

In such a case, the plan most prudent, is to let the waters *rest*, before we attempt to discover what is at the bottom,—or without a metaphor, where there is so much confusion and perplexity, from opposite opinions, it is often of great regard the subject, if we can so regard it, with-

out reference to any former opinion whatever,—as if the phenomena were wholly new, or ourselves the first inquirers.

This I in part attempted, in my last Lecture,—the results of which it may be of advantage briefly to recapitulate.

Though we use the general name of *Beauty*, in cases in which there is a great variety of the objects that excite it, and a very considerable variety also in the emotion itself, which is thus excited,—the emotion, to which we give the name, in all its varieties, is uniformly pleasing. This, then, is one essential circumstance of the emotion of beauty,—or, to speak more accurately, of the tribe of different, though kindred emotions, which, from their analogy, we comprehend under that general name.

Another circumstance, which distinguishes the emotion of beauty, in all its varieties, from many other emotions, that are pleasing in themselves, is that, by a sort of reflex transfer to the object which excited it, we identify or combine our agreeable feeling with our very conception of the object, whether present or absent from us. Whatever is delightful, at the moment in which we gaze or listen with delight, seems to us to be contained in the beautiful object, as the charms which were contained in that fabulous Cestus described by Homer, that existed when none beheld them, and were the same, whether the Cestus itself was worn by Venus, or by Juno.

In illustration of this embodying, or reflecting process, the result of which seems to me to be that which constitutes an object to our conception as beautiful, it was necessary to offer some remarks, and especially to make some distinctions, without which, the supposition of this transfer of our delight, and diffusion of it, in the conception of the object that gave birth to it, might appear to involve a sort of absurdity; as if it implied, in the same object, a combination of material and mental affections, which are incapable of union.

It is particularly of importance, in this case, to distinguish our momentary sentiments from our philosophical judgments. As I behold the sun, for example, it is impossible for me to regard it but as a plane circular surface of a few inches diameter. As I regard it philosophically, it is a sphere of such magnitude, as almost to pass the limits of my conception. If I were asked, what is the diameter of the sun? I should endeavour to state it, with as exact an approximation to its real magnitude as was possible for me. But if I were to state what every one *feels*, who knows nothing of astronomy, and what even the astronomer feels as much as the vulgar, when he turns his eye to that great luminary, I should say, that the

diameter was scarcely a foot ;—so different is our momentary sentiment, while we gaze, from the judgments which we form philosophically, after we have ceased to gaze ;—the impression of the momentary sentiment, too, it must be remembered, being as irresistible as that of the judgment, or rather the more irresistible of the two. In like manner, when I look at any distant landscape, first with my naked eye, afterwards with a telescope, held in one direction, and then with the same telescope inverted, I have a most undoubting belief, that the objects, thus seen in three different ways, have continued exactly at the same distance from me ; but, if I were to state what I feel visually, and what, with all my knowledge of the optical deception, it is impossible for me not to feel visually, I should say, in each of these ways of viewing the scene, that the objects were at very different distances. To recur, however, to that instance, which brings the difference of the philosophical and the momentary belief nearest to that which takes place in the feeling of beauty—the case of the visual perceptions of colour—it is well known, to every one who is acquainted with the theory of the secondary or acquired perceptions of sight, that the colours, which seem to us spread over that wide surface of landscape, which terminates in the remote horizon, are spiritual, not corporeal modifications—the effect, indeed, of the presence of a few rays within the small orbit of the eye, but an effect only, not a part, of the radiance ; and that we yet diffuse, as it were, the colour, which exists but as a sensation of our mind, over those distant objects, which are not mind, but matter. If we were asked, what the material colour is, we should state, philosophically, that it is the unknown cause of that colour which is our sensation,—that *redness* for example, is a feeling of our own mind, and *greenness* a feeling of our own mind, and that what are truly redness and greenness in the external objects, being both equally unknown to us in themselves, have no other difference in our conception than as being the unknown causes of different mental feelings. This answer we should give philosophically ; but at the same time, it would be impossible for us to look on these unknown causes of our sensations of colour, without blending with them the very sensations which they cause, and seeing, therefore, in them the very greenness and redness which are feelings of our own mind. In like manner, when we philosophize on *beauty*, and separate the delight which is in us from the cause of the delight which is without us, beauty is simply that which excites in us a certain delightful feeling ; it is like greenness or redness of objects, considered separately from perception of objects,—the greenness and redness, which

material objects would have, though no mind sentient of colour were in existence. But, still *this* is not the beauty which we *feel*; it is only the beauty which we strive in vain to conceive. The external beauty which we feel, involves our very delight reflected on it, and diffused as much as, in the case of a visual object, it involves our sensations of colour diffused in it; the colour which we reflect, being in our mind, as the charm which we reflect, is also in our mind. In this sense, indeed, that ancient theory of beauty, which refers it to mind as its source, is a faithful statement of the phenomenon; since it is our own spiritual delight which we are continually spreading around us,—though, in the sense in which Plato and his followers intended their reference to be understood, it is far from being just, or, at least, far from having been proved to be just. In borrowing, therefore, the language which they use, we do not borrow a mere poetic rhapsody; but it becomes, with the interpretation which I would give it, the expression of a philosophic truth.

“ Mind, mind alone—Bear witness, earth and heaven!
 The living fountains in itself contains
 Of beauteous and sublime!—Here, hand in hand,
 Sit paramount the graces;—here, enthroned,
 Celestial Venus, with divinest airs,
 Invites the soul to never fading joy.”*

It is the mind, indeed, alone, that, in the view which I have given you, is the living fountain of beauty, because it is the mind, which, by reflection from itself, embodies in the object, or spreads over it its own delight. If no eye, that is to say, if no *mind*, were to behold it, what would be the loveliest of those forms, on which we now gaze with rapture, and more than rapture? A multitude of particles more or less near or remote. It is the *soul* in which these particles, directly or indirectly, excite agreeable feelings, which invests them in return with many seeming qualities that cannot belong to the mere elementary atoms which nature herself has made; which gives them, in the first place, that unity as a single form, which they do not possess of themselves, since, of themselves, however near they may be in seeming cohesion, they are a multitude of separate and independent corpuscles,—which, at the same time, spreads over them the colours, that are more truly the *effect* of our vision than the *cause* of it,—and which diffuses among them still more intimately those charms and graces, which they possess only while we gaze, and without which, when the eyes

* Pleasures of Imagination, Book I. v. 481—486.

that animate and embellish them are closed, they are again only a multitude of separate particles, more or less near or remote.

Another distinction to which I alluded, in my last Lecture, and which, though apparently, and even really a *verbal one*, is a distinction of great importance, in its influence on our assent,—is the difference of the phrases, *colour*, and *sensation of colour*,—*beauty*, and *emotion of beauty*. When we speak of colour or beauty simply, we speak of what we feel, without considering any thing more than the feeling itself. When we speak of the *sensation of colour*, and the *emotion of beauty*, we speak of those feelings, with reference to the mind; and, though colour, as felt by us, must of course be the sensation of colour, and beauty, as felt by us, be the emotion of beauty, it appears to us a very different proposition, to state, that, in vision, we combine our sensation of colour with external things, or our emotion of beauty with external things, and to say simply that we combine with them colour and beauty. We combine them, without knowing that we are combining them, consequently without thinking that the one is a sensation, the other an emotion, and both affections of mind alone. To think of them as a sensation and emotion, would be to have formed already the philosophic judgment, which separates them from the object, not the mere momentary sentiment, which combines them with it. In the case of vision, there can be no doubt, that this is done, every moment by the lowest of the people, who have not the slightest suspicion that the colour, or rather the cause of colour, as it exists without, is different from that redness or blueness, which they think they see spread over the surface of objects; and it is not wonderful, therefore, that, in combining, in our notion of the beautiful object, the delightful feeling of our mind, we should do this, with as little suspicion, that the delight, which we have diffused over the object itself, is our own internal emotion.

That, in thinking of a beautiful object, we do consider some permanent delight as diffused, and, as it were, embodied in it, is, I think, evident, on the slightest reflection on the objects which we term beautiful. And yet, when we first think of this diffusion of a mental feeling over a material object,—if we have not been in the habit of attending to other phenomena of the mind,—the very supposition of such a process may seem to involve an assumption, that is scarcely warrantable; precisely as the uneducated multitude,—and, perhaps, a very great majority of the smaller multitude, who *are* educated, would smile, with something more than unbelief, if we were to endeavour to make them acquainted with that part of the theory of vision, which relates to colour. But to those who

have been in the habit of considering the mental phenomena in general, and particularly the phenomena commonly ascribed to association,—the diffusion of this feeling, and combination of it with our notion of the cause of the feeling, will seem only an instance of a very general law of our mental constitution. It is indeed, only an instance of that general tendency to condensation of feelings, which gives the principal value to every object that is familiar to us,—to the home of our infancy, to the walks of our youth,—to every gift of friendship,—nor only to these inanimate things, but, in a great measure also, to the living objects of our affection,—to those who watched over our infant slumbers, or who were the partners of our youthful walks,—or who left with us, in absence, or in death, those sacred gifts, which for a moment, supply their place, with that brief illusion of reality, which gives to our remembrance a more delightful sadness.—When we look to the grey hairs of him, in the serenity of whose parental eye, even in its most serious contemplation, there is a silent smile that is ever ready to shine upon us,

“Whose authority, in show,
When most severe, and mustering all its force,
Was but the graver countenance of Love;
Whose favour like the clouds of spring might lour,
And utter now and then an awful voice,
But had a blessing in its darkest frown;”^a—

When we look to that gracious form, in whose thought, even in the moments in which he addresses to Heaven his gratitude or his prayer, *we* are still present, as he thinks of that common home of our immortality, to which he is only journeying before us,—or commends us to the protection of that great Being who has been, in his own long earthly career, the protection and happiness of his youth and his age,—are there no feelings of our heart, no enjoyments of early fondness and increasing gratitude, and reverence unmixed with fear, which we have combined with the very glance of that eye, and the very tone of that voice, whose glance and tone are to us almost like a blessing? The friend whom we have long loved, is, at each single moment, what he has been to us in many successive years. Without recalling to us the particular events of these years, he recalls to us their delights; or rather the very notion which we form of him contains in itself this diffused pleasure, like some ethereal and immortal spirit of the past.

Nor, as I have already said, is it only in our moral affection, for beings living like ourselves, and capable, therefore, of feel-

^a Cowper's *Task*, Book VI. v. 30—35.

ing and returning our kindness, that this condensation of regard takes place. It produces an affection of almost moral sympathy, when there can be no feeling of it, and therefore, no possibility of return; and where that softening influence, accordingly, must be wholly reflected from our own mind. That, for inanimate objects, long familiar to us, we have a regard, in some degree similar to that which we feel for a *friend*, has been the remark of all ages; since every individual, in every age, must have been subject to the universal influence, which gives occasion to it. A little attention to this process, by which an object, of trifling value, becomes representative of feelings that are inestimable, will not be uninteresting in itself, and will throw much light on that similar process, by which, in the case of beauty, I conceive objects to become representative, by a sort of spiritual reflection, of the pleasure which they excite. I cannot prepare you better for this discussion, than by quoting some remarks from the eloquent work of Dr. Smith.

“The causes of pain and pleasure, whatever they are, or however they operate, seem to be the objects, which in all animals, immediately excite those two passions of gratitude and resentment. They are excited by inanimate, as well as animated objects. We are angry, for a moment, even at the stone that hurts us. A child beats it, a dog barks at it, a choleric man is apt to curse it. The least reflection, indeed, corrects this sentiment, and we soon become sensible, that what has no feeling is a very improper object of revenge. When the mischief, however, is very great, the object which caused it becomes disagreeable to us, ever after, and we take pleasure to burn or destroy it. We should treat, in this manner, the instrument which had accidentally been the cause of the death of a friend; and we should often think ourselves guilty of a sort of inhumanity, if we neglected to vent this absurd sort of vengeance upon it.

“We conceive, in the same manner, a sort of gratitude for those inanimate objects, which have been the causes of great or frequent pleasure to us. The sailor, who, as soon as he got ashore, should mend his fire with the plank upon which he had just escaped from a shipwreck, would seem to be guilty of an unnatural action. We should expect that he would rather preserve it with care and affection, as a monument that was, in some measure dear to him. A man grows fond of a snuff-box, of a pen-knife, of a staff, which he has long made use of, and conceives something like a real love and affection for them. If he breaks or loses them, he is vexed out of all proportion to the value of the damage. The house which we have long

lived in, the tree whose verdure and shade we have long enjoyed, are both looked upon with a sort of respect that seems due to such benefactors. The decay of the one, or the ruin of the other, affects us with a kind of melancholy, though we should sustain no loss by it. The Dryads and the Lares of the ancients, a sort of genii of trees and houses, were probably first suggested by this sort of affection, which the authors of those superstitions felt for such objects, and which seemed unreasonable, if there was nothing animated about them."*

The reason of this friendship for inanimate objects, seems to me to be, that, with such objects, in the circumstances supposed, there is really combined a great part of that which forms the complex conception of our friend; and it is not wonderful, therefore, that there should be a considerable similarity of the feeling excited. There is not, indeed, and cannot be, in the case of lifeless matter, that admiration of virtue and genius,—that gratitude for a preference voluntarily made, and for kindness voluntarily shown,—and that confidence in future displays of similar devotion,—which form so gratifying and ennobling a part of friendship. But what constitutes the real tenderness of friendship, is something more than all these feelings. These may be felt, in attachments that are formed at any period of life, and at a very early period of mutual acquaintance. But that, which gives to such a union its chief tenderness, is long and cordial intimacy, and especially that intimacy, which has taken origin in an early period of life. The friend of our boyish sports—of our college studies—of our first schemes, and successes, and joys, and sorrows, is he, in whose converse the heart expands most readily, and with whom, in latest old age, we love to grow young again. With the very image of the person, is mingled the remembrance of innumerable enjoyments and consolations shared in common. They are, as it were, condensed and fixed in it, and are reflected back upon us, as often as the image arises. But the remembrance of a long series of agreeable emotions may be mingled with inanimate scenes, as well as with persons; and if, by the reflection of these past emotions, it produce tenderness, in the one case, it surely is not surprising, that the same cause should produce a feeling of tenderness in the other; and that, as the chief source of the affection is thus in circumstances that are common to both, we should feel something very like regard for every long familiar object, while it exists, and of grief, when it exists no more.

The old man who pointed out the house of a deceased friend,

* Theory of Moral Sentiments, Part II. Sect. iii. c. 1.

and said, "formerly I had only to climb those steps, to forget all the miseries of life," must have felt for the *steps*, which he had so often trod, that regard, which arises from the remembrance of past delight,—a remembrance which constituted so important a part of the pleasure formerly received by him, when they led him to the apartment of his friend, and to all that happiness, which was more than the mere forgetfulness of grief, even when there was grief, or the very miseries of life to be forgotten.

The same effect in heightening friendship, which is produced, by long intimacy, is produced, in a great degree, by any single feeling of very vivid interest; such as that of peril shared together,—the strong emotion of the moment of enterprise,—the joy of the escape,—and, in many cases, the glory which attended it, being blended and reflected from each individual, as from another self. In one of those admirable tragedies, which form a part of the series of plays on the *Passions*, there is a very striking picture of this kind, in the speech of an old maimed soldier, who, with all his modesty, has been forced to allude to some of his past exploits.

"For I have fought, where few alive remain'd,
And none unscathed : where but a few remain'd,
Thus mar'd and mangled ;—as belike you've seen,
O' summer nights, around the evening lamp,
Some wretched moths, wingless and half consumed,
Just feebly crawling o'er their heaps of dead.
In Savoy, on a small, though desperate post,
Of full three hundred goodly chosen men,
But twelve were left ;—*and right dear friends were we*
Forever after. They are all dead now ;—
I'm old and lonely."

In a real case of this sort, every vivid feeling which attended the action,—and the remembrance of which was, in a great measure, the remembrance of the action itself,—would be combined with the perception of each individual survivor. The common peril, the common escape, the common glory, would be conceived as *one* ; and, in consequence of this unity, as often as the thought of the glorious action recurred, each would be to the others as it were another self. Indeed, so closely would the conception of the action itself, and of the right-dear friends be blended, that, in a case like that which the drama supposes, I have little doubt, that when all but one of the little band of heroes had perished, it would seem to the melancholy survivor,—when all the real component parts of the action had thus ceased to exist,—as if the happiness and glory of the ac-

* Count Basil, a Tragedy, Act III. Scene 1.

tion had perished likewise ; and old age and loneliness would be felt the more, as if stripped, not of the enjoyments of friendship only, but almost of the very honours of other years.

The same feeling in this case, too, it must be remarked, extends itself, if not equally, at least in a very high degree, to inanimate things ; and there can be no question, that the sword, which has been worn only as an ornament, and the sword which has been often wielded in battle, and in battle the most perilous, will be viewed by their possessors with very different regard. The weapon is itself a real component part of the glorious actions which it represents ; and we transfuse, as it were, into the mere lifeless steel, a consciousness and reciprocity of our vivid feelings, exactly as, in the case of beauty, we animate the external object with our own delight, without knowing that we have done so.

The grief which we feel for the loss of an object, insignificant in itself, and deriving all its value from its associations formed with it, presents, in another form, that transfusion of feeling from the mind, and concentration of it in the object, which constitutes our lively pictures of beauty, when it is regarded not as the unknown cause of our delightful feeling, but as that embodied delight itself.

As an object long familiar to us, by occurring frequently, either in perception, or in trains of thought, together with many of our most interesting emotions, and the images of those friends of whom we think most frequently, is, by the common laws of suggestion, so clearly associated with these emotions and ideas, that, when it is present to our mind, these shadowy images of happiness may almost be considered as forming with it a part of one complex feeling, or at least, are very readily recalled by it. When such an object, therefore, is lost, and we think of it as lost, we do not conceive it as that simple object of perception which it was originally, when it first affected our senses,—in which case, the loss of it could not be very seriously regarded by us—but we conceive it, as that complex whole, which it has become—the image or representation of many delightful feelings. Though it be only a snuff-box, or a walking-stick, as in the cases supposed by Dr. Smith, the mere circumstance of the loss, would of itself give some degree of additional interest to our conception of the object, which makes it dwell longer in our mind than it would otherwise have done, and allows time, therefore, for the recurrence of a greater number of the images associated with it, that rise accordingly, and mingle with the conception. But with that complex state of mind, which arises from the union of these, in our rapid retrospect of other years,—a state which

is not the mere conception of the walking-stick which we have lost, but of it and the other associate feelings, the feeling of the loss is mingled, and is mingled, not more with the conception of the stick, than with all the coexisting associate feelings, vague and indistinct as these may be—the conception, perhaps, of the friend who presented it to us,—of the walks during which it has been our companion,—of many of the innumerable events, of joy or sorrow, that have occupied us, since the time at which, like a new limb added to us, it became, as it were, a part of ourselves. Since the notion of the loss, therefore, is combined with all these conceptions in our complex state of mind, it is not wonderful that it should appear to us, for the moment, as the loss, not of one part only, and that, if absolutely considered, the least important part of the whole, but as the actual loss of the associate group of images and emotions, of which it is more than representative, and that it should excite our momentary sorrow, accordingly, as for that actual loss. We know, indeed whenever we reflect, that all these objects are not lost, but the *walking-stick only*, and our reason every moment, checks us with this truth; but, still, every other moment, in spite of reason, the feeling of the loss and the conception of the vague complex whole, continuing to be blended, affect our mind with the blended regret. It is only one of the innumerable instances, in which our feelings continue obstinately to delude us, in spite of the knowledge which might be supposed capable of saving us from the illusion, as, particularly in those striking cases of optical deception, to which on account of the important light which they throw on the phenomena of the mind in general, I have already, so frequently directed your attention. When we look at a painted cylinder, or at any landscape in which the laws of perspective are observed, we know well that it is a flat surface at which we are looking. Yet it is absolutely impossible for us, notwithstanding this knowledge, to consider the cylinder as a plane, and all the rocks, and groves, and long-withdrawing vales of the landscape, as comprehended in a few inches of colouring. When we receive the portrait of a friend, it is vain for reason to tell us, that we have received only a flat surface of a little paint;—when we lose a walking-stick, the gift of a friend, it is equally vain for reason to tell us, that we have suffered only a loss which we can repair for a few shillings at a toy-shop.

It is in a great measure, then, by the momentary belief of the loss of more than the object itself, that I would explain that disproportioned emotion, which is felt to be absurd, yet is not felt the less on account of this seeming absurdity.

But, whatever may be thought of this explanation of that grief,—so far beyond the absolute value of the object,—which we feel, on the loss of any object that has been long familiar to us, there at least can be no doubt, as to the great fact itself, that an object long familiar to us, *does* acquire additional value, by this familiarity ; and as the object is absolutely the same, however frequently it may have met our eyes, or been used by us for any of the common purposes of life, it is only a *relative* value which it can have acquired, a value consisting in our own feelings merely, which we must therefore have condensed in it, or attached to it in some way or other.

After these illustrations from phenomena, that, if not absolutely of the same class, are, at least, very closely analogous, —since they imply a sort of charm conceived by us as treasured in external things, and a charm which consists merely in the reflected feelings of our own mind, I trust it will not appear to you too bold an affirmation, to say, that the agreeable emotions which certain objects excite in us, are capable of being, in our conception, combined with the very notion of the objects themselves, and that we term such objects beautiful, by combining, in our notion of them, the delight which we feel, as we term them green, blue, crimson, by combining with them our feelings of colour. What is true, of objects of sight, may be conceived as easily, in every other species of beauty, natural or artificial, material or mental. Whatever excites the emotion, may be felt as of itself combined with the emotions which it excites,—forms, colours, sounds, all that is ingenious in art, or amiable in morals. My limits will not permit me to trace all the varieties of beauty with any minute investigation, through this variety of its objects ; but you may yourselves equally apply to them whatever remarks I have applied, more particularly, to one species of the delightful emotion.

It is of external objects, indeed, and particularly of objects of *sight*, that we think most frequently, when we speak or hear of beauty ; but this does not arise from any exclusive peculiarity of the feeling excited by these objects, as if the term were only metaphorically applied to others, but because external objects are continually around us, so as more frequently to excite the emotion of beauty ; and in a great measure, too, because the human form, itself an object of vision, is representative to us of the presence of all which we love,—of those with whom our life is connected, and from whom its happiness has been derived, or from whom we hope to derive it. It is not wonderful, therefore, that when we think of beauty,

we should think of that by which the emotion is most vividly excited, and should be led accordingly to seek it there,—

“Where Beauty’s living image, like the morn
That wakes in zephyr’s arms the blushing May,
Moves onward; or as Venus, when she stood
Effulgent on the pearly car, and smil’d,
Fresh from the deep, and conscious of her form,
To see the Tritons tune their vocal shells,
And each cerulean sister of the flood,
With loud acclaim, attend her o’er the waves,
To seek th’ Idalian bower.”*

That we are susceptible of a similar delightful emotion from works of *intellect*, is sufficiently shown by the fine arts, which are founded on this happy susceptibility; nor is the delight felt only on the contemplation of works of fancy,—at least of fancy in the sense in which that term is commonly employed; it is felt in the result of faculties, that seem, while exercised in the operations that produce the beautiful result, to be very foreign from every emotion, but that tranquil satisfaction which may be supposed to constitute a part of our assent to any interesting truth. How many theorems are there, to which a mathematician applies the term *beautiful*, as readily as it is applied by others to the design or the colouring of a picture, or to the words or air of a song; and though the delightful emotion which he expresses by that word is at once far inferior in degree, and only analogous in kind to the emotion excited by those objects, it still is so analogous as to deserve the denomination. In general physics, in like manner, how instantly do we speak of the *beauty* of an *experiment*, which is so contrived as to decide a point that has been long in controversy, by very simple means, and with the exclusion of every foreign circumstance that might affect the accuracy of the result,—or of the beauty of a theory, which brings together many facts that were before dispersed, without any obvious bond of union, and exhibits them in luminous connexion to our view. The delightful emotion, in these intellectual forms of beauty, is, it will be admitted, far less lively, than when it results from external things. But when we thus apply the term beautiful to the works of faculties, that are not immediately conversant with beauty, or in which, at least, beauty is scarcely even a secondary consideration, we are far from using a metaphor, any more than we use a metaphor, when we employ the same word in speaking of the beauty of a landscape, and of the beauty of human form, which are both objects of sight, but of

* Pleasures of Imagination, B. I. v. 327—335.

which the resulting emotions, though analogous, are far from being the same. We employ the term, because, from the analogy of the delight in the different cases, it is the only term which can express our meaning; we do truly feel, on the contemplation of such intellectual works, a delightful emotion, —as we feel a delightful emotion very similar, however superior it may be in intensity of pleasure, when we look on the charms of nature, or the imitative creations of art; and, as we conceive the very charm which we feel, to be diffused and stored in those beautiful forms on which we gaze, so does the charm which we feel, seem, for the moment, to flow over the severest works of intellect, in the conceptions which are embodied to us. Every reason itself, austere as it may seem, is thus only a part of Beauty's universal empire, that extends over mind, and over matter, with equal sway.

But though by some minds, which have not been conversant with the beautiful results of scientific inquiry, these severe and less obvious charms may not be readily admitted,—of *moral* beauty, it is surely impossible for any one to doubt that charm, which is felt by us, even before we have learned to distinguish virtue by its name; and which, even to the guilty, who have abandoned it, still retains a sort of *dreadful loveliness*, which they would gladly forget, but which no effort can wholly banish from their remembrance, that is forced still to shudder and admire. It is the analogy of this moral beauty, indeed, which gives its most attractive charm to the beauty of the inanimate universe, and which adorns poetry with its most delightful images. To give our mere approbation to virtue, as we give our assent to any truth of reasoning, seems to be as little possible, as for those, who are not blind, to open their eyes, in the very sunshine of noon, on some delightful scene, and to view it as a mere collection of forms without any colouring. The softer moral perfections, so essential to the happiness, and almost to the very existence of society, are like those mild lights, and gentle graces, in the system of external things, without which the repose of nature would not be *tranquillity*, but *death*, and its motions, in the waving bough, and the foamy waterfall, and the stream that glides from it, would be only the agitation of contiguous particles of matter. Well, indeed, may the poet of imagination exclaim,—

“Is aught so fair,
In all the dewy landscape of the spring,
In the bright eye of Hesper or the morn,
In nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair
As virtuous friendship? as the candid blush
Of him who strives with fortune to be just?
The graceful tear that streams for other's woes?”

Or the mild majesty of private life,
 When peace with ever-blooming olive, crowns
 The gate,—where honour's liberal hands effuse
 Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings
 Of innocence and love protect the scene?""*

In all these cases *moral* beauty, as in that to which our senses more immediately give rise, we conceive the delight which we feel, to be centered in the moral object; and the very diffusion of the delight seems to connect us more closely with that which we admire, producing what is not a mere sympathy, but something more intimate,—that union of mind with mind, in reflected and mingled feeling,—which, notwithstanding all the absurd mysticism that has been written concerning it, has, in the manner which I have now described, in part at least, a foundation in nature.

But, though, in all these great provinces of beauty, the material, the intellectual, and the moral, an object which we feel to be beautiful, be merely an object, with which, in our conception, or continued perception, if it be an object of sense, or, in our mere conception, if it be an object of another kind, we have combined, by a sort of mental diffusion, the delight which it has excited in us; why, it will be said, do certain objects produce this effect?

The examination of this point, however, I must defer till my next Lecture.

* Pleasures of Imagination, B. I. v. 500—511.

LECTURE LV.

I. IMMEDIATE EMOTIONS NOT INVOLVING NECESSARILY ANY MORAL FEELING—III. BEAUTY, AND ITS REVERSE, CONTINUED.—DIFFERENT SORTS OF BEAUTY.

GENTLEMEN, my last Lecture was employed in considering and illustrating, by various analogous phenomena of the mind, the process by which I conceive our *feeling of delight*, that arises from the object which we term beautiful, to be reflected, as it were, from our mind to the objects which excite it,—very much in the same way as we spread over external things, in the common phenomena of vision, the colour, which is a feeling or state, not of matter, but of mind. A beautiful object, when considered by us philosophically, like the unknown causes of our sensations of colour in bodies, considered separately from our visual sensations, is merely the cause of a certain delightful emotion which we feel; a beautiful object, as felt by us, when we do not attempt to make any philosophic distinction, is, like those coloured objects which we see around us, an object in which we have diffused the delightful feeling of our own. Though no eye were to behold what is beautiful, we cannot but imagine that a certain delight would forever be flowing around it,—as we cannot but imagine, in like manner, that the loveliest flower of the wilderness, which buds and withers unmarked, is blooming with the same delightful hues, which our vision would give to it, and surrounded with that sweetness of fragrance, which, in itself, is but a number of exhaled particles, that are sweetness only in the sentient mind.

An object, then, as felt by us to be beautiful, seems to contain, in its own nature, the very delight which it occasions. But a certain delight must in this case be excited, before it can be diffused by reflection on that object which is its cause; and it is only by certain objects that the delightful emotion is excited. Why, then, it will be said, is the effect so limited? and what circumstances distinguish the objects that produce the emotion, from those which produce no emotion whatever,

or, perhaps, even an emotion that may be said to be absolutely opposite?

If the same effect were uniformly produced by the same objects, it might seem as absurd to inquire, how certain objects are beautiful and others not so, as to inquire, how it happens that sugar is not bitter, nor wormwood sweet,—the blossom of the rose not *green*, nor the common herbage of our meadows *red*. The question, however, assumes a very different appearance, when we consider the diversity of the emotions excited by the same object, and when we consider the very powerful influence of accidental association on our emotions of this kind. In such circumstances we may be fairly allowed to doubt at least, whether objects, primarily and absolutely, have a power of producing this emotion, or whether it may not wholly depend on those contingent circumstances, which we find, and must allow, to be capable of modifying it to so very great an extent.

That certain circumstances do truly modify our emotions of beauty, there can be no doubt;—and even that they produce the feeling, when there is every reason to believe, that but for such circumstances, no emotion of the kind would have been excited. The influence of what is called *fashion*, in giving a temporary beauty to various forms, is a most striking proof of this flexibility of our emotion; and it is a fact too obvious to require illustration by example.

“If an European,” says Sir J. Reynolds in one of his discourses delivered at the Royal Academy, “if an European, when he has cut off his beard, and put false hair on his head, or bound up his own natural hair in regular hard knots, as unlike nature as he can possibly make it; and after having rendered them immoveable by the help of the fat of hogs, has covered the whole with flour, laid on by a machine with the utmost regularity,—if, when thus attired, he issues forth, and meets a Cherokee Indian, who has bestowed as much time at *his* toilet, and laid on with equal care and attention his yellow and red ochre, on particular parts of his forehead or cheeks, as he judges most becoming; whoever of these two despises the other for this attention to the fashion of his country, which ever first feels himself provoked to laugh, *is the barbarian*.”*

It is not necessary, however, to have recourse to savage life, to feel how completely the ornamental and the ridiculous in all the adventitious embellishments of fashion, differ only as the eyes which behold them are different. The most civilized European may soon become, in this respect, a Cherokee, and in

* Discourse VII.

his nice absurdities of decoration, be himself the very thing at which he would have laughed before.

Weary as we soon become of whatever we have admired, our weariness is not more rapid than our admiration of something *new*, which follows it, or rather precedes it. It seems, as if, in order to produce this delightful emotion, nothing more were necessary for us than to say, Let this be beautiful. The power of enchantment is almost verified in the singular transformations which are thus produced; and in many of these, fashion is employed in the very way in which magic has been commonly fabled to be employed,—in making monsters, who are as little conscious of their degradation, while the voluntary metamorphose lasts, as the hideous but unknowing victims of the enchanter's art. A few months, or perhaps a few weeks, may, indeed, show them what monsters they have been; but what is monstrous in the *past*, is seen only by the unconscious monsters of the *present hour*, who are again, in a few months, to laugh at their own deformity. What we *are*, in fashion, is ever beautiful; but nothing is in fashion so ridiculous, as the beauty which has been; as in journeying with sunshine before us, what is immediately under our eye is splendour; but if we look back, we see a long *shadow* behind us, though all, which is shadow now, was once brilliant, as the very track of brightness along which we move.

The influence of *fashion*, on the mere trappings of dress, or furniture, or equipage, is the more valuable as an illustration, from the rapidity of its changes, and the universality of the emotion which it excites, that render it absolutely impossible for the most sceptical to doubt its power. The influence of particular associations on individual minds, is, indeed, as powerful as the more general influence which, in each individual on whom it operates, is only one of the forms of that very particular influence. But, in these cases, it might have been doubted whether the peculiarity, ascribed to association, might not rather have arisen from constitutional diversity. In the changes of universal fashion, however, there can be no doubt as to the nature of the sway that has been exercised; since every one will readily allow, in another, that change, of which he is conscious in himself.

Yet, even though what is commonly termed *fashion*, the modifier or creator of general feeling, had not been, it is scarcely possible that we should not have discovered the influence of circumstances, on our individual emotions. Even in the mere scenery of nature, which, in its most majestic features,—its mountains,—its rivers,—its cataracts, seems by its permanence, to mock the power of man; how differently do the

same objects affect us, in consequence of the mere antecedents of former feelings, and former events ! The hill and the waterfall may be pleasing to every eye ; but how doubly beautiful do they seem to the very heart of the expatriated Swiss, who almost looks as he gazes on them, for the cottage of his home, half gleaming through the spray, as if they were the very hill and the waterfall, which had been the haunt of his youth. To the exile, in every situation, what landscape is so beautiful as that which recalls to him, perhaps, the bleakest and dreariest spot of the country, which he has not seen for many ~~dis~~ years ? The softest borders of the lake, the gentle ~~emanc~~ ~~ences~~, that seem to rise only to slope into the delightful valleys between,—the fields,—the groves,—the vineyards, in all their luxuriance, these have no beauty to his eye. But let his glance fall on some rock, that extends itself, without one ~~art~~ of vegetation ; or on some heath or morass, of still more gloomy barrenness ; and what was indifference till then, is indifference no more. There is an instant emotion at his heart, which, though others might scarcely conceive it to be that of beauty, is beauty to him ; and it is to this part of the scene, that his waking eye most frequently turns ; as it is it alone which he mingles in his dreams, with the well-remembered scenery of other years.

That our emotion of beauty, which arises from works of art, is susceptible of modification, by accidental circumstances, is equally evident. There are tastes in composition, of which we are able to fix the period, almost with the same accuracy as we fix the dates of any of those great events, which fill our tables of chronology. What is green or scarlet to the eyes of the infant, is green or scarlet to the same eyes in boyhood, in youth, in mature manhood, in old age ; but the work of art, which gives delight to the *boy*, may excite no emotion, but that of contempt or disgust, in the *man*. It must be a miserable ballad indeed, which is not read or heard with interest, in our first years of curiosity ; and every dauber of a village sign-post, who knows enough of his art, to give *four* legs, and not *two* merely, to his red lion, or blue bear, is sure of the admiration of the little critic, who stops his hoop or his top to gaze on the wonders of his skill.

Even in the judgments of our maturer years, when our discernment of beauty has been quickened by frequent exercise ; and the study of the works of excellence of every age, has given us a corresponding quickness, in discerning the opposite imperfections, which otherwise we might not have perceived—how many circumstances are there, of which we are, perhaps, wholly unconscious, that modify our general suscep-

tibility of the emotions of this class! Our youth, our age, our prevailing or temporary passions, the peculiar admiration which we may feel for some favourite author, who has become a favourite, perhaps, from circumstances that had little relation to his general merit, may all concur, with other circumstances as contingent, in giving diversity to sentiments, which otherwise might have been the same. It is finely observed by La Bruyere, in his *Discours de Reception*, in 1693, when Corneille was no more, and Racine still alive:—"Some," says he, "cannot endure, that Corneille should be preferred, or even thought equal to him. They appeal to the age that is about to succeed. They wait, till they shall no longer have to count the voices of some old men, who, touched indifferently with whatever recalls to them the first years of their life, love certainly, in his *Œdipus*, only *the remembrance of their youth*." The same idea is happily applied, by another Academician, to account for the constant presence of love in French tragedy, by the universal sympathy, which it may be expected to excite. "This passion," says he, "which is almost the only one that can interest women, has nearly an equal influence on the other sex. How many are there, who have never felt any very violent emotions of ambition or vengeance! Scarcely is there *one*, who has been exempt from love. The young are perhaps under its influence at present. With what pleasure do they recognize themselves in all which they see and hear! The old *have* loved. How delightful to them, to be recalled to their fairest and happiest years, by the picture of what was then the liveliest occupation of their thought! The mere *remembrance* is, to them, a second youth."

If the emotion of beauty, which we receive from external things, and works of intellectual art, be thus under the control of our passions and remembrances, the pleasure of *moral beauty* is also in some measure under the same control. The great principles of moral distinction are, indeed, too deeply fixed in our breast, by our Divine Author, to allow approbation and pleasure to be attached to the contemplation of pure malignity, or withheld from pure benevolence. When evil is admired, therefore, it is in consequence of some disproportionate admiration attached to some real or supposed accompanying good; but still it is in the power of circumstances, to produce this disproportionate admiration, and consequently to modify in a great degree, the resulting emotion of moral beauty. In one age, or in one country, the self-denying virtues are held in highest estimation,—in another age, or another country, the gentler social affections. There are periods of society, in which *valour*,—that gave virtue its name in the

early ethics of one mighty people,—constitutes almost the whole of that national virtue, which commands general reverence, at the expense of the calmer and far nobler virtues of peace. There are other systems of polity, in which these civil virtues rise to their just pre-eminence, and in which valour is admired, less for its absolute unthinking intrepidity, than for its relation to the sacred rights, of which it is the guardian, or the avenger; nor does the estimation perish completely with the circumstances that gave rise to it. At Rome, even when Roman liberty had bowed the neck to that gracious despot, who prepared, by the habit of submission to usurped power, the servility that was afterwards,—while executioner succeeded executioner on the throne of the world,—to smile, and to shudder, and obey, because others had smiled, and shuddered, and kissed the dust before:—in the very triumph of usurpation, when a single hour at Pharsalia had decided the destiny of ages, and Utica had heard the last voice of freedom, like the fading echo of some divine step retiring from the earth,—still slavery itself could not overcome the silent reverence of the heart, for him who had scorned to be a slave,

“ Even when proud Cæsar, ’midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Show’d Rome her Cato’s figure drawn in state,
As her dead father’s reverend image pass’d,
The pomp was darken’d and the day o’ercast.
The triumph ceased—tears gush’d from every eye:
The world’s great victor pass’d unheeded by.
Her last good man dejected Rome adored,
And honour’d Cæsar’s less than Cato’s sword.”

Such were the emotions with which the actions of Cato were regarded at Rome, and continued to be regarded during the whole reign of the stoical philosophy, producing those extravagant comparisons of a mortal and the gods, which were not more impious than absurd, and which were little accordant with the general spirit of a system of philosophy, of which *piety to the Gods* was one of the most honourable characteristics. The character of perfect moral beauty, however, which the life of Cato seemed to exhibit to a Roman,—who, if not free, was at least a descendant of the free,—is very different from that which it would exhibit to the slaves, the descendant of slaves, that minister, as their ancestors have ministered, to the insignificant grandeur of some eastern court. I need not say, how very different feelings, also, it excites in

the mind of those whom Christianity has taught a system of morals, that surpasses the morality of stoicism as much as the purest doctrines of the Porch surpassed, in moral excellence, the idle and voluptuous profligacy of other systems.

With these striking facts before us, it seems impossible, then, to contend for any beauty that is absolutely fixed and invariable. That general susceptibility of the emotion, sensitive, intellectual, and moral, which forms a part of our mental constitution, is, it appears, so modified by the circumstances in which individuals are placed, that objects, which, but for these circumstances, would *not* have appeared beautiful to us, *do* seem beautiful; and that other objects, from the same cause, cease to give that delight which they otherwise would have produced. It is obviously, therefore, impossible to determine, with perfect certainty, the great point in question as to original beauty; since, whatever our primary original feelings may have been, they must, by the influence of such modifying circumstances, that are operating from the very moment of our birth, be altogether diversified, before we are able to speculate concerning them, and, perhaps, even in the infant, before any visible signs of his emotions can be distinctly discovered.

Since we cannot, then, decide with confidence, either affirmatively or negatively, in such circumstances, all which remains in sound philosophy, is a comparison of mere probabilities. Do these, however, lead us to suppose, that originally, all objects are equally capable of receiving the primary influences of arbitrary or contingent circumstances, which alone, determine them to be beautiful? or do they not rather indicate original tendencies in the mind, in consequence of which it more readily receives impressions of beauty from certain objects than from others,—however susceptible of modification these original tendencies may be, so as afterwards to be varied or overcome by the more powerful influence of occasional causes?

It must not be supposed, in an inquiry of this kind, that we are to look to those high delights which beauty, in its most attractive forms, affords; for, though it may be false, that all the pleasure of beauty is derived from adventitious circumstances, it is certainly true at least, that our most valuable pleasures of this class are derived from circumstances, with which our imagination has learned to embellish objects. The only reasonable question is, not whether the chief emotions, which we now term emotions of beauty, be referable to this source, but whether we must necessarily refer to it every emotion of this class, of every species and degree.

If, then, in our estimate of mere probabilities, we attend to the signs which the infant exhibits, almost as soon as objects can be supposed to be known to him, it is scarcely possible not to suspect, at least, that some emotions of this kind are felt by him. The brilliant colours, in all their variety of gaudiness, which delight the child and the savage, may not, indeed, be the same which give most gratification to our refined sensibility; but still they do give to the child, as they give to the savage, a certain gratification, and a gratification which we should, perhaps, still continue to feel, if our love of mere gaudy colouring were not overcome by the delight which, in after life, we receive from other causes that are inconsistent with this simple pleasure—a delight arising from excellencies, which the child and the savage have not had skill to discern, but which, when discerned, produce the impression of beauty, in the same manner as the brilliant varieties of colour, perhaps, that are easily distinguished, and, therefore, instantly felt to be beautiful. What child is there, who, in a toyshop, does not prefer the gaudiest toy, if all other circumstances of attraction are the same? or rather, to what child are not this very glare and glitter the chief circumstances of attraction? and in what island of savages have our circumnavigators found the barbarian to differ in this respect from the child? The refined critic may indeed feel differently; but this, as I have said, does not arise from defect of that original tendency to receive a pleasing emotion from the contemplation of those brilliant patchworks of colours, which, though he has learned to regard them as tawdry, he would, in other circumstances, have admired with the savage, but from the development of tendencies to receive pleasure from other causes, which are inconsistent with this earlier delight,—tendencies which are original, like the other, existing in the mind of the savage as much as in his own more cultivated mind, but existing there inertly, because circumstances have not arisen to develop them.

It is vain to say, in this case, that the pleasure which the gaudy patches of colour afford, is not an *emotion* of any sort, but a mere pleasure of sense; for, of the direct *sensual* pleasure of the different rays of light, we are capable of judging as well as the child; and, though we still continue to feel, in many cases, an emotion of beauty from objects on which brilliant colours are spread in various proportions, we are able to make a sort of analysis of our complex feeling, so as in some degree to distinguish our admiring emotion as a result of the previous sensitive feeling, by which the colours became visible to us. If we were to judge by these primary sensitive feel-

ings alone, it certainly would not be on the most brilliant colours that our eye would love to rest, with that intentness of vision to which the subsequent emotion of beauty leads, by the delight which it superadds, before the tawdry has been distinguished from finer species of beauty. On such colours, it would even be painful for it to rest, with that species of contemplation which the child indulges,—a contemplation, in which, if there be many dazzling hues to glitter on him, he exhibits often to those around him an intensity of delight, that, if we did not make allowance for the more violent natural expression of pleasure, in our early years, might seem even to surpass our more refined gratifications,—when the sources of this happy emotion have been rendered at once more copious and more pure, and our sensibility has been quickened by the very happiness which it has enjoyed.

The delight, it must be remembered too, arises not merely from the specific differences of colours as more or less pleasing, in which case the most pleasing could not be too widely spread, but from distributions of colours in gaudy variety, exactly as in the finer arrangements of tints, which are beauty to our maturer discernment.

I have said, that from the undoubted effect of circumstances in modifying our original tendencies, and of circumstances that may, in some degree, have operated before we are capable of ascertaining their influence, it is only an estimate of probabilities to which our inquiry can lead. In vision, however, as far back as we can trace the emotion of beauty, some original emotion of this kind does seem to be felt in colours, and varied arrangements of colours; and if from vision we pass to that sense which is next to it in importance as a source of the feelings, that produce our emotion of beauty, we shall find another tribe of our sensations, that seem in like manner, to favour the supposition of some original beauty, however inferior to those other analogous emotions of delight which are to be the growth of our maturer years. The class to which I allude, are our sensations of sound, a class which seems to me peculiarly valuable for illustration, as shewing, I conceive at once, the influence of original tendencies, and also of the modifying power of contingent circumstances. In different nations, we find different casts of music to prevail; in the variety of these national melodies, therefore, we recognize the power of circumstances in diversifying the original feelings. But to this diversifying power there are limits; for, however different the peculiar spirit of the national melodies may be, we find that in all nations certain successions of sounds alone are regarded as pleasing,—those which admit of certain

mathematical proportions in their times of vibration. It is not every series of sounds, then, that is capable of exciting the emotion of beauty, but only certain series, however varied these may be. The universality of this law of beauty in one of our senses, in which delight is felt from mere arrangements or successions of sounds, is a ground of presumption, at least, that all beauty is not wholly contingent, and affords analogies, which, not as proofs, indeed, but as analogies, may fairly be extended to the other senses.

Even that fine species of beauty, which is to be found in the expression of character, in animated forms, at least if we admit that species of silent language, which has been called the language of natural signs, does not seem to be, in all its varieties, absolutely dependent on the mental associations of the being who beholds it. These connections, indeed, of the corporeal signs of mental qualities, with the qualities which they have been found to express, give to the beauty that is admired by us, in our maturer years, its principal power; but though many, and, perhaps, the far greater number of these signs are unquestionably learned by experience, there seems reason to think, or at least there is no valid ground of disbelief, that there are at least some natural signs independent of experience, and equally universal in use and in interpretation. A smiling countenance, for example, appears, if we may judge from the language of his own little features, to be agreeable to the infant, and a frowning countenance to be disagreeable to him, as soon as he is capable of observing the different lineaments or motions which are developed in the smile or frown; though I admit, it would be too much to say, with certainty, that even these signs, which we term natural, may not themselves be acquired by earlier observations than any which we are accustomed to take into account. Yet still, though the interpretation, even in these cases, may, however early, result from still earlier experience only, this has not been proved; nor is it necessary, from the general analogies of mind, to assume it as certain, without particular proof in the particular case. To those, therefore, whose philosophical spirit is easily alarmed by the word *instinct*, as if it expressed a connexion peculiarly mysterious, when in truth, every connexion on one feeling with another, is equally mysterious, or equally free from mystery, and cannot fail to be so regarded by every one who has learned to consider accurately what is meant, even by the most regular antecedences and consequences of the events of nature;—to that class of philosophers, who think that the word experience accounts for every thing, without reflecting on what it is that experience itself

must primarily have been founded,—it may seem unphilosophic thus to speak of the possible instinctive use, or instinctive interpretation of smiles, or frowns, or signs of any sort. Yet, how many cases are there, in which it is absolutely impossible to deny these very instincts? and cases, too, in which the immediate effect of the instinct, as much as in the supposed case of beauty, is the production of emotion of some sort, or at least of the visible signs of emotion. In some of the lowest of the animals which we have domesticated,—in the cry of the hen, for example, the first time that a bird of prey is seen hovering at a distance, that cry, of which the force is so instantly, and so fully comprehended, by the little tremblers that cower beneath her wing, who does not perceive, in this immediate emotion of terror, an interpretation of natural signs, as instinctive as the language of affection that is instinctively used? Such a cry of alarm, indeed, is not necessary to the human mother of the little creature that has a safer shelter continually around him. But there are positive signs of pleasure, of which a delightful emotion may be the immediate consequence, as there are negative signs, which are merely warnings of evil to be shunned, that are followed immediately by an emotion of a different kind; and these additional sources of enjoyment, it is not unworthy of the kindness of Heaven to have communicated to the infant, who may thus feel, in the caress, a delight of more than mere tactual softness. The cry of the parent fowl scarcely seems more quick to be understood, than the smile of the mother to awake in the little heart that throbs within her arms an answering delight; nor is there any philosophic inconsistency in supposing it, whatever error there might be in affirming it positively, to be a part of a natural language of emotion, which, like the undoubted natural language of other animals, is instinctively understood, in every age of life, as in every nation of the globe, and which is already felt as happiness or affection, before the happiness of which it is the promise, can itself have been felt or even anticipated.

Of a still finer species of emotion, perhaps, than even that which arises from looks or features of the living countenance, may be counted the pleasure which is felt from the contemplation of moral beauty; and yet if we trace back this feeling through a series of years, in the progress of individual emotion—though we may find many variations of it in various circumstances,—it is far from certain, that we shall find it more lively in manhood, than in the early years of the unreflecting boy. It is not to be expected, indeed, that *moral beauty* is to be felt, before the consequences of actions, which render them to our conception moral, can be appreciated,—

or that it is to be felt, but in those very cases, in which such consequences can be known. There are many offences, therefore, that excite our instant abhorrence, of which a boy cannot feel the moral atrocity,—as there are many virtues, of which he is incapable of feeling the moral charm. But, in virtuous actions, of which the nature can be distinctly conceived by him, he is not the dullest to feel what is lovely,—nor the dullest to feel, mixed with his indignation and his pity, disgust at actions of a different sort. In the ballad which he exults or weeps to hear, he loves and hates with a love and hatred, at least as strong as are felt by those to whom he listens; and it seems as if, far from requiring any slow growth of circumstances, to mature or develop his emotions, there were nothing more necessary to his feeling of the beauty of an heroic sacrifice, than his knowledge that an act was truly heroic,—and nothing more necessary to his emotions of an opposite kind, than his knowledge that there was cruelty, or ingratitude on earth.

The observations which I have now made on different species of beauty, are not urged by me, as of evidence sufficient to prove, positively, that we have feelings of beauty, which may be said to be original or independent of accidental associations of every sort; since this point, as I have already stated, is beyond our power to determine with perfect accuracy, because the mind cannot be a subject of our distinct examination, till many accidental causes, of the power of which, in the peculiar circumstances of the infant mind, we may be without the slightest suspicion, may have modified its original tendencies in the most important respects. The burthen of proof, however, does not rest with the believers, but with the deniers of original beauty; and, since the inquiry has not for its object what may be affirmed with certainty, but merely what may be regarded as more or less probable, even these very slight remarks may perhaps have been sufficient to show the greater probability to be on the side of that opinion, which supposes that all objects are not originally to the mind the same in beauty or deformity, or to speak more accurately, that all objects are not originally equally incapable of exciting either of these emotions,—but, on the contrary, that though accidental circumstances may produce one or other of these emotions, when, but for the mere accidents, neither of them would have been produced,—or may variously modify, or even reverse in some cases, the original tendencies,—there yet are in the mind some original tendencies, independent of all association,—tendencies to feel the emotion of beauty on the con-

templation of certain objects, and the emotion opposite to that of beauty, on the contemplation of certain other objects.

The latter supposition, which,—doubtful as the question must, from the very nature of the circumstances, always be,—seems to my own belief the more reasonable, is rendered, I think, not less, but more certain, by the arguments which are urged against it—arguments that seem to me founded on a very false view of the circumstances that should be expected to follow, if the doctrine against which they are urged were just, or which, at least, are not applicable to the particular view which I have given you of beauty as an *emotion*, not a direct *sensation*.

It is not a *sense* of beauty, you must have remarked, for which I have contended—a sense, which, like our other senses, must force upon the mind constantly, or almost constantly, a particular feeling, when a particular object is present. The feeling of beauty, according to my view of it, is not a sensation, but an emotion, a feeling subsequent to the perception or conception of the object termed beautiful; and which, like other emotions, may, or may not, follow the particular perception or conception, according to the circumstances in which those primary feelings, to which it is only secondary, may have arisen.

It is vain, therefore, to deny,* that objects, which previously impressed us with no feeling of their beauty, may become beautiful to us, in consequence of associations; that is to say, of former pleasing or unpleasing feelings, peculiar to ourselves—for though it might be absurd to suppose that these former feelings could give us a new sense, it is far from absurd, that the objects of them may become to our minds the subjects of new pleasing emotions—and of emotions similar, perhaps, to those which were formerly excited by other objects. That we are *originally* susceptible of various other emotions is admitted, and even contended, by those who would trace to the suggestion of them our feeling of beauty; and these original susceptibilities they will surely allow, may, like the susceptibility of beauty, be variously modified, by the circumstances in which the individual may be placed, and may be produced, in consequence of former associations, in circumstances in which they otherwise would not have arisen. There is not a single emotion, indeed, which does not admit of constant modifications in this way. Our love, our hate, our wonder, are at least as much dependent on the nature of our past feelings, as our delight in what seems to us beautiful. Why

* Contend, *Edin. Edit.*

should this *one* emotion, then, be expected to differ from our other emotions, which are confessedly capable of being awakened or suspended, in different circumstances, though the mere object of contemplation be the same? To those, accordingly, who, from being accustomed to consider beauty as either permanent and unchangeable in objects, or as absolutely contingent on accidental associations, may find some difficulty in reconciling original beauty, of any sort or degree, with that influence of circumstances, which may modify it or overcome it, it may be of some assistance, to consider the analogy of our other emotions;—since we shall find, that this original tendency, subject to modification, which I suppose to take place in our feelings of beauty—is truly what takes place in our other emotions; with which, therefore, the emotion of beauty, in its variations in various circumstances, may well be supposed to correspond. Let us take, for example, our emotions of *desire*—feelings as lively, at least, as our emotion of beauty, and in many cases far more lively—which arise in the mind, too, in circumstances in some degree similar,—not on the contemplation of a present delightful object indeed, like beauty, but on the contemplation of some delight that is future. No one, surely, whatever his opinion may be, as to the original indifference of objects that now seem beautiful, will maintain, that all objects, painful and pleasing, are equally capable, *originally*, of exciting the emotion of desire. Yet no one, I conceive, will deny that it is in the power of general fashion, or of various accidental circumstances, to render objects *desirable*, or, in other words, *capable* of exciting, when contemplated, this emotion of desire, that otherwise would have been not indifferent merely, but perhaps positively disliked; and to make objects cease to be desirable, which would have been highly prized by us, but for the factitious circumstances of society, or accidents that may have operated on ourselves with peculiar influence. There is a *mode*, in our very *wishes*, as there is a mode in the external habiliments which we wear; and in their different objects, the passions of different ages and countries are at least as various, as the works of taste, to which they give their admiration. When, at the Restoration, the austerity of the Protectorate was succeeded by the disgraceful profligacy of the royal court, and when there was an immediate change of the desirableness of certain objects, as if our very susceptibilities of original passion had been changed, we do not suppose that any real change took place in the native constitution of man. In every original moral tendency or affection, he was precisely what he was before. In all ages, the race of mankind are born with certain

susceptibilities, which, if circumstances were not different, would lead them as one great multitude to form very nearly the same wishes ; but the difference of circumstances produces a corresponding diversity of passions, that scarcely seems to flow from the same source. In like manner, the race of mankind, considered as a great multitude, might be in all ages endowed with the same susceptibilities of the emotion of beauty, which would lead them, upon the whole, to find the same pleasure, in the contemplation of the same objects,—if different circumstances did not produce views of utility, and associations of various sorts, that diversify the emotion itself. It is the same in different periods of life of the same individual ; the desirableness of objects varying at least, as much as the feeling of beauty. I may add, that, as there seem to be, in individuals, original constitutional tendencies to certain passions, rather than to others ; so there might be a constitutional difference, with respect to the original susceptibility of the emotion of beauty, that, of itself, might render certain objects more delightful to certain minds than others. But still, when the race of mankind are considered as one great multitude,—as their native original tendencies to passion may be considered as the same,—their native original susceptibilities of the pleasing impressions of beauty, in certain cases, might also have been the same ; though as these original tendencies, if they did exist, might yet admit of being variously diversified, to measure them by any *standard*, would even in these circumstances, be still as impracticable, as if there were no original tendencies whatever. There is no standard of desire ; and as little, even in these circumstances, should we expect to find an absolute standard of beauty. All of which we might philosophically speak, would be the agreement of the greater number of mankind in certain desires, and the agreement of the greater number of cultivated minds in certain emotions of beauty.

That the feeling of beauty, which so readily arises when the mind is passive, and capable, therefore, of long trains of reverie, should not arise when the mind is busied with other objects of contemplation,—or even in any very high degree, when the mind is employed in contemplating the beautiful object itself, but in contemplating it, with a critical estimation of its merits or defects,—is no proof, as has been supposed, that trains of associate images are essential to the production of the emotion, but is what might very naturally be suspected, though no such trains were at all concerned. The feeling of beauty, it must be remembered, is not, as I have already said, a sensation, but an emotion. A certain perception must pre-

viously exist ; and though the perception may have a tendency to induce that different state of mind which constitutes the emotion, it has a tendency also, by suggestion, to induce many other states, and in certain circumstances, when there are any strong desires in the mind, may induce those other states, which may be accordant with the paramount existing desires, more readily than the emotion which has no peculiar accordance with them. It is the same in this case, too, with our other emotions, as with that of beauty. When we are intent on a train of study, how many objects occur to the mind, which, in other circumstances, would be followed by other emotions,—by various desires, for example,—but which are not followed by their own specific desires, merely in consequence of our greater interest in the subject, the relations of which we are studying. Nor is this peculiar to our emotions only. It extends in some degree even to our very sensations. In two individuals who walk along the same meadow, the one after suffering some very recent and severe affliction, and the other with a light heart, and an almost vacant mind, how very different in number and intensity, are the mere sensations that arise at every step ! Yet we surely do not deny, to him who scarcely knows that there are flowers around him, an original susceptibility of being affected by the fragrance of that very violet, the faint odour of which is now wafted to him in vain.

The great argument, however, which is urged by the deniers of any original beauty, is founded on that very view of the fluctuations of *all* our emotions of this class, which I endeavoured to exhibit to you in the early part of this Lecture. When we consider the changes of every kind, with respect to all, or, at least, nearly all the varieties of this order of our emotions,—not merely in different nations, or different ages of the world, but even in the same individual, in the few years that constitute his life,—and in many important respects, perhaps in a few months or weeks,—can we suppose, they say, that amid these incessant changes, of which it is not difficult for us to detect the source, there should be any beauty that deserves the honourable distinction of being independent and original ? In what respect, however, does this formidable argument differ from that equally formidable argument, which might be urged against the distinctions of truth and falsehood ?—those distinctions which it is impossible for the very sceptic, who professes to deny them, not to admit in his own internal conviction,—and the validity of which, the deniers of any original beauty would be far from denying, or even wishing to weaken ; since the very wish to convince of the truth of their theory, whatever it may be, must be founded

on this very distinction of a peculiar capacity in the mind, of a feeling of the truth of certain arguments, rather than of certain opposite arguments. If our *tastes*, however, fluctuate, do not our opinions of every sort vary in like manner? and is not the objection in the one case, then, as powerful as in the other; or, if powerless in one, must it not be equally powerless in both? I need not speak of different nations, or ages of the world, in *this*, more than of the other case,—of the very different systems of opinions of savage, semibarbarous, and civilized life, in all their varieties of climate and state. Here, too, it is sufficient to think of one individual—to compare the wisdom of the mature well-educated man, with the ignorance of his boyhood, and the proud, but irregular and fluctuating acquirements of his more advanced youth,—and if, notwithstanding all these changes, when perhaps not a single opinion ultimately remains the same, we yet cannot fail to believe, that *truth* is something more than a mere arbitrary feeling, the result of accidental circumstances, that there is, in short, an original tendency in the mind to assent to certain propositions, rather than to certain other propositions opposite to these,—we surely are not entitled to infer from the changes in the emotion of beauty, not more striking, that all in the mental susceptibility of it, is arbitrary and accidental.

Again, however, I must repeat, that in this review of the argument, I am not contending for the positive originality and independence of any species of beauty, but merely considering *probabilities*; and that, although, from the circumstances as they appear to us, I am led to adopt the greater probability of *some* original tendencies to feelings of this class, I am far from considering these as forming the most important of the class, or even as bearing any high proportion, in number or intensity, to the multitude of delightful feelings of the same order, that beam forever, like a sort of radiant atmosphere within, on the *cultivated mind*, becoming thus, in their ever increasing variety, one of the happiest rewards of years of study, that were too delightful in themselves to need to be rewarded.

LECTURE LVI.

I. IMMEDIATE EMOTIONS NOT INVOLVING NECESSARILY ANY MORAL FEELING.—III. BEAUTY, AND ITS REVERSE, CONTINUED.—THE EMOTION OF BEAUTY SEEMS TO BE AN ORIGINAL FEELING OF THE MIND.—MR. ALISON'S THEORY.

GENTLEMEN, the inquiries which engaged us in the Lecture of yesterday, related to the influence of accidental circumstances, on our emotion of beauty,—an influence which we found to be capable of producing the most striking diversities, in our susceptibility of these emotions, of every species, whether arising from the contemplation of objects *material, intellectual, or moral*. So very striking, indeed, did these diversities appear, on our review, as naturally to give occasion to the inquiry, whether feelings, that vary so much, with all the variety of the circumstances that have preceded them, may not wholly depend on that influence, on which they have manifestly depended, to so great an extent. I stated to you that in such an inquiry, it is not possible to attain confidence in the result, since all the circumstances which it would be necessary to know, cannot be known to us. It is long before the intellectual processes of the infant mind are capable of being distinctly revealed to another, directly or indirectly; and, in this most important of all periods, when thought is slowly evolved from the rude elements of sensation, the very circumstance, the influence of which we wish to trace, must have been exerting an influence that is wholly unperceived by us. The question, therefore, as to any susceptibility in the mind, of being affected with impressions of original beauty, is a question of probabilities, and nothing more.

Proceeding, then, with this limited confidence, in the results of our inquiry, we endeavoured to consider the phenomena of this order of our emotions,—not, indeed, in perfect freedom from the influence of preceding accidental circumstances, since this distinct analysis is beyond our power, but with as near an approach to it as it was possible for us to attain; and,

after a comparison of the probabilities, we found I think reason, I will not say to believe, but at least to incline to the opinion, that we are truly endowed with some original susceptibilities of this class,—susceptibilities, however, that are not so independent of arbitrary circumstances of association as to be incapable of being modified, or even wholly overcome by other tendencies that may be superinduced, but which, at the same time, are not so dependent on such circumstances, as, when these circumstances have not occurred to favour them, nor any other circumstance more powerful to counteract them, to be, of themselves, incapable of affecting us, in the slightest degree with any of those delightful emotions, of which we have been endeavouring to trace the origin.

In examining this point, it was of great importance to make you sufficiently acquainted with one radical distinction ; and, I trust, that now, after the remarks which I made, you are in no danger of confounding that view of beauty, which regards it as an *emotion*, dependent on the existence of certain previous perceptions, or conceptions which may induce it, but may also, by the operation of the common laws of suggestion, induce, at other times, in like manner, other states of mind, exclusive of the emotion,—with the very different doctrine, that regards beauty as the object of a peculiar internal *sense*, which might, therefore, from the analogy conveyed in that name, be supposed to be as uniform in its feelings, as our other senses, on the presence of their particular objects, are uniform, or nearly uniform, in the intimations afforded by them. Such a *sense* of beauty, as a fixed regular object, we assuredly have not ; but it does not follow, that we are without such an original susceptibility of a mere emotion ; that is not, like sensation, the direct and uniform effect of the presence of its objects, but may vary in the occasions on which it rises, like our other emotions ; love, for example, or hate, or astonishment, which various circumstances may produce, or various other circumstances may prevent from arising.

In conformity, then, with this view, though from the comparison of all the circumstances of the case, as far as they can be known to us, I am led to regard the mind, as having originally certain tendencies to emotions of beauty, in consequence of which it may be impressed with them, on the contemplation of certain objects, without the necessary previous influence of any contingent circumstances, I yet allow the power of such circumstances, not merely to produce analogous emotions, when otherwise these would not have arisen, but also to modify, and even, in some cases, to overcome our original tendencies themselves, in the same manner, as we found that

our original tendencies to other emotions might be modified and overcome, in particular cases of a different kind. I allow this influence of circumstances on our emotions of beauty, in the same manner, as I allow the very general empire of prejudice, and the power of all the accidental circumstances, which may prepare the mind, less or more, for the reception, or for the denial of truth, though I do not regard truth itself as arbitrary in its own nature ;—that is to say, since truth is only a general name of a feeling common to many propositions, I do not regard all propositions, and the propositions opposite to them, as equally fitted to excite this feeling of truth in the mind. The analogy of truth, indeed, as that which there is a greater original tendency to feel, in certain propositions, than in others, though a tendency, which circumstances may, in certain minds, weaken and even reverse, seems to me a very important one, in this discussion, since precisely the same arguments which are urged by those who contend for the exclusive influence of association in the production of beauty, might be urged, as I showed you, with equal force, against those distinctions of truth and falsehood, which the assertors of the creative influence of association, in the less important department of taste, would surely be unwilling to abandon. If it be in the power of circumstances, to make us regard objects as beautiful, which, but for those circumstances, would not have excited any emotion whatever, and in many cases, even to reverse our emotions, which is all that the deniers of original beauty can maintain ; it is not less in the power of circumstances, as the history of the different superstitions of the world, and of the very schools of wisdom, in all the various departments of philosophy, sufficiently shows, to make us regard as true, what we otherwise should have regarded as false, and false what we otherwise should have regarded as true. The mind is formed, indeed, to *feel truth*, and to *feel beauty* ; but it is formed also to be affected by circumstances, the influence of which may, in any particular case, be inconsistent with either of those feelings ; and the resulting belief, or the resulting emotion, may naturally be supposed to vary with the strength of these accidental circumstances.

When I say, then, of the mind, that there seems greater reason, on the whole, to suppose it endowed with some original susceptibility of this pleasing emotion, I speak of these original susceptibilities, as developed in circumstances, in which the feelings which certain objects would naturally tend to excite, are not opposed by more powerful feelings ; by views of utility for example,—which are promoted, in many cases, by deviations from forms, that of themselves would be the

most pleasing—or, by the influence of *habitual* or even *accidental* associations. These unquestionably may, as we have already seen, suspend and even reverse our emotions of beauty, as they suspend or reverse our other emotions, even our most powerful emotions of desire; but, though they do this, it may be only in the same way, as every greater force overcomes a less, which still implies the existence of that *less*, though, if we saw only the one simple emotion, that results from the conflict of the unequal forces, we may be led to think that the impelling cause also was simple, and wholly in the direction of the emotions which we perceive. The writers, therefore, who would reduce our emotions of beauty entirely to the influence of *association*, and who endeavour to justify their theory, by instances of the power of particular associations, seem to make far too great an assumption. They do not prove the influence of original beauty to be *nothing*, by proving the influence of other principles to be something *more*. What eye is there, however little exercised it may be in discriminating forms, which does not, at least in the mature state of the mind, whatever it may have done originally, feel the beauty of the circle or of the ellipse, considered simply as figures, without regard to any particular end? and though it may be easy to collect instances, in which we prefer to these forms, some one of the angular figures, on account of some useful purpose, to which the angular figure, though less pleasing in itself, may be subservient,—this does not prove that the curve is not felt as more beautiful *in itself*, but only that it is not felt to be beautiful, where the pleasing emotion, which of itself it would excite, is overcome, by the painful feeling that arises from *obvious unfitness*, in comparison with some other figure more suitable. Though a *circle*, for example, may, in itself, be more pleasing, than an *oblong*, we may yet prefer an oblong for our doors and windows; the feelings of comparative convenience and inconvenience being more powerful than the feelings which they overcome, of beauty in the mere form, considered without reference to an end; or rather the fitness of one form for the use intended, involving in itself a species of beauty which may be termed *natural beauty* as much as the other. In the mere bodily sense of taste, we never think of contending, that all the original affections of the sense are indifferent, and become agreeable or disagreeable, by mere association; yet we know well, that it is in the power of *habit* to modify and reverse these feelings, so as to render a luxury to one, what is absolutely nauseous to another. Different nations have, indeed, an admiration of very different works of *genius*; but the mere *cookery* of different nations, is, perhaps, still more

strikingly various, than their prevalent intellectual tastes. There is unquestionably, however, an original tendency to delight in sweetness, though certain circumstances may induce a preference of what is bitter, and there may, too, easily be an original tendency to feel the emotion of beauty, from certain objects, though, by the similar influence of circumstances, we may be led to prefer to them, colours or propositions of a different kind. Upon the whole, the probable inference, which, as I have already said, seems to me the most legitimate that can be drawn, from the phenomena of beauty, with respect to its existence as an original emotion, is, that certain objects, various, perhaps, in different individuals, *do tend, originally*, and without any views of indirect utility, or any previous associations, to excite emotions that are agreeable in themselves, and capable of being reflected back, and combined with the agreeable object; but that *these* may be variously *modified*, by views of utility, or by permanent or even accidental associations; since there is nothing in any of our original tendencies which implies, that they must be omnipotent, and the same in all times and circumstances. To the child, at least as soon as he is capable of making known to us in any way, his delights and preferences,—certain objects seem to be productive, in a higher degree than others, of that pleasing emotion, which we denominate beauty, when reflected and embodied, as it were, in the objects that excite it; and as certainly this delightful emotion *varies*, in the course of his life, from object to object, innumerable times, according to circumstances, which we may not always be able to detect, but which it is, generally, not very difficult to trace, at least in some of their most striking and permanent influences.

In the case of those theories, which would refer all beauty in the forms and colours, or other qualities of material things, to the suggestion of mental qualities, and the succession of associate trains of images in accordance with these, there is one circumstance which may have led to the illusion, if the theories are truly to be held to be illusive; and it is a circumstance common, you will perceive, to all those cases on which the theories are professedly founded. By the mere laws of suggestion, though no other laws of mind were concerned, and though beauty, as a primary direct emotion, were the exclusive invariable result of certain perceptions in all mankind alike, as immediate as the perceptions themselves, analogous objects would unquestionably suggest analogous objects; and, where the suggestions were rapid, and the pleasing emotion of beauty continued to coexist with various suggestions, it might not be very obvious, when we endeavour to review the whole series

of feelings, to *which* set of feelings the priority should be assigned ; and whether the *emotion* which perhaps led to the suggestions of the analogous objects, by the mere influence of this common delightful feeling, might not be itself rather the result of them. The pleasure which *preceded* the suggestion of an agreeable object, and still continued after that object was suggested, might thus seem to be the effect of the suggestion of the agreeable object itself. When, therefore, in our endeavour to explain the beauty of any corporeal form, we dwell on it for any length of time, or even when we dwell on it with that mere passive gaze of pleasure which its beauty excites, a variety of analogous objects may be suggested during the delightful contemplation ; and, among these, since the different *mental* affections, intellectual and moral, which we feel in ourselves, or observe in others, must present to us the most interesting of all analogies, it is not wonderful that some analogous mental qualities should very readily arise in our mind, as any other analogous object is suggested in any other train. The pleasure attached to the contemplation of the mental quality will, of course, blend with the pleasure previously felt from the material object ; and may be conceived to be itself the chief constituent of that primary pleasure, since the subsequence is too rapid to be distinguishable on reflection. There is a pleasure also, it must be remembered, in such a case, from the mere perception of the analogy of the coexisting objects of thought,—a pleasure that constitutes the whole charm of the metaphorical language of the poet and the rhetorician,—which gives, therefore, an additional delight to the mental suggestion when the kindred image is suggested, and, consequently, leads us the more to ascribe to it the whole delight which we feel. But though, when we consider any forms and colour, simple or combined, the analogy of some mental affection may be suggested, and though, when the analogous feeling is suggested, the pleasure of the beauty may be greatly increased, this is no proof that the material objects themselves are not pleasing, independent of the suggestion, though not, perhaps, to an equal degree. The softness of moonshine may derive no slight charm, and perhaps its chief charm, from the mild graces of the mind which it suggests, or the remembrance of many a delightful evening walk with friends whom we loved. But this certainly is far from proving that this softness of moonshine would not be delightful, in any degree, if it had not excited such analogous conceptions. The sun, bursting in all his majesty, like the sovereign of the ethereal world, through the clouds, which he seems to *annihilate* with the very brightness of his glory, presents unquestionably many moral

analogies, which add to our delight, when we gaze, above or below, on that instant change, which all nature seems to feel:—

“ Denso velamine nubis
Obsitus, et tetra pressus caligine Titan,
Nativo demum radiantis acumine lucis
Nubila perrumpit Victor, seque auserit orbi,
Splendidus, et toto rutilans spatiat Olympos.”

The similitude which these beautiful verses develop, is unquestionably most pleasing. But would there, indeed, be no delight in the contemplation of so magnificent an object, if some moral analogy were not excited, and if the sun itself, with the instant succession of darkness and splendour, and the light diffused over every object beneath, were all of which our mind could be said to be conscious?

Though, in this question of probabilities which we have been considering, the *preponderance* seems to me to be in favour of the belief of some original tendencies to the emotion of beauty, on the contemplation of certain objects,—I have already said, that it is only a small part of this order of emotions, which we can ascribe to such a source; and these, as I conceive, of very humble value, in relation to other more important emotions of the order, which are truly the production of associations of various kinds. Though all objects might not have been originally indifferent, the objects of our livelier emotion at present, are certainly those which speak to us of moral analogies and happy remembrances. It will not be an uninteresting inquiry, then, in what way these associations operate, in giving birth to the emotions, or in aiding them with such powerful accessions of delight. Let us pass, then, from the question of original beauty, to this still more important investigation.

The investigation, when we first enter on it, may seem a very easy one.—It is, as we have found from our examination of the laws of mind, the nature of one object, either perceived or conceived, to suggest, by the common laws which regulate our trains of thought at all times, some other object or feeling, that has to it some one of many relations; and this again may suggest others, related to it in like manner. Each suggestion, during a long train of thought, may be the suggestion of some delightful object, and thus indirectly of the delightful emotions which such objects were of themselves capable of inducing; and though the amount of gratification additional, in each separate suggestion, may be slight, the gratification afforded by a long series of such images, all delightful in themselves, and all harmonizing with the object immediately before us, may be very considerable,—so considerable

as to be sufficient not to favour merely, but absolutely to constitute that emotion, to which we give the name of beauty. Such is the view of the origin of this emotion, which has been given, with much felicity of language, and with much happy illustration of example and analysis, by my very ingenious and very eloquent friend, the author of the *Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste*. The continued suggestion of trains of harmonizing images, Mr. Alison considers as essential to the emotion, which consists, according to him, not more in the kindred associate feelings themselves, that are recalled to the mind, than in the peculiar delight attending, what he terms, the exercise of the imagination in recalling them,—that is to say, according to the view which I have given you of our mental functions, the delight which he supposes to attend the mere suggestion of image after image in associate and harmonizing trains of thought. This opinion, as to the delight of the mere exercise of imagination, seems to be founded on the belief of a sort of voluntary exertion of the mind, in such trains, when all which truly takes place in them, as I endeavoured, in former Lectures, to explain to you, is the operation of the common laws of suggestion, that may be pleasing or painful in their influence, precisely as the separate feelings that rise by suggestion, are themselves pleasing or painful. The exercise of imagination, in such a case, is nothing more than these separate states themselves. When we gaze on a beautiful object, we do not call up the analogous images that may arise, but they arise of themselves unwilling, and if the images were of an opposite kind, the process would itself be painful. Indeed, if the supposed exercise of imagination, were in itself as an exercise of the mind, necessarily pleasing, this exercise, Mr. Alison should have remembered, is not confined to objects that are beautiful, but is common to these with the objects that excite emotions opposite to those of beauty, in which, therefore, it would not be very easy for him to account for its different effect. Since, according to his theory, the same species of exercise of imagination is involved in *these* likewise, it is very evident, that, if necessarily pleasing, it should tend, not to increase, but to lessen the disagreeable feelings, and to convert ugliness itself into a minor sort of beauty. On the fallacy of this supposed part of the process, however, it is unnecessary for us to dwell. I allude to the supposed delight of the mere exercise at present, only to shew, how necessary it has been felt, in this theory, to account by a multitude of images, for an amount of delight, which seems too great for any single image in suggestion. Here, then, lies the great difficulty, which that theory has to overcome. To

him, who reflects on the circumstances that have attended the emotion, in cases in which it has been most strongly felt, does it appear on this review, that a series of images succeeding images, have passed through his mind? When we turn our eye, for example, on a beautiful living form, is there no immediate, or almost immediate, feeling of delight whatever,—but do we think of many analogies,—and, till these analogies have all been scanned, and the amount of enjoyment, which may have attended the different objects of them, been measured, is the countenance of smile, or the form of grace, only a mass of coloured matter to our eyes? There are cases, surely, in which the feeling of beauty is immediately consequent on the very perception of the beautiful form,—so immediately consequent, that it would be difficult to convince the greater number of those, who have not been accustomed to reflect on such subjects, that there is any subsequence whatever, and that the delightful emotion is not itself the very glance, which gives that happy feeling in instant sequence to the soul. I have no hesitation even in saying, that the more intense the feeling of beauty may be, the less is the tendency of the mind to pass from the delightful form, which fills the heart as it fills the eyes, to images of distant analogy,—that this transition takes place, chiefly, where the emotion is of a slight kind,—and that what is said to constitute beauty, has thus an inverse, and not a direct proportion, to that very beauty, which it is said directly to constitute. There can be no question, at least, that, in the language of every poet, and of every impassioned describer of these impassioned feelings, the total suspension of all our faculties, but of that which is fixed on the contemplation of the dazzling object itself, is stated as an essential character of excess of this emotion. There is uniformly described a sort of rapturous stupefaction, which overwhelms every other thought or feeling ;—and though this, in its full extent, may be true only in those excessive emotions, which belong rather to poetry, than to sober life,—even in sober life, there is assuredly an approach to it ; and we may safely, therefore, venture to assert, that the beauty, which scarcely allows the mind to wander for a moment from itself, is not less than the beauty, which allows its happy admirer to run over the thousand kind and gentle qualities which it expresses, or to wander, still more widely, over a thousand analogies in other objects.

If we attend, then, to the whole course of our feelings, during our admiration of the objects, which we term beautiful, we are far from discovering the process, of which Mr. Alison speaks. We do not find, that there is, at least that there is

necessarily, any wide combination, or rapid succession, of trains, of those associate images or feelings,—which he terms ideas of emotion;—and yet we have seen reason to believe, that the chief part of beauty is truly derived from that mental process, which has been termed association,—the suggestion of some feeling or feelings, not involved in the primary perception, nor necessarily flowing from it. In what manner, then, does the suggestion act?

The modes in which it acts, seem to me to be, what I am about to describe,—modes, that are in perfect accordance with the general processes, which we have found to take place in the mind, in the phenomena before considered by us.

The associate feelings, that produce this effect, are, I conceive, of two kinds.—In the first place, any very vivid delight, that may have been accidentally connected with any particular object, may be recalled in suggestion by the same object, so as afterwards to make it seem, in combination with this associate feeling, more pleasing than it originally seemed to us; and may, in like manner, and with similar effect, as when it is recalled by the same object, be recalled directly by an object similar or analogous to the former, which thus, even when we first gaze upon it, may appear to have a sort of original loveliness, which, but for the rapid and unperceived suggestion, it would not have possessed. *One degree* of beauty is thus acquired,—by every object similar to that which has been a source to us of any primary pleasure,—and with this faint degree of pleasing emotion, other pleasures, arising, perhaps, wholly from accidental sources, at various times, may be combined, in like manner,—rendering the state of mind, in the progressive feeling, more complex, but still, as one feeling or state of the mind, not less capable of being again suggested by the perception of the same or similar objects, than the less complex emotion, that in the first stage preceded it. With every new accidental accession of pleasure, in the innumerable events that occur from year to year, the delight itself becomes more complex; till at length the whole amount of complex pleasure, which the same object may afford by this rapid suggestion to the mind which contemplates it, may be as different from that which constituted the feeling of beauty in the fourth or fifth stage of the growth of the emotion, as that beauty itself, in its fourth or fifth stage, differed from the simple original perception. Still, however, the pleasing emotion, though the gradual result of many feelings of many different stages, is itself always one feeling, or momentary state of the mind, that, as one feeling, admits of being suggested as readily and rapidly in any one stage, as in any of the stages preceding; and

it is this immediate state of complex emotion, however slowly and gradually formed, which I conceive to be suggested, when objects appear to us beautiful; not the number of separate delightful states, which Mr. Alison's theory supposes to be essentially necessary. We feel the instant emotion of loveliness, on the perception of a particular object, though we may have been years in forming those complex associations, which have rendered the mind capable of now feeling that instant emotion. It is in this way, that a landscape, which bears a resemblance to the scene of our early youth, or to any other scene where we have been peculiarly happy, cannot fail to be felt as more beautiful by us, than by others who have not shared with us that source of additional embellishment. The countenance of one who is dear to us, sheds a charm over similar features, that might otherwise scarcely have gained from us a momentary glance. An author, whose work we have read at an early period with delight, when it was, perhaps, one of the earliest gifts which we received, or the memorial of some tender friendship, continues for ever to exercise no inconsiderable dominion over our general taste. In these, and innumerable cases of the same kind, which must have occurred to every one in his own experience, the direct suggestion is of an amount of particular delight, associated with the particular object. This, then, is one of the modes in which I conceive the emotion of beauty to be excited, and the chief source of all the pleasure which we class under that comprehensive name. It is sufficiently easy to be understood;—it accounts for the *variety* of emotions in different individuals, when the object which one admires is such as to others seems scarcely of a nature to afford any pleasing emotion whatever;—and, above all, it accounts for those more perplexing anomalies, which we sometimes find in the taste of the same individual, when he admires, in some cases, with an admiration that seems to us scarcely consistent with the refined fastidiousness which he displays on other occasions. The delightful emotion which he feels from objects that appear to others inferior to the far nobler objects of which he disapproves, may, in such cases, be confined to *him*, because the associations from which the emotion has arisen, were his alone.

It is in this way, I have said, that the chief pleasure of the emotion arises. But, if all the influence of association on beauty were exercised in this way, by the direct suggestion of a particular amount of pleasure resulting from accidental causes, that have been peculiar to the individual, it would not be easy to account for the whole phenomena of this tribe of emotions, —above all, for those regular gradations of beauty in different

objects, which are felt in most cases with so general an agreement by the greater number of cultivated minds, and so uniformly, or almost uniformly, by the same individual. If every object had its own particular associations in the mind of every individual, and every object many opposite associations, it might be expected, that the emotion of beauty, or at least the estimate of the degree of beauty, would fluctuate in the same individual according to these caprices of accidental suggestion, and in the great multitude of society, would fluctuate at different moments so as scarcely to admit of being fixed in any way. A face which at one time suggested one particular delight might suggest by its various analogies, or various circumstances of the past, various degrees of delight, and with these, therefore, a perpetual variety of the resulting emotion. Notwithstanding all this variety, however, we estimate objects very nearly in the same way. There is a notion of excellence acquired in some manner,—a relative notion of fitness to excite a certain amount of delight,—which seems to be forever in our mind to direct us,—according to which, we fix at some precise degree the varying beauty of the moment. There is every appearance, therefore, in such cases, of the suggestion of one general feeling, and not merely of various fluctuating feelings. The suggestion of this general feeling, which is in perfect accordance with the laws of thought already investigated by us, forms, I conceive, a second mode of association, in its influence on the emotion of beauty; and it is this chiefly which aids us in fixing the degrees of what we constantly, or almost constantly, recognize as less or more beautiful than certain other objects,—that is to say, less or more fit to excite in cultivated minds a certain amount of pleasure.

I have already explained to you, in what manner the process of *generalizing* takes place. We see two or more objects,—we are struck with their resemblance in certain respects,—we have a general notion of the circumstances in which they thus resemble each other, to the exclusion, of course, of the circumstances in which they have no resemblance. For many of these mere relative suggestions of resemblance, we invent words, which from the generality of the notion expressed by them, are denominated *general terms*,—such as quadruped, animal, peace, virtue, happiness, excellence,—but though we invent many such general terms, we invent them, it is evident, only in a very few cases, comparatively with the cases of general feeling of resemblance of some sort, in which they are not invented,—and we apply the same name frequently, in different cases, when the general feelings in our mind, however analogous, are not strictly the same. We apply the word *peace*,

L IMMEDIATE EMOTIONS,

For example, to many states of international rest from war, words are far from conveying the same notions of safety and tranquillity,—the word *happiness*, to many states of mind which we feel at the same time, or might feel if we reflected on them, to be in species and intensity, very different,—the word *beauty*, to many objects which excite in us very different degrees of delightful emotion, and which we readily recognize as fit only to excite the emotion, in these different degrees. In short, though our general terms be few, our general feelings are almost infinite,—as infinite as the possible resemblances, which can be felt in any two or more objects,—and though we have not words expressive of all the degrees of feeling, we have notions of these degrees as different,—notions of various degrees of beauty,—various degrees of happiness,—various degrees of excellence in general,—not embodied in words, but capable of being suggested to the mind by particular objects, as if they were so embodied. These notions have been formed by the mind, in the same way as all its other general notions have been formed—by the observation and comparison of many particulars,—and they arise to the mind on various occasions, when the particulars observed, correspond with the particulars before observed,—in the same way as the word *quadruped*, which we have invented for expressing various animals known to us, occurs to our mind when we see for the first time some other animal, of which we had perhaps never heard, but which agrees, in the feeling of general resemblance which it excites, with the other animals formerly classed by us under that general word. This ready suggestion of general feelings which is continually taking place, in applications of which all must be sensible, and the possibility and likelihood of which no one will deny, is that which I suppose, in the case of the emotion at present considered by us, to direct our general estimate of degrees of beauty, or, in other words, our relative notion of the fitness of certain objects to excite a pleasing emotion of a certain intensity.

We discover this fitness, as we discover every other species of fitness, by observation of the past,—and by observing this past in others, as well as in ourselves, we correct, by the more general coincidence of the associations of others, what would be comparatively irregular, and capricious in the results of our own limited associations as individuals. The accidents of *one*, or of a *few*, when variously mingled, become truly laws of thought of the *many*. As this observation is more and more urged, the irregularities of individual association, are more and more counteracted by the foresight of the diversities of general sentiment,—till, at length, the beauty of which we

think, in our estimates of its degree of excellence, though still, in a certain degree, influenced by former accidental feelings of the individual,—is in a great measure, the beauty which we foreknow, that others are to feel,—and which we are capable thus of foreknowing, because we have made a wide induction of the objects, that have been observed by us, to excite the emotion in its various degrees, in the greater number of those, whose emotions we have had opportunities of measuring.

As we say of a well cultivated memory, that it is rich in images of the past, we may say of a well-cultivated mind in general, that it is rich in notions of beauty and excellence,—notions, which it has formed by attentive observation and study of various objects, as exciting, in various circumstances, various degrees of delight ; but which ever after rise simply and readily to the mind by suggestion, according as the objects, perceived or imagined, are of a nature to harmonize with them. The general notion of what will be most widely regarded as beauty or excellence, in some one or other of its degrees, rises instantly, or at least may arise instantly to the mind, on the perception of the beautiful or excellent object, and with it the emotions, which have usually attended it. In our estimate of *degrees* of beauty, then, as often as we attempt to calculate these, it is the general notion, that has resulted from the contemplation of many excellent qualities, which, as one state of mind, arises to us, and directs us,—not the many separate states, which constitute the remembrances of many separate qualities. These, indeed, are not necessarily excluded,—though, as I have already said, they arise less, where the beauty is felt to be great, than where it is felt only in a less degree. Many analogous images may arise, and they do frequently arise ; and, if pleasing in themselves, may add to the gratification previously felt ; but though they may arise, and when they arise, they increase the amount of pleasure,—they are far from being absolutely necessary to the pleasing emotion itself. Though we have a general notion attached to the word *peace*, this cannot exist long in our mind, without exciting some particular conception in accordance with it,—though we know what is meant by the general word *animal*, independently of the particular species, which it may at different moments suggest, we yet cannot continue long to think of what is meant by the mere general word, without the suggestion of some particular animals. It would not be wonderful, then, that the general notion of beauty, which we have attached to a particular form, should of itself, give rise to par-

ticular suggestions of analogy, even though the form, on which we gaze, were not, of itself, capable of suggesting them ; and it cannot, surely, be more wonderful, that it should allow these suggestions of objects analogous, when the particular form perceived is of a kind to occur in the tendency to this suggestion, with the general notion of beauty itself. It is this subsequent suggestion of trains of associate images, increasing perhaps the effect of the emotion that existed previously as a state of the mind, but not producing it, which has led the very ingenious theorist, to whom I have before alluded, to ascribe to these mere consequences of the feeling of beauty, that very feeling itself, which more probably gave occasion to them. Indeed, if the suggestion of particular images after images, and not the suggestion of one general delight, or the more general suggestion of beauty or excellence itself, be essential to the very existence of the emotion, it seems to me quite impossible to account for that instant, or almost instant delight, which beauty, in its form of most powerful attraction, seems to beam on the very eye that gazes on it.

" What sublimer pomp
Adorns the seat, when virtue dwells on earth,
And truth's eternal daylight shines around ;
What palm belongs to man's imperial front,
And woman powerful with becoming smiles !"^{*}

In these cases, there are instant conceptions of dignity, or of gentleness, which we attach to the imperial front of man, or to the more powerful, and more truly imperial smiles of woman. What we term *expression*, is the suggestion of that general character of intelligence and virtue, which is said to be expressed,—not the necessary suggestion of many separate truths, nor the suggestion of many separate acts of kindness,—which may be suggested, indeed, if we continue long to contemplate the intelligent and benevolent form ; but which are, in that case, subsequent to the emotion, that, in its origin at least, truly preceded them.

Such are the modes in which I conceive the past, in our emotion of beauty, to influence the present. But if all which the past presents to us, be the conceptions of former delight, how happens it, that these conceptions, which often pass along our mind in reverie, with only faint and shadowy pleasure, should be heightened to so much rapture, when suggested by

^{*} Pleasures of Imagination—2d form of the poem, B. I. v. 547—551.

some real object before us? The images suggested may afford the sources of the delight; but the delight itself must be in some way modified, before it is converted into beauty. There is another part of the process, then, which we have not yet considered, to which it is necessary to direct your attention.

What is truly most important to the emotion of beauty, is this very part of the process which theorists have yet neglected. It is not the mere suggestion of certain conceptions, general or particular, for these often form a part of our trains of thought, without any very lively feeling as their consequence. It is the fixing and embodying of these in a real object before us, which gives to the whole, I conceive, one general impression of reality. This, I have little doubt, takes place, in the manner explained by me in former Lectures, when I treated of the peculiar influence of objects of *perception*, in giving liveliness to our trains of suggestion, and consequently greater liveliness to all the emotions which attend them. The delight of which we think, when images of the past arise, is very different from the delight which seems to be embodied in objects, and to meet our very glance, as the terror of the superstitious, when they think of a spectre in twilight, is very different from that which they feel, when their terror is incorporated in some shadowy form that gleams instinctively on their eye. But for a process of the kind which I have stated, I do not see how the effect of beauty, *as seen*, should be so very different as it most certainly is, from the effect produced by a long meditation on all those noble and gracious characters of virtue and intelligence,—the mere expression, that is to say, the mere suggestion of which is stated to be all which constitutes it. It is, in short, as I have said, this very part of the process which seems to me the most important in the whole theory of beauty.

The increased effect of that incorporating process, which I suppose, in the case of beauty, is, in truth, nothing more than what we have found to take place in all the cases of suggestion of vivid images, by objects of perception, rather than by our fainter and more fugitive conceptions. The reality of what is truly before us, gives reality to all the associate images that blend and harmonize with it. We think of ancient Greece—we tread on the soil of Athens or Sparta. Our emotion, which was before faint, is now one of the liveliest of which our soul is susceptible, because it is fixed and realized in the existing and present object. The same images arise to us, but they coexist now as they rise, with all the monuments which we behold, with the land itself, with the sound of those

waves, which are dashing now as they dashed so many ages before, when their murmur was heard by the heroes of whom we think—all now lives before us, and when we behold a beautiful form, all the images suggested by it, live in like manner in it. It does not suggest to us what was once delightful, but it is itself representative of what was once delightful. The visions of other years exist again to our very eyes. We see embodied all which we feel in our mind; and the source of delight which is itself real, gives instant reality to the delight itself, and to all the harmonizing images that blend with it. We may, even in solitude, think with pleasure of the kindness of smiles and tones which we have loved; but when a smile of the same kind is beaming on us, or when we listen to similar tones, it is no longer a mere dream of happiness,—the whole seems one equal perception, and we are surrounded again, as it were, with all the vivid happiness of the past.

Though the result of our inquiry into original beauty, then, has led us to adopt the greater probability of some original susceptibilities of emotions of this sort, that are independent of the arbitrary associations which must be formed in the progress of life, we have found sufficient reason to ascribe to this slow and silent growth of circumstances of adventitious delight, almost all the beauty which is worthy of the name:—and we have seen, I flatter myself, in what manner these circumstances operate in inducing the emotion. This happy effect, I have shewn to be too instantaneous to be the result of a rapid review or suggestion of many particulars, in each separate case, but to depend on the combination with the objects which we term beautiful, of some instant complex feeling of past delight, or of those general notions of beauty and excellence, which themselves, indeed, originally resulted from the observation of particulars, but which afterwards are capable of being suggested as one feeling of the mind, like our other general notions of every species; and when combined with objects really existing, or felt as if really existing, to derive from this impression of reality in the harmonizing objects with which they are mingled in our perception, a liveliness without which they could not have exercised their delightful dominion on our heart.

Such, I conceive, then, in the principles on which it depends, is that delightful dominion, which is exercised on our heart, not directly by mind only, but by the very forms of inanimate nature.

“Hence the wide universe,
Through all the seasons of revolving worlds,

Bears witness with its people, gods and men,
To Beauty's blissful power, and, with the voice
Of grateful admiration, still resounds;—
That voice, to which is Beauty's frame divine,
As is the cunning of the master's hand
To the sweet accent of the well tuned lyre.”*

* Pleasures of Imagination, second form of the poem, B. I. v. 682—689.

LECTURE LVII.

1. IMMEDIATE EMOTIONS, NOT INVOLVING NECESSARILY ANY MORAL FEELING—3. BEAUTY AND ITS REVERSE CONCLUDED—4. SUBLIMITY,—LIKE BEAUTY, A MERE FEELING OF THE MIND.—SOURCES OF SUBLIMITY.

For several Lectures, Gentlemen, we have been engaged in considering one of the most interesting of our emotions—an emotion connected with so many sources of delight, material, intellectual, and moral; that it is not wonderful that it should have attracted, in a very high degree, the attention of metaphysical inquirers, and should even have become a subject of slight study, with those lovers of easy reading, to whom the word *metaphysical* is a word of alarm, and who never think that they are studying *metaphysics*, when they are reading only of delicate forms, and smiles, and graces. What they feel, in admiring beauty, is an emotion so very pleasing, that they connect some degree of pleasure with the very works that treat of it, and would perhaps be astonished to learn, that the inquiry into the nature of this emotion, which it would seem to them so strange not to feel, is one of the most difficult inquiries in the whole philosophy of mind.

It may be of advantage, then, after an analytical investigation, which is in itself not very simple, and which has been so much confused by a multitude of opinions, to review once more, slightly, our progress and the results which we have obtained.

In whatever manner, the pleasing emotion itself may arise, and however simple or complex it may be, we term beautiful, the object by which it is excited. But though, philosophically, a beautiful object be considered by us merely as that which excites a certain delightful feeling in our mind, it is only philosophically that we thus separate completely the object from the delight which it affords. It is impossible for us to gaze on it, without reflecting on it this very delight, or even to think of it, without conceiving some spirit of delight diffused in it,—a never-fading pleasure, that, as if in independence of

our perception, exists in it or floats around it, as much when no eye beholds it, as when it is the gaze and happiness of a thousand eyes.

Such in its reflection from our mind, on the object that seems to embody it, is the beauty which we truly feel; and if the objects that excite it were uniformly the same in all mankind, little more would have remained for inquiry. But, far from being uniform in its causes, in all mankind, the emotion is not uniform in a single individual, for a single year, or even, in the rapid changes of fashion, for a few months of a single year. These rapid changes, at once so universal and so capricious in their influence, led us naturally to inquire, whether fashion, in all its arbitrary power, and other circumstances of casual association, peculiar to individual minds, be not the modifiers only, but perhaps the very sources of all those emotions which seem to vary with their slightest varieties.

In this inquiry, which from the peculiar circumstance in which alone it is in our power to enter on it, cannot afford absolute certainty of result, but only such a result as a comparison, of greater and less probabilities affords, we were led, on such comparison, to a conclusion favourable to the supposition, that the mind has *some* original tendencies to receive impressions of beauty, from certain objects, rather than from others, thought it has, without all question, at the same time, other tendencies, which may produce feelings inconsistent with the pleasing emotion, that otherwise would have attended the contemplation of those objects, or sufficient of themselves to constitute the pleasing emotion, in cases in which there was no original tendency to feel it,—that what is beauty, therefore, at one period of life, or, in one age or country, even in cases in which there may have been an original tendency to feel it, may not be beauty, at another period of life, or in another age or country, from the mere difference of the arbitrary circumstances, which have variously modified the original tendency, in the same manner as we find circumstances capable of modifying, or even reversing other species of emotions,—this difference of result being, not of itself, a proof of the *unreality* of all original distinctions of this sort, more than the prejudices and delusions of mankind, and their varying desires, are a proof, that truth and error are themselves indifferent, and all things originally equally desirable. It is like the descent of one of the scales of a balance, from which alone it would be absurd to conclude, that the *whole* weight is in that single scale. The descent may have arisen only from the preponderance of a greater weight over a less, when, but for the addition of some new substance thrown into it, the

sinking scale would have arisen, and the other scale have obeyed that natural tendency, which, of itself, would have directed its motion to the earth.

The error of those who ascribe to the suggestion of mental qualities, the whole emotion of beauty, in every case, corporeal as well as mental, we found to be, very probably, occasioned, in part at least, by the very nature of the laws on which suggestion depends,—analogous objects suggesting analogous objects,—and corporeal qualities thus suggesting the very striking analogies of mind, in the same way as these mutually suggest each other,—analogies which are pleasing in themselves, and may, when suggested, mingle their own pleasure with the delightful emotion previously excited by the corporeal object. But it is very evident, that the suggestion of the mental quality may, in this case, be the effect, or the mere concomitant, not the cause, of that delightful emotion, which was itself, perhaps, the very circumstance that led us to dwell on the external object, till the analogy was suggested; and, though no suggestion of this kind had taken place, the object might still have been felt by us as beautiful. The same remark may be applied to all the other forms of association, as much as to the suggestions of mere analogy. These may co-exist with the emotion, and may add to it their own mingled delight; but they are not, therefore, proved to be essential to it, in all its degrees. On the contrary, in many cases, it may be only because we have previously felt an object to be beautiful, that it suggests to us various objects of former similar delights,—the delightful effect itself, when produced, being the very principle of analogy which alone may have connected the one object with the other.

Association, however, whether as primarily giving rise to the emotion of beauty, in certain cases, or as modifying it in others, is, without all doubt, the source of the most important pleasure of this kind which we feel. But how does this association act? Is it, as is commonly supposed, by the suggestion of a number of images related to the object, that transfer to it, as it were, the emotions which originally belonged to them?

This opinion, though supported and illustrated by genius of a very high order, we found, notwithstanding, by reflection on all which we feel during our admiration of beauty, to be little warranted by the phenomena. Such a train of images passing through the mind,—and images accompanied with lively emotion, could scarcely fail to be remembered by us; or, at least, if they are not remembered by us, there is no reason, *a priori*, to suppose the existence of them. Yet we surely

feel the charm of external loveliness, without any consciousness of such trains. The very moment in which we have fixed our eye on a beautiful countenance, or at least with an interval after our first perception, so short, as to be absolutely undistinguished by us; we feel, with instant delight, that the countenance is beautiful,—and the more beautiful the object, the *more*, not the *less*, does it fix the mind, as if absorbed, in the direct contemplation and enjoyment of it; and the less, therefore, in such a case, do we wander over the trains of images, on which the very feeling of beauty, is, in this theory, said to depend.

It is not a number of images, then, which necessarily arise in the mind,—though these may arise, and when they arise, may increase the pleasure that was felt before. What is suggested in the instant feeling of loveliness, must itself be an instant feeling of delight, and the source of such instant delight, we found accordingly in the common laws of suggestion, that have been already so fully considered by us. The perception of an object has originally coexisted with a certain pleasure,—a pleasure, which may perhaps have frequently recurred together with the perception,—and which thus forms with it in the mind one complex feeling, that is instantly recalled by the mere perception of the object in its subsequent recurrences. With this complex state, so recalled, other accidental pleasures may afterwards coexist in like manner, and form a more complex delight; but a delight, which is still, when felt, one momentary state of mind, and, as one state of mind, capable of being instantly recalled by the perception of the object, as much as the simpler delight in the earlier stage. The embellishing influence of association may thus be progressive in various stages; because new accessions of pleasure are continually rendering more complex the delight, that is afterwards to be suggested; but that which is suggested in the latter stages, though the result of a progress, is itself, in each subsequent perception of the object which it embellishes, *immediate*. We spread the charm over the object, with the same rapidity, with which we spread over it the colours, which it seems to beam on us.

Such is the great source of all the embellishments of beauty, when association operates, by the direct suggestion of an amount of delight associated with the particular object. But though our estimate of degrees of beauty, if wholly dependent on associations peculiar to the object, might seem scarcely capable of any precision, we yet form our estimate with a precision and uniformity, which almost resemble the exactness of our measurements of qualities, that do not depend on any arbitrary and capricious principle. There must, therefore, be in

the mind some scale, in whatever way it may be acquired, by which we correct, in part at least, these accidental irregularities. This intellectual scale we found to be the result of the comparisons, which a cultivated mind is continually making; or of those general notions of resemblance which rise to us, when there has been no *intentional* comparison of object with object. We observe, not merely what gives delight to ourselves, but what gives delight also to the greater number of the cultivated minds around us; and what might be capricious in *one* mind, is thus tempered by the result of more general associations in the many. As we form various notions of brightness from many varieties of light,—various notions of magnitude from many forms and proportions,—various notions of pleasure from many agreeable feelings,—so do we form, from the contemplation of many objects, that have excited certain pleasing emotions in ourselves and others, various notions of beauty, which in their various degrees, are suggested by the new objects that are similar to those, which originally induced them; and many comparisons, in various circumstances, thus gradually rectifying what might have seemed capricious, if the comparisons had been fewer, we learn at last to attach certain notions of beauty to certain objects, with a precision which otherwise we should have been incapable of attaining. The mind becomes rich with many varieties of the general feeling of beauty,—a feeling that was the result of many particular images and emotions in ourselves, and of much observation of the similar impressions of others; but which is itself one state of mind, and capable, as one state of mind, of being suggested in constant sequence. From the multitude of former pleasing objects that have interested us, we have formed, in consequence of their felt resemblance,—as it was impossible for us, with our power of feeling resemblance, not to form,—a general notion of beauty or excellence; or rather, we have formed progressively various general notions of various species and degrees of beauty and excellence; and these general notions are readily suggested by the objects which agree with them, precisely in the same way as our other general notions,—such, for example, as those expressed by the words, flower, bird, quadruped, when once formed in the mind, are afterwards readily suggested by any new object that seems referable to the species or genus.

It is not enough, however, when we gaze on a beautiful object, that certain conceptions of former delight should be suggested, for these rise equally, on innumerable occasions, in our trains of thought, with little liveliness of present joy. The distinguishing liveliness of the emotion of beauty, as it lives

before us, seems to me, if it depend on association, to be absolutely inexplicable, but for a process, which we considered fully; when the general phenomena of suggestion were under our review ;—the process, which, when the images of a train are connected, not with some former conception only, but with a real object of perception, invests with illusive present existence the whole kindred images of the harmonizing group, of which a part, and an important part, is truly recognized as existing.

The countenance on which we gaze recalls to us some complex feeling of beauty, that was previously formed ; but, while it recalls it, it exists permanently before us ; and embodying as it were this complex visionary delight in the object of our continued perception, we give a reality, that is in the object only, to the shadowy whole, of which the perception of the object, and the associate feelings of suggestion, are harmonizing parts ; and the images of tenderness and joy, which, as mere conceptions, unembodied in any real object, might have passed through the mind in its trains of reverie, with little pleasure, thus fixed, as it were, and living before us in the external loveliness, affect us with a delight that is more than mere imagination, because the object of it seems to be as truly existing without, as any other permanent object of our senses, a delight that may have resulted from many former pleasures, but that is itself one concentrated joy.

In all our inquiries on this subject, we have had regard, as you may have remarked, to many feelings of the mind, and not to one simple quality of objects that can be termed the beautiful, for the beautiful exists no where, more than the soft, or the sweet, or the pleasing ; and to inquire into the beautiful, therefore, if it have any accurate meaning, is not to inquire into any circumstance which runs through a multitude of our emotions, but merely to inquire what number of our agreeable emotions have a sufficient similarity to be classed together under one general name.

Beauty is not any thing that exists in objects independently of the mind which perceives them, and permanent therefore, as the objects in which it is falsely supposed to exist. It is an emotion of the mind, varying, therefore, like all other emotions, with the varying tendencies of the mind, in different circumstances. We have not to inquire into the nature of any fixed essence which can be called the beautiful,—τὸ καλόν,—but into the nature of transient feelings, excited by objects which may agree in no respect, but as they excite emotions in some degree similar. What we term the *emotion* of beauty, is not one feeling of our mind, but many feelings, that have a cer-

tain similarity, as greenness, redness, blueness, are all designated by the general name *colour*. There is not one beauty, more than there is one colour or one form. But there are various beauties—that is to say, various pleasing emotions, that have a certain resemblance, in consequence of which we class them together. The beautiful exists no more in objects, than species or genera exist in individuals. It is, in truth, a species or genus—a mere general term, expressive of similarity in various pleasing feelings. Yet even those writers, who would be astonished, if we were to regard them, as capable of any faith in the universal *a parte rei*, believe this universal beauty *a parte rei*, and inquire, what it is which constitutes the beautiful, very much in the same way, as the scholastic logicians inquired into the *realesence* of the universal.

By some, accordingly, beauty is said to be a waving line, by others, a combination of certain physical qualities—by others, the mere expression of qualities of mind, and by fifty writers, almost as many different things,—as if beauty were anything in itself, and were not merely a general name, for all those pleasing emotions, which forms, colours, sounds, motions, and intellectual and moral aspects of the mind produce,—emotions, that have a resemblance, indeed, but are far from being the same. They are similar, only as all the feelings of the mind, to which we give the name of pleasure, have a certain similarity, in consequence of which we give them that common name, though there is nothing which can be called pleasure, distinct from these separate agreeable feelings.

What is it which constitutes the *pleasing*? would be generally counted a very singular inquiry; and to say that it is a sight, or a smell, or a taste,—the brilliant, or the sweet, or the spicy, or the soft, would be counted a theory still more singular than the inquiry that led to it. Yet no one is surprised when we inquire what it is which constitutes the beautiful; and we are scarcely surprised at the attempts of those who would persuade us, that all our emotions, to which we give that name, are only one, or a few of these very emotions.

Various forms, colours, sounds, are beautiful,—various results of intellectual composition are beautiful, various moral affections, when contemplated by the mind, are attended with a similar feeling. But we are not to suppose, because there may be a considerable similarity of the emotions excited by these different classes of objects, that any one of the classes comprehends the others, more than colours, which are pleasing, comprehend pleasing odours, or tastes, or these respectively each other. A circle or a melody, a song or a theorem, an act of gratitude or generous forbearance, are all beautiful,

as greenness, sweetness, fragrance, are pleasing ; and the pleasing exists as truly as the beautiful, and is as fit an object of philosophic investigation.

After these remarks on beauty, it is unnecessary to make any remarks on the opposite emotion,—the same observations, as to their nature, and the circumstances that produce or modify them, being equally applicable to both. As certain forms, colours, sounds, motions, works of art, and moral affections, are contemplated with delight,—the contemplation of certain other forms, colours, sounds, motions, works of art, and affections of our moral nature, is attended with a disagreeable emotion. I have also remarked, that for this opposite emotion, in its full extent, we have no adequate name ;—deformity, and even ugliness,—which is a more general word,—being usually applied only to external things, and not to the intellectual or moral objects of our thought ; as we apply beauty alike to all. There can be no doubt, however, that the same analogy, which connects our various emotions of beauty, sensitive, intellectual, and moral, exists equally, in the emotions of this opposite class ; and that, though we are not accustomed to speak of *the ugly*, and to inquire what constitutes it, as we have been accustomed to inquire into *the beautiful*, and its supposed constituents, it is only because beauty is the more attractive, and the empire which itself possesses, is possessed, in some measure, by its very name.

After the attention which we have paid to the emotions, that are usually classed together, under the general name of *beauty*,—the emotions to the consideration of which we have next to proceed, are those which constitute our feelings of *sublimity*. On these, however, it will not be necessary to dwell at any great length ; since you will be able, of yourselves, to apply to them many of the remarks, that were suggested by the consideration of the former species of emotion.

The feeling of *sublimity*, it may well be supposed, does not arise without a cause, more than our feeling of beauty ; but the sublimity which we feel, like the beauty which we feel, is an affection of our mind, not a quality of any thing external. It is a feeling, however, which like the feeling of beauty, we reflect back on the object that excited it, as if it truly formed a part of the object ; and thus, instead of being merely the unknown cause of our emotion,—as when it is philosophically viewed, the object which impresses itself on our mind, and almost on our senses, as *sublime*, is felt by us, as our own embodied emotion,—mingled, indeed, with other qualities that are mate-

rial, but diffused in them with an existence that seems independent of our temporary feeling.

When Dryden said, of one of our most powerful and most delightful passions,—

“ The cause of love can never be assign’d :
’Tis in no face, but in the lover’s mind,”

he probably was not aware, that he was saying what was not *poetically* only, but *philosophically* true, though in a sense different from that which he meant to convey. It is not the capricious passion alone which the lover feels, as in himself, but the very beauty that is felt by him in the external object, which is as truly an emotion of his own mind as the passion to which it may have given rise. Of all those forms, on which we gaze with a delight that is never weary, because the pleasure which we have felt, as reflected by us to the object, is to us almost a source of the pleasure which we feel at the moment, or are about to feel,—what, I have asked, would the loveliest be, but for the eyes which gaze on it, and which give it all its charms, as they give it the very *unity* that converts it into the form which we behold? A multitude of separate and independent atoms,—we found ourselves obliged to answer, and nothing more. In like manner, I might ask, what, but for the mind which is impressed with the sublimity, would be the precipice, the cataract, the ocean, the whole system of worlds, that seem at once to fill the immensity of space, and yet to leave on our conception an infinity, which even worlds without number could not fill? To these, too, sublime as they are felt by us to be, it is our mind alone, which gives at once all the unity and sublimity, which they seem to us to possess, as of their own nature. They are, in truth, only a number of atoms, that would be precisely the same in themselves, whether existing near to each other, or at distances the most remote. But it is impossible for us, to regard them merely as a number of atoms; because they affect us with one complex emotion, which we diffuse over them all. When precipice hangs over precipice, and we shrink back on our perilous height, as we strive to look down from the cliff, on the abyss beneath,—in which we rather *hear* the torrent, than see it, with our shuddering and dazzled eye,—we have one vivid, though complicated feeling, which fills our whole soul; and the whole objects existing separately before us, are one vast and terrifying image of all that is within us. In the hurricane that lays waste, and almost annihilates whatever it meets, there is to our conception something more than the mere particles of air that form each successive blast. We animate it with our own feelings.

It is not a cause of terror only,—it is terror itself. It seems to bear about with it that *awful sublimity*, of which we are conscious,—an emotion, that as it animates our corporeal frame with one expansive feeling, seems to give a sort of *dreadful unity* to the whole thunders of the tempest, or rather to form one mighty being of the whole minute elements, that when they rage, impelling and impelled, in the tumultuous atmosphere, are merely congregated, by accidental vicinity, as they exist equally together in the gentlest breeze, or in the stillness of the summer sky.

That sublimity should be reflected to the object from the mind, like beauty, is not wonderful; since, in truth, what we term beauty, and sublimity, are not opposite, but, in the greater number of cases, are merely different parts of a series of emotions. I have already, in treating of beauty, pointed out to you the error into which the common language of philosophers might be very apt to lead you,—the error of supposing, that beauty is one emotion, merely because we have invented that generic or specific name, which comprehends at once many agreeable emotions; that have some resemblance, indeed, as being agreeable, and diffused, as it were, or concentrated in their objects, and are therefore classed together, but still are far from being the same. *The beautiful*, concerning which philosophers have been at so much pains in their inquiries, is, as we have seen, in the mode in which they conceive it to exist, a sort of *real essence*,—an universal *a parte rei*, which has retained its hold of the belief when other universals of this kind, not less real, had been suffered to retain a place, only in the insignificant vocabulary of scholastic logic.

Our emotions of beauty, I have said, are various; and, as they gradually rise, from object to object, a sort of regular progression may be traced from the faintest beauty, to the vastest sublimity. These extremes may be considered as united, by a class of intermediate feelings, for which *grandeur* might, perhaps, be a suitable term, that have more of beauty, or more of sublimity, according to their place in the scale of emotion. I have retained, however, the common twofold division of beauty and sublimity, not as thinking that there may not be intermediate feelings, which scarcely admit of being very suitably classed under either of these names, but because the same general reasoning must be applicable to all these states of mind, whatever names, or number of names, may be given to the varieties that fill up the intervening space. Indeed, if all the various emotions, to which, in their objects, we attach the single name of *beautiful*, were attentively considered, we might find reason to form, of this single order, many subdivisions,

with their appropriate terms ; but this precision of *minute nomenclature*, in such a case, is of less importance, if you know sufficiently the general fact involved in it,—that there is not one beauty, or one sublimity, but various feelings, to which, in their objects, we give the name of beauty, and various feelings, to which, in their objects, we give the name of sublimity ; and that there may be intermediate feelings which differ from these, as these respectively differ from each other. That which happens, in innumerable other cases, has happened in this case ; we have a series of many feelings ; we have invented the names, sublimity and beauty, which we have attached to certain parts of this series ; and, because we have invented the names, we think that the emotions which they designate, are more opposed to each other, than they seemed to us before. One feeling of beauty differs from another feeling of beauty ; but they are both comprehended in the same term, and we forget the difference. One feeling of sublimity differs, in like manner, from another feeling of sublimity ; but they also are both comprehended in one term, and their difference too is forgotten. It is not so, when we compare one emotion of beauty with another emotion of sublimity ; the feelings are then not merely different, but they are expressed by a different term ; and their opposition is thus doubly forced upon us. If we had not invented any terms whatever, we should have seen, as it were, a series of emotions, all shadowing into each other, with differences of tint, more or less strong, and rapidly distinguishable. The invention of the terms, however, is like the intersection of the series, at certain places, with a few well-marked lines. The shadowing may still, in itself, be equally gradual ; but we think of the sections only, and perceive a peculiar resemblance in the parts comprehended in each, as we think that we perceive a peculiar diversity at each bending line.

To be convinced how readily the feelings, contrasted as they may seem at last, have flowed into each other, let us take some example. Let us imagine that we see before us, a stream gently gliding through fields, rich with all the luxuriance of summer, over-shadowed at times by the foliage that hangs over it, from bank to bank, and then suddenly sparkling in the open sunshine, as if with a still brighter current than before. Let us trace it, till it widens to a *majestic river*, of which the waters are the boundary of two flourishing empires, conveying abundance equally to each, while city succeeds city, on its populous shores, almost with the same rapidity as grove formerly succeeded grove. Let us next behold it, losing itself in the immensity of the ocean, which seems to be only an expansion of itself, when there is not an object to be seen but its

own wild amplitude, between the banks which it leaves, and the sun that is setting, as if in another world, in the remote horizon;—in all this course, from the *brook*, which we leap over, if it meet us in our way to that boundless waste of waters, in which the power of man, that leaves some vestige of his existence in every thing else, is not able to leave one lasting impression, which, after his fleets have passed along in all their pride, is the very moment after, as if they had never been, and which bears or dashes those navies that are contending for the mastery of kingdoms, only as it bears or dashes the foam upon its waves,—if we were to trace and contemplate this whole continued progress, we should have a series of emotions, which might, at each moment, be similar to the preceding emotion, but which would become, at last, so different from our earliest feelings, that we should scarcely think of them as feelings of one class. The emotions which rose, when we regarded the *narrow stream*, would be those which we class as emotions of beauty. The emotions which rose, when we considered that infinity of waters, in which it was ultimately lost, would be of the kind which we denominate *sublimity*; and the grandeur of the river, while it was still distinguishable from the ocean, to which it was proceeding, might be viewed with feelings, to which some other name or names, might, on the same principle of distinction, be given. This progressive series, we should see very distinctly, as progressive, if we had not invented, the two general terms; but the invention of the terms, certainly, does not alter the nature of these feelings, which the terms are employed merely to signify.

Innumerable other examples,—from increasing magnitude of dimensions, or increasing intensity of quality,—might be selected, in illustration of that species of sublimity which we feel in the contemplation of external things, as *progressively* rising from emotions that would be termed emotions of beauty, if they were considered alone. It is unnecessary, however, to repeat, with other examples, what is sufficiently evident, without any other illustration, from the case already instanced.

The same *progressive series* of feelings, which may thus be traced as we contemplate works of nature, is not less evident in the contemplation of works of human art, whether that art have been employed in material things, or be purely intellectual. From the cottage to the cathedral—from the simplest ballad air, to the harmony of a choral anthem—from a pastoral to an epic poem, or a tragedy—from a landscape, or a sculptured Cupid, to a Cartoon, or the Laocoon—from a single experiment in chemistry, to the elucidation of the whole system of chemical affinities, which regulate all the changes on the

surface of the globe—from a simple theorem, to the principia of Newton :—In all those cases in which I have merely stated what is beautiful and what is sublime, and left a wide space between, it is easy for your imagination to fill up the interval; and you cannot fill up this interval without perceiving, that, merely by adding what seemed degree after degree, you arrive at last at emotions which have little apparent resemblance to the emotions with which the scale began. It is, as in the thermometric scale; by adding one portion of caloric after another, we rise at last, after no very long progress, from the cold of freezing, to the heat at which water boils; though our feelings, at these two points, are as different as if they had arisen from causes that had no resemblance;—certainly as different as our emotions of sublimity and beauty.

In the moral scene, the progression is equally evident. By adding virtue to virtue, or circumstance to circumstance in the exercise of any virtue, we rise from what is merely beautiful to what is sublime. Let us suppose, for example, that in the famine of an army, a soldier divides his scanty allowance with one of his comrades, whose health is sinking under the privation. We feel, in the contemplation of this action, a pleasure, which is that of moral beauty. In proportion as we imagine the famine of longer duration, or the prospect of relief less probable, the action becomes more and more morally grand or heroic. Let us next imagine, that the comrade, to whose relief the soldier makes this generous sacrifice, is one whose enmity he has formerly experienced on some interesting occasion; and the action is not *heroic* merely, it is *sublime*. There is not a virtue, even of the most tranquil or gentle sort, which we may not, in like manner, render sublime, by varying the circumstance in which it is exercised; and by varying these gradually we pass through a series of emotions, any two of which may be regarded as not very dissimilar; though the extremes, when considered without the parts of the series which connect them, may scarcely have even the slightest similarity.

When I speak of this progression of our feelings, by which emotion after emotion may rise, from the faintest of those which we refer to beauty, to the most overwhelming of those which we term sublime, I am far from wishing you to think that such a progress is in all cases necessary to the emotion; I allude to it merely for the purpose of shewing, that sublimity is not by its nature, of a class of feelings essentially different from beauty; and that we may, therefore, very readily conceive, that the laws which we have found applicable to beauty may be applicable to *it* also.

So far is it, indeed, from being indispensable to sublimity, that beauty should be the characteristic of the same circumstance, in a less degree, that in many instances, what is absolutely the reverse of beautiful, becomes sublime, by the exclusion of every thing which could excite of itself that delightful but gentle emotion. A slight degree of barren dreariness in any country through which we travel, produces only feelings that are disagreeable; a wide extent of desolation, when the eye can see no verdure as far as it can reach, but only rocks that rise at irregular intervals, through the sandy waste, has a sort of savage sublimity, which we almost delight to contemplate. In the moral world, the audacity of guilt cannot seem *beautiful* to us in any of its degrees; but it may excite in us, when it is of more than ordinary atrocity, that species of emotion which we are now considering. Who is there who can love Medea as she is represented to us in the ancient story? But to whom is she not *sublime*? It is not in Marius, that we would look for a model of moral beauty; but what form is there, which the painter would feel more internal sublimity in designing, than that bloodthirsty chief, sitting amid the ruins of Carthage, when, as a Roman poet, by a bold rhetorical figure, says of the memorable scene, and the memorable outcast whom it sheltered, each was to the other a consolation, and equally afflicted and overwhelmed together, they forgave the gods,—

“ Non ille favore
 Numinis, ingenti superum protectus ab ira,
 Vir ferus, et Romam cupienti perdere fato
 Sufficiens. Idem pelago delatus iniquo,
 Hostilem in terram, vacuisque, mapalibus actus,
 Nuda triumphati jacuit per regna Jugurthæ,
 Et Pœnos pressit cineres: solatia fati,
 Carthago, Mariusque, tulit; pariterque jacentes,
 Ignovere Deis.”

An old French opera, of which D'Alembert speaks, on the horrible story of Atreus and Thyestes, that story on which, as on other horrible stories of the kind, the ancients were so strangely fond of dwelling, in preference, and almost to the exclusion of more interesting pathos, concludes, after the banquet, with the vengeance of the gods on the contriver of the dreadful feast; and amidst the bolts that are falling around him on every side, Atreus cries out, as if exulting, “Thunder, ye *powerless* gods, I am avenged.” To lessen that triumphant revenge, which is so sublime in this case, would be

* Lucan, *Pharsalia*, lib. ii. v. 85—93.

not to produce an emotion of beauty, but to produce that disgust and contempt, which we feel for petty malice. I need not allude to the multitude of other cases, to which the same remark would be equally applicable.

Whether, then, the emotions be, or be not, of a kind which may be gradual, by the omission of some circumstance, or the diminution of the vivid feeling itself, lessened down to that emotion, which we ascribe to mere beauty, it is not the less sublime, if it truly involves that species of vivid feeling, which we distinguish, with sufficient readiness, from the gentle delight of beauty, as we distinguish the sensation of a burn from that of gentle warmth, without being able to state, in words, in what circumstance, or circumstances, the difference of the feelings consists. It is the vain attempt to define what cannot be defined, that has led to all the errors and supposed mysteries in the theory of sublimity, as it has led to similar errors in the theory of beauty. Sublimity is not one emotion, but various emotions, that have a certain resemblance,—the sublime in itself is nothing ; or at least, it is only a mere name, indicative of our feeling of the resemblance of certain affections of our mind, excited by objects, material or mental, that agree, perhaps, in no other circumstance, but in that analogous undefinable emotion which they excite. Whatever is vast, in the material world—whatever is supremely comprehensive in intellect—whatever in morals implies virtuous affections or passions far beyond the ordinary level of humanity, or even *guilt*, that is ennobled, in some measure, by the fearlessness of its daring, or the magnitude of the ends, to which it has had the boldness to aspire—these and various other objects, in mind and matter, produce certain vivid feelings, which are so similar as to be classed together ; and, if we speak of sublimity, merely in reference to the various objects which excite these analogous feelings, so as to make the enumeration of the objects a sort of definition of the species of emotion itself, there can be no risk of mistake, more than in saying, that sweetness is a word expressive of those sensations which sugar, honey, and various other substitutes that might be named, excite. But, if we attempt to define sweetness itself as a sensation, or sublimity itself as an emotion, we either state what is absolutely nugatory, or what is still more probably false in its general extent, however partially true ; because our attention, in our definition, will be given to some particular emotions of the class, not to any thing common to the class, since there is truly no common circumstance, which words can adequately express. Hence it happens, that by this singling out of particular objects, we have many theories of sublimity,

as we have of beauty ; all of them founded on the supposition of an universal sublimity *a parte rei*, as the theories of beauty were founded on an universal beauty *a parte rei*. Sublimity, says one writer, is the terrible—according to another writer, it is magnitude or amplitude, which is essential to the emotion—according to another, it is mighty force or power—according to another, it is the mere suggestion of images of feelings, directly connected with that elevation in place which has given sublimity its name—according to another, it arises from a wider range of associations, all, however, centering in some prior affections of the *mind*, as their direct source. It is very true, that terror, vastness of size, extraordinary force, high elevation, and various associate images, do produce feelings of sublimity ; but it is not equally true, that any *one* of these feelings is itself all the other feelings. Great elevation, for example, may excite in me the emotion to which it has given the distinctive name, and it is even possible, that many great virtues, may, by a sort of poetic analogy, suggest the notion of local elevation, as snow suggests the notion of spotless innocence, or the shadow that follows any brilliant object, the notion of envy pursuing merit. But even though, in thinking of heroic virtue, the analogy of local elevation were excited,—which it surely is only in very rare cases,—this would be no reason for believing, that the heroic virtue itself is incapable of exciting emotion, till it have previously suggested height, and the feelings associated with height. It is the same with magnitude or power ; they are causes of sublime feelings, not causes of the sublime,—which has no real existence,—nor of those other sublime feelings, which have no direct relation to magnitude or power. Power itself, for example, is not magnitude ; nor magnitude power. The contemplation of eternity or infinity of space, is instantly, and of itself, as a mere object of thought, productive of this emotion, without any regard to my power of conceiving infinity, which may, indeed, be a subsequent cause of astonishment, but which certainly does not precede the emotion as its cause. In like manner, any great energy of mind, either in acting or bearing, though it may suggest, by analogy, *magnitude*, as it may suggest many other analogies, does not depend, for the emotion which it excites, on the previous suggestion of the analogous amplitude of size. The two primary errors, as I have already said, in all these various theories, which may be considered as confutations of each other, consist in supposing, first, that sublimity is one,—*the sublime*, to use the language of theory,—which, therefore, as suggested by one object, may be precisely the same with the emotion suggested by other objects ;

and, secondly, the belief, that because certain objects have an analogy, so as to be capable, by the mere laws of association, of suggesting each other, they, therefore, do uniformly suggest each other, and excite emotion only in this way,—that because any generous sacrifice, for instance, *may* suggest the notion of magnitude or elevation in place—which, if it suggest them at all, it suggests only rarely,—it, therefore, *must* at all times suggest them,—as if it were absolutely impossible for us to see an object, without thinking of any analogous object,—to look on snow, without thinking of innocence, or on a shadow, without thinking of envy.

I trust, after the remarks already made, that it is unnecessary for me to repeat any arguments in confutation of the error, as to one universal sublime,—an error of precisely the same kind, as that which would contend, that, because the fragrance of a violet, and the simplicity of a comprehensive theorem, are both pleasing, the theorem comprehends the fragrance, or the fragrance the mathematical demonstration. As there are many pleasures, excited by many objects, but not *the pleasing*,—many emotions of beauty, excited by many objects, but not *the beautiful*;—so are there many emotions of sublimity, excited by many objects, but not *the sublime*. The emotion which I feel, when I think of all the ages of eternity, that, however indefinitely multiplied, are as nothing to the ages that still remain,—that which I feel when I think of a night of tempest on the ocean, when no light is to be seen, but the flash of guns of distress from some half-wrecked vessel; or the still more dreadful light from the clouds above, that gleams only to shew the billows bursting over their prey, and nothing to be heard but the shriek that rises loudest, at the very moment, when it is lost at last and forever, in one continued howl and dashing of the storm and the surge,—these feelings, though both classed as sublime, and having some resemblance, which leads to this classification, are yet, in their most important respects, very different from each other; and how different are they both, from the emotion, with which I regard some moral sublimity,—the memorable action of Arria, when she presented the dagger to her lord,—or the more tranquil happiness of the elder Pætus, when, on being ordered by the tyrant to death,—as in the accustomed rites of some grateful sacrifice,—he sprinkled his blood as a libation to Jove the deliverer! It is in the moral conduct of our fellow men, that the species of sublimity is to be found, which we most gladly recognize, as the character of that glorious nature, which we have received from God,—a character which makes us more

erect in mind, than we are in stature, and enables us, not to *gaze* on the heavens merely, but to lift to them our very wishes, and to imitate in some faint degree, and to admire at least, where we cannot imitate, the gracious perfection that dwells there. It is to *mind*, therefore, that we turn, even from the sublimest wonders of magnificence, which the material universe exhibits.

"Look then abroad through Nature, to the range
Of planets, suns and adamantine spheres,
Wheeling unshaken through the void immense;
And speak, O man, does this capacious scene,
With half that kindling majesty, dilate
Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose
Itefulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
Amid the croud of patriots!—and his arm
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove,
When Guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
On Tully's name and shook his crimson steel,
And bade the father of his country, hail!
For, lo! the tyrant prostrate in the dust,
And Rome again is free."^a

Yet, though *mind* exhibits the sublimities, on which we love *most* to dwell, we must not, on that account, suppose, that material objects are incapable of exciting any kindred feeling;—that, but for the accident of some mental association, the immensity of space would be considered by us with the same indifference as a single atom;—or the whole tempest of surges in the seemingly boundless world of waters, with as little emotion, as the shallow pool that may chance to be dimpling before our eyes.

The remarks which I made on *beauty*, might, however, of themselves, have been sufficient to save you from this mistake; and, indeed, after those remarks, it was, perhaps, superfluous in me to repeat, in the case of sublimity, any part of the argument, which I employed on the former occasion. The further applications of it, which I have *not* made, you can have no difficulty in making for yourselves.

^a Pleasures of Imagination, B. I. v. 487—500.

LECTURE LVIII.

I. IMMEDIATE EMOTIONS, NOT NECESSARILY INVOLVING ANY MORAL FEELING.—RETROSPECT OF THE DISCUSSION OF THE EMOTIONS OF BEAUTY AND SUBLIMITY.—4. LUDICROUSNESS, THE OPPOSITE OF SUBLIMITY.—SOURCES OF THE LUDICROUS.—HOBBS' THEORY ERRONEOUS.—LUDICROUSNESS ARISES FROM UNEXPECTED CONGRUITIES OR INCONGRUITIES IN LANGUAGE—IN THOUGHT—OR IN OBJECTS OF PERCEPTION.—EXCEPTIONS.

GENTLEMEN, after the remarks which I had made on the varieties of the emotion of beauty, it was not necessary for me to dwell at so much length on the kindred emotions of *sublimity*, to the elucidation of which, I proceeded in my last Lecture ;—the principal inquiries which had engaged us, with respect to the nature of beauty, being only another form of inquiries, which we might have pursued, indeed, in like manner, in the case of sublimity, but which it would have been tedious and profitless to repeat.

Opposed as the *sublime* and *beautiful* usually are, by a sort of antithetic arrangement, in our works of rhetoric, or of the philosophy of taste, they are far from being *essentially* distinct, but at least in the great number of instances, shadow into each other ; the sublime, in these cases, being only one portion of a series of feelings, of which the beautiful, as it has been termed, is also a part. The emotions of sublimity may, indeed, be excited by objects, which no diminution of the attendant circumstances, or of intensity of quality, could render beautiful, but which, on the contrary, when thus diminished, are disgusting or ridiculous, rather than agreeable. Yet, though there are, unquestionably, cases of this sort ; as when guilt becomes sublime by the very atrocity with which it dares, and executes what other bosoms might shudder even to conceive,—or the mean wretchedness of some sterile waste acquires a kind of dignity from the extent of that very desolation, which, in a less degree, made it meanly wretched, the greater number of cases are, as unquestionably, of a different

sort ;—in which, by gradual increase, or diminution of qualities, or alteration of the attendant circumstances, the emotion is progressively varied, till, by change after change, what was merely beautiful, becomes grand, and ultimately sublime,—the extremes seeming, perhaps, to have no resemblance, but this very difference of the extremes resulting only from the number of successive feeling in the long scale of emotion, in each sequence of which, compared with the feelings immediately preceding, there may have been shadowing of the closest resemblance. How very natural a process this is, I shewed you, by examples of progressive beauty, grandeur, and sublimity, on different aspects, both of matter, and of mind.

Since beauty, then, by a gradual change of circumstances, can thus rise into sublimity, it is not wonderful that phenomena, which are parts of a series, should be in many important respects, analogous ; so that properties or relations, which are found to belong to one portion of the series, should be found to belong also to the other,—that, for example, as we diffuse, unconsciously, our delightful feeling of beauty, in the object which excites it, we should, diffuse in like manner, our feelings of sublimity in the objects, which we term sublime, and imagine some awful majesty to hang around them, even when there is no eye to behold them, and consequently no heart to be impressed with their overwhelming presence. The tendency which this continued incorporation of our feeling in those sublime objects on which we gaze, or of which we think, produces, to the belief of a permanent sublimity in objects, may, very naturally, be supposed to flow into the illusion, which imagines the existence of something, that, independently of our feelings, is common to all the objects which thus powerfully impress us, and which may, of itself, be termed *the sublime* ; as something common to all beautiful objects, independently of our feeling of their beauty, was, in like manner, imagined, and termed *the beautiful*. It was necessary for me, therefore, to expose the fallacy of these last lingering universal essences of the schools, and to shew, that, as we have not *one* emotion of beauty, but a multitude of emotions, which, from their analogy, are comprehended under that one general term, so we have not one feeling of sublimity, but various analogous feelings, arising from various objects, that agree, perhaps, in no circumstance, but that of the analogous emotions which they excite.

Of feelings which are not the same, then, in every respect, it cannot surprise us, that we should not always find on analysis, the elements to be the same. Beauty, as we have seen, is an emotion of vivid delight, referred to the object which ex-

cites it ; and sublimity, as we have also seen, in tracing the progressive emotion through gradual changes of circumstances, is often only this very beauty, united with a feeling of vague indefinable grandeur in its object, and a consequent impression of delightful astonishment, intermediate between mere admiration and awe. In relation to moral actions, it is often a combination of the pleasing emotion of beauty, with admiring astonishment and love, or respectful reverence. In many cases, however, there is no vivid delight of beauty intermingled in the compound feeling, but only astonishment, and a certain vague impression of unmeasurable greatness or power, which is more akin to terror, than to any emotion which can be said to be positively pleasurable. In some cases, indeed, there can be no question that images of terror contribute the chief elements of the emotion,—images, however, not of terror in that direct form in which it assails us, when danger is close and imminent, but of terror softened either by distance as long past, or by mixed feelings of security, that fluctuate with it in rapid alternation, when the danger is only contingently or remotely possible. Different as the elements may be in many cases, and different as the resulting emotions may also be, the different results of the different elements may yet, as complex feelings, be sufficiently analogous to be classed under one rank of emotions ; though, in giving one common name to the whole, we must always be aware, that it is only a certain analogy of the feelings which we mean to express, and not one common quality which can be considered as strictly the same in all,—and that it is not *the sublime*, therefore, which we are philosophically to seek, but the *sublimities*, if I may venture so to term them,—the various objects which, in various circumstances, excite emotions, that, in all their diversity, are yet of such resemblance, as to admit of being classed together, under one common appellation.

The species of emotion to which I am next to direct your attention, is that, which, in the common realism of the language of philosophers, is said to be occasioned by the *ludicrous*,—an emotion of light mirth, which may be considered as opposite to that of sublimity, though not opposite in the strict sense, in which beauty and ugliness are opposed. There are, indeed, some feelings of this kind, which may be said to arise from qualities that are truly the reverse of those on which sublimity depends, and in which, accordingly, the opposition is as complete as that of ugliness and beauty. In the composition of works of fancy, for example, a mere excess or diminution of the very circumstances which render a thought sublime, pro-

duces either bombast or inanity, and a consequent emotion of ridicule or gay contempt; as in the human countenance, an increase or diminution of any beautiful feature, may convert into deformity what was beauty before, and produce a corresponding change in our emotions. In this peculiar species of disproportion, when the sublime is intended, but when the images, from the inability of the author to produce and distinguish sublimity are either overstrained or mean, consists what has been termed *bathos*, as rhetorically opposed to those peculiar emotions, to which, indeed, the very etymology of the term marks the opposition that has been felt.

Of the *ludicrousness*, which arises from this species of actual opposition of the mean or bombastic fancies of the writer to the sublimity which he wished to produce, it would, indeed, scarcely be necessary to say any thing, after the remarks that have been made on sublimity itself, any more than it would be necessary to dwell on illustrations of ugliness, after a full discussion of the opposite emotions of beauty. But the gay mirthful feeling is not always of this kind. The same species of emotion, or an emotion very nearly similar, may be felt where there is no accompanying belief of imperfection, and where, on the contrary, as in the sprightly sallies of wit, a very high admiration is mixed with our feeling of what is laughable,—an admiration which is much more than mere astonishment, and which, for the moment, though only for the moment, is perhaps as great as that, which in our hours of reflection, we give to the highest efforts of meditative genius. It will therefore deserve a little fuller consideration, what the nature of the emotion is, or rather to state what is more within the power of philosophy, what are the circumstances in which the emotion arises.

Before entering on the minuter inquiry, however, I may remark, in the first place, that every theory which would make our feelings of this kind to depend on some modification of mere pride in a comparison of ourselves and others, to our advantage, and to the disparagement, therefore, of the person supposed to be compared with us, is founded on a false and very limited view of the phenomena; since the feeling is as strong, where there is the highest admiration of the wit of the speaker, and consequently, where any comparison, like that which is supposed to be essential to the production of the emotion, would be to our disadvantage. It is in vain, for example, that Hobbes defines laughter to be “a sudden glory, arising from a sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves, by comparison with the infirmity of others, or with our own formerly,”—for we laugh as readily at some brilliant con-

ception of wit, where there are no infirmities of others displayed, as where they are displayed in any awkward blunder. We often laugh, too, as this very definition, indeed, asserts, in thinking of our own mistakes of this sort, when we surely cannot feel any great glory, nor any eminence in ourselves, more than if we had never been guilty of the mistake ; the effect of our discovery of our mistake being merely to raise us to that level of ordinary excellence at which we imagined ourselves before ;—not to raise us in the slightest degree above it. If the theory of Hobbes, or any theory, which converts our mere feeling of ludicrousness into a proud comparison of ourselves and others, were just, it would then follow, as has been objected to this theory, that a man who was very self-conceited and supercilious, would be peculiarly prone to mirth, when, on the contrary, it happens that children, and, if persons in advanced life, those whose temper is most social, are the most readily excited to laughter ; while the proud, to whom their superiority most readily recurs, are usually very little disposed to merriment. “Seldom they smile,” may be said of them, as was said of Cassius ; and when they do smile, their smile, like his, so admirably described by Shakspeare, has little in it of the full glorying and eminency of laughter, but is

“of such a sort,
As if they mock’d themselves, and scorn’d their spirit,
That could be moved to smile at anything.”*

The mere *stupidity* of any one, when there is no vanity of pretension to contrast with it, does not make us laugh ; yet if laughter arose from the mere triumph of personal superiority, there would surely, in this case, be equal reason for selfish exultation ; and a company of blockheads should be the gayest of all society. In any brilliant piece of wit, it is to the images or thought suggested, in ready eloquence, that we look, without regard to him who is its author ; unless, indeed, in those cases in which the very character or situation of the speaker may of itself produce a sort of ludicrousness, by its incongruity with the gravity or levity of what is said. There is scarcely any thing which is more ludicrous than a happy parody ; and though the author of the parody may be allowed to feel some triumph over the original author,—if even his playful metamorphose of what is dignified and excellent can be termed a triumph, which is rather an amusement than a victory ;—this triumph certainly cannot be felt by the mere hearers, since their pleasure is always greater in proportion,

* Julius Cæsar.—Act I. Scene 2.

not to the infirmity of which Hobbes speaks, but to the excellence of the original, without great merit in which, or supposed great merit, the parody itself could not be felt as having any claim to our laughter or our praise. A parody on any dull verses would, indeed, be still duller than the dullness which it ridicules.

It is not any *proud comparison*, therefore, which constitutes what is termed the ludicrous; but, even in the proudest of such comparisons, some other circumstance or circumstances. It is the combination of general incongruity with partial and unexpected congruity of the mere images themselves, which may indeed in some cases lead to this triumph as an auxiliary pleasure, but which has an immediate and independent pleasure of its own—a pleasure arising from the discovery of unsuspected resemblance in objects formerly conceived to be known to us, or unsuspected difference in objects formerly regarded as highly similar.

Nothing is felt as truly ludicrous in which there is not an unexpected congruity developed in images that were before supposed to be opposite in kind, or some equally unexpected incongruity in images supposed to be congruous; and the sudden perception of these discrepancies and agreements may be said to be that which constitutes the ludicrousness; the gay emotions being immediately subsequent to the mere perception of the unexpected relation.

The congruities and incongruities, which give rise to this emotion, may be either in mere language, or in the thoughts and images which language expresses, or, in many cases, in the very objects of our direct perception.

On the first of these,—the resemblance of mere *sounds*, in puns, and other trifling verbal analogies of the same class, it is unnecessary for me to dwell at present, as they before came under our review, when I treated of the influence of verbal similarities on the spontaneous suggestions of our trains of thought. How truly the ludicrousness of the pun consists in the unexpected similarity of discrepant images, is shewn by the greater or less pleasure which it affords, in proportion as the images themselves are more or less discrepant,—being greatest, therefore, when there is a complete opposition, with the exception of that single tie of similar sound which is found unexpectedly to connect them. When the images themselves are congruous, so as to seem capable of being suggested by their own congruities, the pun is scarcely felt, or rather there is nothing felt to which the name of pun can be given.

But though the unsuspected connection of objects, by their resemblances of mere sound, as in puns, and all the small va-

rieties of verbal and literal wit, may be uniformly ludicrous, this is far from being the case with the other species of unsuspected resemblance, in relations of thought to thought, or of existing things. It is necessary, therefore, to form some limitation of the general proposition as to the ludicrousness of relations which we perceive suddenly and unexpectedly, the only circumstance which as yet we have supposed to be necessary to the rise of the emotion.

In the first place, an exception must be made in the case of scientific truths. When it is discovered, in chemistry, or in any other physical science, that there truly have been relations of objects or events, which were not suspected by us before, there is no feeling of ludicrousness, though the substances found to have some common property should be opposite in every other respect. What could be more unexpected, or more incongruous with our previous conceptions of the specific gravity of metals, than the discovery, that the lightest of all substances, which are not in the state of an aerial fluid, is a *metal*, the base of another substance with which we had been long acquainted? Yet, though we were *astonished* at such a discovery, we felt no tendency whatever to laugh. The relation, in short, did not seem to us to involve any thing ludicrous.

Why then do we not laugh, in such a case, at the discovery of the resemblance of objects or qualities, which were before regarded by us as not less incongruous than any of the unsuspected relations which are exhibited to us in the quaintest conundrum, that excites our laughter, almost in the very instant in which the strange relation is pointed out? The principal reason of this difference, I conceive, is the importance of the physical relation. The interest attached by us to the discovery of truth occupies the mind too seriously, to allow that light play of thought which is essential to the rise of the gay emotion. In this respect, there is a very striking analogy to a species of animal action, which resembles our emotions of this kind also, in some other striking circumstances, particularly in the tendency to laughter, which is an equal and very curious result of both. If the palm of the hand be gently tickled, when the mind is vacant, the influence of the mechanical operation in this way is very powerful; but, if the faculties be exerted on any interesting subject, the same action on the palm of the hand may take place without any consequent laughter, and even, perhaps, without any consciousness of the process which has been taking place. A new phenomenon, or a new discovered relation, in former phenomena, engages the mind too closely to allow any feeling of ludicrousness, and con-

sequent laughter to arise,—in the same way as those very circumstances would probably be sufficient to prevent the laughter of tickling, if the mechanical cause were applied at the very moment at which we learn the important discovery, and applied precisely in the same manner as when the strange feeling and the laughter were before the result.

There is another circumstance, that, in the case of a law of nature, however strange and apparently incongruous with our former conceptions its phenomena may be, must have considerable effect in occupying the mind more fully with the discovery ;—that it is impossible for the mind to rest in the simple discovery, without rapidly passing in review the various circumstances that seem to us likely to be connected with it in the analogous phenomena,—a state of mind which is of itself most unfavourable to the mirthful emotion. There are, unquestionably, states of mind, during the prevalence of affliction, or any strong passion, in which there is no point in the jest, as there is no pleasure in the very aspect of joy. To the friend returning from the funeral of his friend, we, of course, do not think of uttering any of those common expressions of merriment, in which, at other times, we might occasionally indulge ; the natural respect which we feel for sorrow, being sufficient to check the gaiety, or, at least, the appearance of gaiety. But, even though, in violation of that respect, which the sorrowful claim, the happiest effusions of wit were to be poured out, on such an occasion, there would be no answering mirth, in that heart, which, at other times, would have felt and returned the gaiety. What grief, thus manifestly does, other strong interests, that absorb, in like manner, the general feelings of the mind, may well be supposed to do ; and we may, therefore, listen to facts, the most seemingly incongruous with our prior knowledge, when our curiosity is awake to their importance, as objects of science, without the slightest disposition to those light emotions, which almost every other incongruity, or fancied incongruity, would have produced.

It may accordingly be remarked, that to those, who have not sufficient elementary knowledge of science, to feel any interest in physical truths, as one connected system, and no habitual desire of exploring the various relations of new phenomena, many of the facts in nature, which have an appearance of incongruity, as first stated, do truly seem ludicrous. If the vulgar were to be told, that they do not see directly the magnitude, or place, or distance of bodies, with their eyes alone, but, in some measure, by the indirect influence of other senses on which light has no effect whatever,—that the feelings of cold and heat proceed from the same cause,—and that there is

a great deal of heat in the coldest ice, they would not merely *disbelieve* what we might say, but they would laugh at what we tell them, as if it were, *absolutely ridiculous*. The gravest truths of science would be to them, what the pleasantries of wit are to us.

I may remark too, as a circumstance of some additional influence, that those who have been conversant with physical inquiries, are always prepared, in some degree, for the discovery of new properties, even in objects the most familiar to them. With their full impression of the infinite variety of the powers of nature, there is scarcely any thing, indeed, which can be said to be truly incongruous with any thing. They are, in some degree, with respect to the physical relations of things, in the same situation as the professed wit, with respect to all the lighter analogies, who is too much accustomed to these in his own gay exercises of fancy, to feel much of the ludicrousness of surprise, when these slight, and seemingly incongruous, relations are developed in the pleasantries of others. It is not from envy or jealousy,—certainly not *always* from envy or jealousy,—that he does not laugh in such a case; but because the relation exhibited is of a kind with which he is too familiar, to share the astonishment that has animated the laughter of all the rest of the circle. The newly discovered congruities or incongruities of wit, in short, are to *him*, in a great measure, what some strange newly discovered property of a material substance, is to the chemist, or general experimental inquirer.

But whatever may be the cause of the difference of feeling, in this case of seeming anomaly, there can be no question as to the fact itself,—that the discovery of a new relation, in Physics,—and even of a relation apparently most incongruous with the relations formerly known,—does not produce, in the mind of the scientific observer, or general lover of science, a feeling of any ludicrousness in the discovery itself. The fact, indeed, seems to be reducible, without much difficulty, to the common laws of mind; but still it must be admitted to form an important limitation to the general doctrine of the influence of unexpected, and apparently incongruous, relations, in producing the emotions referred to ludicrousness in their objects.

Even this limitation, however, is not sufficient. Every metaphor, simile, or other figure of speech, implies some unexpected relation presented to the mind; and in many cases, a relation of objects, which were before regarded as having no congruity whatever; and therefore, it may be urged, the figures, in all such cases, should be felt as ludicrous,—not, indeed,

those similies, of ancient and well accredited usage, which form a part of the constant furniture of epic narrative,—similies, that, comparing heroes and lions, as heroes and lions have often been compared before, give us no new image; but remind us only that Homer has made the same comparison. *These*, of course,—since they do not present to us any relation, which we did not know before, *as well*, as after the tiresome similitude has been again unfolded to us, in its full detail of circumstances,—may be allowed to pass, without our laughter, and without even being counted as an anomaly. But *every original* simile,—however just the relation may be which it expresses, and with whatever beauty of language it may be conveyed to our mind, must present to us an unsuspected resemblance in objects formerly known to us, and probably familiar. Why then, do we feel no tendency to laugh, in such a case?

That we do not feel any tendency to laugh in such a case, arises, I think, from this circumstance. It is the art of the poet, in the management of his comparisons, to bring before us only the analogy on which his simile is founded, or at least such circumstances only as harmonize with the sentiment which he wishes to excite, and to keep from us, therefore, every circumstance discordant with it. Accordingly, when he is successful in this respect, the beauty of the similitude itself is all which we feel,—a delight which occupies us sufficiently, to prevent the rise in the mind of any feeling of the opposite qualities of the objects compared, such as I suppose to be necessary to constitute ludicrousness. When, however, the opposition, as may frequently be the case, is too remarkable not to be instantly felt, a certain degree of ludicrousness will as instantly be felt, in spite of all the magnificent language of the poet. Hence, it sometimes happens, that similies, which in one country or age excite no emotion, but that of beauty, may yet, in another age or country, excite an emotion of a very different kind, in consequence of the different sentiments with which, in different times and places, the same objects may be viewed. Whatever estimate the Greeks may have more justly formed of the many excellent qualities of the ass, the very name of that animal is with us combined with notions so disparaging, that it has become by this degradation, quite unsuitable to be introduced as a subject of laudatory comparison in a poem, that treats of gods and heroes. To those, indeed, who had the happiness of listening to the great Rhapsodist himself, the comparison might seem sufficiently dignified, as well as just; but I presume, that there are few of our own countrymen, with the exception of those who admire whatever

is in the Iliad, because it is in the Iliad, who have not felt some little tendency to smile, on reading the simile, in which Homer compares one of the most undaunted of his warriors, to that ill-used and much-enduring animal, which, by a very common aggravation of injustice, we have first oppressed, and then despised because we have oppressed it.

In this way, accordingly, I conceive, the feeling of beauty, as precluding, in ordinary cases, in which there is no very remarkable opposition of general qualities, the rise in the mind of the circumstances of opposition essential to the feeling of ludicrousness,—may account sufficiently for the absence of any light emotion, when new and unsuspected similitudes are developed to us in a comparison. Mere novelty of relation, is not sufficient of itself to constitute what is termed the ludicrous—that is to say—for the ludicrous is only a more general term—does not, of itself, give rise to any of those feelings of light emotion, which we comprehend under that general term. There are similies which are sublime—similies which are beautiful—similies which are ludicrous. A newly perceived relation, therefore, is not always ludicrous in itself, but only certain relations. What then, are these relations, as distinguished from the others, which are felt without any tendency to this gay surprise?

The relations, which are ludicrous, and which, as ludicrous, in every instance involve some unsuspected resemblance of objects or qualities before regarded as incongruous, or some equally unsuspected diversity, when the resemblance was before supposed to be complete, admit, perhaps, of being referred to three classes—in the first place, to the class of those, in which objects are brought together, that are noble and mean, or the forms of language, commonly employed in treating subjects high and low, are transferred from one to the other. Such a transfer, as you well know, gives rise in the one case, to the *burlesque*, in which objects, noble in themselves, are made ridiculous by the meanness of phrases and figures; in the other case, to the *mock-heroic*, in which, by a contrary process, the mean is rendered ridiculous by the magnificent trappings of rhetoric with which it is invested.

In these instances of artificial combination of the very great, and the very little, there can be no question as to the ludicrousness of the emotion which such piebald dignity excites; and the circumstances which occur in nature, exactly of the kind, and productive, therefore, of the same emotion; the qualities being not in mere thought and image, but in reality perceived. When any well dressed person, going the street, falls into the mud of some splashy

gutter, the situation and the dirt, when combined with the character and appearance of the unfortunate stumbler, form a sort of *natural burlesque*, or *mock-heroic*, in which there is a mixture of the noble and the mean, as much as in any of the works of art, to which these names are given. He who amuses us by his fall, is, in truth, for the moment, an unintentional buffoon, performing for us, unwillingly, what the buffoon, with his stately strut, and his paper crown, and the other trappings of mock royalty, strives to imitate, with less effect, because there is wanting, in *him*, that additional contrast of the lofty state of mind, with the ridiculous situation, which forms so important a part of the laughable whole in the accidental fall. It is this contrast of the state of mind, with that which we feel that it would be, if the circumstances were known to him, that forms the principal ludicrousness of the situation of any one, who has the misfortune of being in a crowded company, with his coat accidentally torn, or with any other imperfection of dress, that attracts all eyes, perhaps, but his own. In the rude pastimes of the village, in like manner, it is because the swain is

"Mistrustless of his smutted face,
That secret laughter titters round the place."

A second class of relations, which are ludicrous, are those which derive their ludicrousness, not from the objects themselves, but from the mind of the hearer or reader, which has been previously led to expect something very different from what is presented to it. To take a very trite example of this sort: If the question be asked, what wine do you like best? One person, perhaps, answering Champagne, another Burgundy, a third, says, the wine which I am not to pay for. We laugh, if we laugh at all, chiefly because we expected a very different answer; and the incongruity which is felt, has relation therefore, to our own state of mind, more than to the question itself. It is this previous anticipation of an answer, with which the answer received by us, is partially incongruous, that either forms the principal delight of many of the *bon mots* of conversation, or at least aids their effect most powerfully; and, by the contrast which it produces, it adds, in a most mortifying manner, to the painful keenness of an unexpected sarcasm. Thus, to take an instance from a story which Dr. Arbuthnot tells us, "Sir William Temple, and the famous Lord Brumcker, being neighbours in the country, had frequently very sharp contentions; like other great men, one could not bear an equal, and the other would not admit of a superior. My Lord was a great admirer of curiosities, and

had a very good collection, which Sir William used to under-value upon all occasions, disparaging everything of his neighbour's, and giving something of his own the preference. This, by no means pleased his Lordship, who took all opportunities of being revenged. One day, as they were discoursing together of their several rarities, my Lord very seriously and gravely replied to him, 'Sir William, say no more of the matter, you must at length yield to me, I have lately got something which it is impossible for you to obtain; for, sir,' said his Lordship smiling, 'my Welch steward has sent me a flock of *geese*, and those are what you can never have, since all *your geese* are *swans*.'"^{*} In this case, there can be no doubt, that the keenness of the sarcasm would be far more severely felt, in consequence of the previous anticipation of an answer of a very different kind.

The feeling of ludicrousness is the same, when our previous anticipation is disappointed by agreement, where we expected difference, as when it is disappointed by difference, where we expected agreement. Such is the case in the game of Cross Purposes, where, in a series of questions and answers, the answers are paired with questions to which they were not given. In what are termed cross readings of newspapers, where, without paying regard to the separation into columns, we read what is in the same line of the page, through the successive columns, as if continuous, there is little agreement of sense to be expected, and we smile accordingly at the strange congruities which such readings may sometimes discover. Many of you are probably acquainted with the ingenious fictions of this sort of coincidence, that appeared originally in the Public Advertiser, with the happily appropriate signature of Papyrus Cursor; and which were well known to be the production of the late Mr. C. Whiteford. I quote a few specimens for the sake of those among you who may not be acquainted with them.

"The sword of state was carried——
Before Sir John Fielding, and committed to Newgate.

Last night, the princess royal was baptised——
Mary, *alias* Moll Hacket, *alias* Black Moll.

This morning the Right Honourable the Speaker——
Was convicted of keeping a disorderly house.

A certain commoner will be created a peer.
. No greater reward will be offered.

Yesterday the new Lord Mayor was sworn in,
Afterwards tossed and gored several persons.

When the honour of knighthood was conferred on him,
To the great joy of that noble family.

A fine turtle, weighing upwards of eighty pounds,
Was carried before the sitting alderman.

'Tis said the ministry is to be new modell'd;
The repairs of which will cost the public a large sum annually.

This has occasion'd a cabinet council to be held
At Betty's fruit-shop in St. James'-street.

One of His Majesty's principal Secretaries of State
Fell off the shafts, being asleep, and the wheels went over him.

He was examined before the sitting alderman,
And no questions asked.

Genteel places in any of the public offices,
So much admired by the nobility and gentry.

This morning will be married, the lord viscount,
And afterwards hung in chains, pursuant to his sentence.*

A third set of relations of this kind, derive their ludicrousness from our consideration of the mind of the speaker, or writer, or performer of the action. When our mirth is excited at any awkward effort, for example, we laugh, because we are aware of that which the effort was intended to perform, and are struck with the contrast of the performance itself. We laugh, in short, at the awkward failure, not at the motion or attitude itself, considered simply, without relation to some higher end, as a mere motion or attitude; and we laugh at the failure, because we compare, as I have said, the awkward result with the grace which was intended, or which, at least, we imagine to have been intended.

It is as might be supposed, on a similar principle, that our mirth is excited by every appearance of mental awkwardness. We laugh, for example, when we discover in a work any very visible marks of constraint and difficulty on the part of an author, as in far-fetched thoughts, or stiff and quaint phraseology,—and we laugh, not merely on account of the incongruity of the thoughts or phrases themselves, which are thus strangely brought into union, though this, perhaps, may form the chief element of the ludicrousness, but in some degree also, at the contrast of the labour which we discover, with the ease which

* Preserved in one of the volumes of the "New Foundling Hospital for Wit."

the writer is supposed by us to assume and affect. That composition of every sort involves difficulty on the part of the composer, we know well; but we still require that the difficulty should be kept from our sight. We must not see him biting his nails, and torturing himself to give us satisfaction. His great aim accordingly is, to present to us what is excellent, but to present it, so free from any marks of the toil which it has cost, as to seem almost to have risen in the mind by the unrestrained course of spontaneous suggestion. Any appearance of constraint, therefore, presents to us a sort of incongruity, almost as striking as when the noble and the mean are blended together. Even when we think, in reading any of the extravagant conceits that abound so much in the works of our older writers, that we are smiling merely at the images which are brought together, and which nature seems to have intended never to meet, we are, in truth, smiling in part at the very feelings of the writer, when he was so labouriously and painfully absurd. If the feelings that succeed each other, in the mind even of the sublimest poet, in the weary hour of composition, could, by any process, be made distinctly visible to us, there is no small reason to apprehend, that, with all our reverence for his noble art, and for his own individual excellence in that art, our emotions would be of the ludicrous kind, or, at least, that some portion of the ludicrous would mingle with our admiration. There can be no question, that he would seem to have performed more labour, if we could be thus conscious of his feelings, before his labour was half accomplished, than if we were only to have exhibited to us the beautiful results of the whole long continued exercise of his thought. This labour, which a skilful writer knows so well how to conceal from us, a writer who is fond of astonishing us with extravagant conceits, forces constantly upon our view; and there is hence scarcely any image, which he presents to us, so ludicrous as that picture which he indirectly gives us of himself.

Another set of examples, in which the consideration of the mind of the speaker forms an essential part of the ludicrousness, are those which are commonly termed *bulls* or *blunders*; in which there is no ludicrousness, unless we are able to distinguish what the speaker meant, and thus to discover some strange agreement of his real meaning, with that opposite or contradictory meaning which the words seem to convey. A bull must, therefore, be genuine, or for the moment considered to be genuine, before it can divert with its incongruity. As mere nonsense, it would be as little amusing as any other nonsense. We must have before us, in conception at least.

the speaker himself, and contrast the well-meaning seriousness of his affirmation with the verbal absurdity which he utters, of which we are at the same time able to discover the unsuspected tie.

Such I conceive to be the chief varieties of mixed congruity and incongruity which operate in producing this emotion. But, though I have considered these varieties separately, you are not on that account to suppose, that the varieties themselves are not frequently combined in different proportions; thus heightening what would be ludicrous in one respect, by ludicrousness of another species. The images themselves,—the mind of the speaker or writer who presents them,—the disappointed expectation of the hearer or reader,—may all present to us a strange mixture of discrepancy and agreement, and afford elements, therefore, that are to be jointly taken into account in explaining the one complex emotion, which is the equal result of all.

It is not, then, every newly discovered relation of objects, that excites in us emotions, of the ludicrous class, but only certain relations, which present to us peculiar incongruities. In all these, however, the *unexpectedness* is an important element; since, when we have become completely familiar with the relation, we cease to have the emotion which it before instantly excited. We still, however, call the objects or images ludicrous, though they excite no emotion of this sort in our mind, any more, perhaps, than the gravest reasoning; but we retain the name, because we speak of them, or think of them, in reference to other minds, in which we know that they will excite the same emotion that was originally excited by them in ourselves. In thinking of the laughter which may thus be produced in others, we are not unfrequently affected with the emotion, as before; but it is an emotion of sympathy, not of mere ludicrousness; or, if there be any thing directly ludicrous, it is in this very consideration of incongruity in the minds of others, when we think of their expectation while they read, as contrasted with the surprise that is to follow. To know the relation, in short, as far as the relation consists in the mere images themselves, is to feel, that the object of which we know the relations will be ludicrous to others,—not to feel it ludicrous to ourselves.

LECTURE LIX.

I. IMMEDIATE EMOTIONS NOT NECESSARILY INVOLVING ANY MORAL FEELING.—USES OF LUDICROUSNESS.—GENERAL REMARKS ON CLOSING THE FIRST SUBDIVISION OF OUR EMOTIONS.—SUBDIVISION, II. IMMEDIATE EMOTIONS, IN WHICH MORAL FEELING IS NECESSARILY INVOLVED.—1. FEELINGS DISTINCTIVE OF VICE AND VIRTUE.—2. EMOTIONS OF LOVE AND HATE.

My last Lecture, Gentlemen, was devoted to the consideration of the phenomena of our emotions, of that species of which the objects are distinguished by the name of *ludicrous*,—emotions which we found to originate always in some mixture of congruity and incongruity, suddenly and unexpectedly perceived. In establishing this general law, I stated, at the same time, some apparent exceptions to the rise of the mirthful emotion in such cases, of the discovery of unsuspected agreement, and endeavoured, I hope successfully, to show that all these seeming anomalies are such as might naturally have been anticipated, as consequences of the operation of other well-known laws of the mind.

The varieties of such mixtures of congruity and incongruity, as constitute what is termed ludicrousness, were considered by us in order ; first, in the mere arbitrary signs of language, and next in the relations of thoughts and existing things,—whether in the discrepancy of the images themselves, as noble and mean,—in the disappointed anticipations of the hearer or reader,—or in the difference of the obvious meaning of the expression of the speaker, or writer, or performer of some action, compared with that real meaning which we know him, in his awkward blunder, to have intended.

The emotion is not a simple feeling, but the analysis of it does not seem very difficult. The necessary unexpectedness of the congruity or incongruity that is remarked, seems of itself to point out one element, in the astonishment which may naturally be supposed to arise in such a case ; and the other element, which nature has made as quick to rise on the perception of the ludicrous object, as astonishment itself, is a

vivid feeling of delight, one of the forms of that joy or gladness which I comprehended in my enumeration of the few primary constituents of our emotions. Astonishment, combined with this particular delight, is the mirthful emotion that has been the subject of our inquiry ; and Akenside, therefore, in giving it the name of "gay surprise,"* seems to have expressed, with the analytic accuracy of a philosopher, the complex feelings which he was poetically describing.

In considering the delight that is combined with astonishment in the mirthful emotion, we are apt to consider it as more different from other species of gladness than it truly is, because we think of more than what is strictly mental. The laughter is a phenomenon of so particular a kind, and so impressive to our senses, that we think of it as much as of the feelings which it indicates ; but the laughter, it should be remembered, is a bodily convulsion, which might or might not be combined with the internal merriment, without altering the nature of the inward emotion itself. This spasmodic muscular action, therefore, however remarkable it may be as a concomitant bodily effect, and even the oppressive feeling of fatigue to which that muscular action, when long continued, gives rise, we should leave out in our analysis of the mere emotion,—that is all with which the physiologist of mind is concerned,—and leaving out what is bodily in the external signs of merriment, we discover only the two internal elements which I have mentioned ; that may, in certain cases, be more complicated by a mixture of contempt, but to which as mere mirth, that third occasional element is far from being essential.

The advantages which we derive from our susceptibility of this species of emotion, are, in their immediate influence on the cheerfulness, and therefore on the general happiness of society, sufficiently obvious. How many hours would pass wearily along, but for these pleasantries of wit, or of easier and less pretending gaiety, which enliven what would have been dull, and throw many bright colours on what would have been gloomy. We are not to estimate these accessions of pleasure, lightly, because they relate to objects that may seem trifling, when considered together with those more serious concerns, by which our ambition is occupied, and in relation to which, in the success or failure of our various projects, we look back on the past months or years of our life, as fortunate or unfortunate. If these serious concerns alone were to be regarded, we might often have been very fortunate and very unhappy,

* The expression in the original seems to be "gay contempt." See *Pleasures of Imagination*, B. III. v. 260—and 2nd form of the poem, B. II. v. 524.

as in other circumstances we might often have had much happiness in the hours and days of years, which terminated at last in the disappointment of some favourite scheme. It is good to travel with pure and balmy airs and cheerful sunshine, though we should not find, at the end of our journey, the friend whom we wished to see ; and the gaieties of social converse, though they are not, in our journey of life, what we travel to obtain, are, during the continuance of our journey, at once a freshness which we breathe, and a light that gives every object to sparkle to our eye, with a radiance that is not its own.

Such are the immediate and obvious influences of this emotion. But it is not of slight value in influences that are less direct ; though capable of being sometimes abused, and far from being always so exactly coincident with moral impropriety, as to furnish a criterion of rectitude, it must be allowed to be, in its ordinary circumstances, favourable to virtue, presenting often a check to improprieties, on which, but for such a restraint, the heedless would rush without scruple—a check, too, which is, by its very nature, peculiarly suited to those who despise the more serious restraints of moral principle, and the opinion of the virtuous. The world's dread laugh, which even the firm philosopher is said to be scarcely able to scorn, cannot be scorned by those to whom the approbation of the world is, what conscience is to the wise and virtuous ; and though that laugh is certainly not so unerring as the voice of moral judgment within the breast, it is still, as I have said in far the greater number of cases, in accordance with it ; and when it differs, differs far more frequently in the degree of its censure or its praise, than in actual censure of what is praiseworthy, or praise of what is wholly censurable. It is often, too, of importance, that we should regulate our conduct with regard to relations, which all mankind cannot have leisure for analysing, and which very few, even of those who have leisure, have patience to examine. The vivid feeling of ridicule, in such cases, as more instant in its operations, may hence be considered as a glorious warning from that benignant Power, who,

——“conscious what a scanty pause
From labours and from care, the wider lot
Of humble life affords for studious thought,
To scan the maze of nature, therefore stamp'd
The glaring scenes, with characters of scorn,
As broad, as obvious, to the passing clown,
As to the letter'd sage's curious eye.”^a

^a *Pleasures of Imagination*, B. II. v. 271—277.

Having now then finished my remarks on the phenomena of beauty, sublimity, and wit, I close with them my view of the emotions that are the object of the species of judgment, which is denominated *taste*. I have already stated my reasons for dividing and arranging the phenomena of taste, under two distinct heads, as they are either emotions, or feelings of the aptitudes of certain images or combinations of images, for producing those emotions. To *feel* the *émotion*, which a beautiful, or sublime, or ludicrous object excites, is one state of mind; to have a knowledge of the aptitude of different means of exciting these emotions, so as to discern accurately, what will tend to produce them, and what will have no tendency of this sort, is another state or function of the mind,—to which the former, indeed, is necessary, but which is itself far from being implied, in the mere susceptibility of the pleasing emotion. That power, by which, from the inductions of former observations of the mechanic powers, we predict the effects of certain combinations of wheels and pullies in machinery,—of certain mixtures in the chemical arts,—and, in legislative or general politics, of certain motives, that are to operate on the minds of a people, is not supposed by us to be a different power, merely because the relations which it discerns, are different. In all, and in all alike, it is termed judgment, reason, discernment, or whatever other name may be used, for expressing the same discriminating function. The knowledge necessary for the predictions, in mechanics, chemistry, and politics, is, indeed, different; but the power, which avails itself of this knowledge, is in kind the same. In like manner, the knowledge which the discriminating function of taste supposes, is very different, from that, which is necessary in mechanics, chemistry, politics, though not more different from them, than these various species of knowledge are relatively different. But, in *taste*, as in those sciences, when the knowledge is once acquired, it is the same capacity of feeling the relation of means and ends, which avails itself of this knowledge of the past, in determining the various aptitudes of objects for a desired effect,—whether for producing or retarding motion, as in mechanics,—for forming compositions or decompositions, as in chemistry,—for augmenting and securing the happiness of nations, as in politics,—or for inducing various delightful emotions, as in taste. If we do not give different names, in *all* these cases, to the capacity of feeling the relation of means and ends, when the means and ends are in the different cases different, why should we suppose a new faculty to be exercised, and invent a new name in one alone? The politician, who judges of the reception which the multitude will give to certain laws; and

the critic, who judges of the reception they will give to certain works of art, have, for their subject, the same mind ; and both determine the aptitude of certain feelings of the mind, for inducing certain other feelings. The general power, by which we discover the relation of means and ends,—of states of mind or circumstances which are prior, and states of mind or circumstances which are consequent to these, is that which is exercised in both,—the function, to which I have given the name of relative suggestion,—from which we derive our feeling of this, as of every other relation. Without the emotions of beauty and sublimity, there would, of course, be no *taste*, to discern the aptitude of certain means for producing these emotions,—because there would not be that series of feelings, of which the relative antecedence and consequence are felt. On the other hand, without the judgment which discerns this order, in the relation of means and ends, there might, indeed, still be the emotions, rising, precariously, as nature presented to us certain objects that excite them, but no voluntary adaptation of the great stores of forms and sounds, and colours, for producing them—none of those fine arts, the results of our knowledge of the relations which certain feelings bear to certain other feelings,—arts which give as much happiness as embellishment to life, and which form so essential a part of our notion of civilization, that a nation of philosophers, if incapable of any of the conceptions and resulting emotions of this kind, would stand some chance of being counted by us, only a better order of reasoning savages.

In no part of our nature is the pure benevolence of Heaven more strikingly conspicuous than in our susceptibility of the emotions of this class. The pleasure which they afford, is a pleasure that has no immediate connexion with the means of preservation of our animal existence ; and which shews, therefore, though all other proof were absent, that the Deity, who superadded these means of delight, must have had some other object in view, in forming us as we are, than the mere continuance of a race of beings, who were to save the earth from becoming a wilderness. In consequence of these emotions, which have made all nature “ beauty to our eye, and music to our ear,” it is scarcely possible for us to look around, without feeling either some happiness or some consolation. Sensual pleasures soon pall, even upon the profligate, who seeks them in vain in the means which were accustomed to produce them ; weary, almost to disgust, of the very pleasures which he seeks, and yet astonished that he does not find them. The labours of severer intellect, if long continued, exhaust the energy which they employ ; and we cease, for a time, to be

capable of thinking accurately, from the very intentness and accuracy of our thought. The pleasures of *taste*, however, by their variety of easy delight, are safe from the languor which attends any monotonous or severe occupation, and, instead of palling on the mind, they produce in it, with the very delight which is present, a quicker sensibility to future pleasure. Enjoyment springs from enjoyment ; and, if we have not some deep wretchedness within, it is scarcely possible for us, with the delightful resources which nature and art present to us, *not* to be happy as often as we *will* to be happy.—In the beautiful language of a poet, of whose powerful verse I have already frequently availed myself, in illustration of the subjects that have engaged us, nature endows us with all her treasures, if we will only deign to use them.

“ Oh blest of Heaven, whom not the languid songs
Of Luxury the syren, nor the bribes
Of sordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
Of pageant honour, can seduce to leave
Those ever-blooming sweets, which, from the store
Of nature, fair imagination culls
To charm the enliven'd soul !—What though not all
Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
Of envied life,—though only few possess
Patrician treasures, or imperial state,
Yet Nature's care, to all her children just,
With richer treasures, and an ampler state
Endows, at large, whatever happy man
Will deign to use them.—His the city's pomp,
The rural honours his.—Whate'er adorns
The princely dome,—the column and the arch,
The breathing marble, and the sculptured gold,
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim
His tuneful breast enjoys.—For him the Spring
Distills her dews, and from the silken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds ;—for him the hand
Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn.
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings,
And still new beauties meet his lonely walks,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow,—not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence—not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends,—but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure, unproved.”

Such is that universal possession of nature which the susceptibility of the emotions of taste conveys to us,—a possession, extending to an infinity of objects, which no earthly power can appropriate, and which enjoys even objects that have been so appropriated, with a possession more delightful

* Pleasures of Imagination, B. III. v. 568—593.

than that which they afford in many cases, to the listless eyes of their proud, but discontented master.

After these remarks on that order of our immediate emotions, which do not involve necessarily any moral feeling, I proceed to that other order of the same class, in which some moral feeling is necessarily involved.

The first of these, according to the arrangement formerly submitted to you, are those emotions which constitute, as I conceive, the *feelings of distinctive vice and virtue*,—emotions that arise on the contemplation of certain actions, observed or conceived.

It is not my intention, however, in this part of my Course, to enter on the discussion of the great questions connected with the doctrine of *obligation* as either presupposed or involved in our consideration of such actions. The moral affections which I consider at present, I consider rather *physiologically* than *ethically*, as parts of our mental constitution, not as involving the fulfilment or violation of duties.

In this point of view, even the boldest sceptic, who denies all the grounds of moral obligation, must still allow the existence of feelings which we are considering, as states or affections of the mind, indicative of certain susceptibilities in the mind, of being so affected. Whether we have reason to approve and disapprove, or have no reason whatever, in the nature of their actions, to regard with a different eye, those whom, by some strange illusion,—but by an illusion only, we now feel ourselves almost necessitated to love or abhor,—though it be an error of logic, to consider the parricide, who, in preparing to plunge his dagger, could hold his lamp unmoved, and, with no other apprehension than of the too early waking of his victim, look fixedly on the pale and gentle features of him, whose very sleep was, at the moment, perhaps, made happy by some dream of happiness to his murderer, as less worthy, even in the slightest respect, of our esteem, than the son who rushes to inevitable death, in defence of the grey hairs which he honours,—though it be not less an error of logic to extend our moral distinctions, and the love or hate which accompanies them, to those who make not a few individuals only, but whole millions, wretched or happy,—to consider the usurping despot, who dares to be a tyrant, in the land on which he was born a freeman, as a less glorious object of our admiration, than the last assertor of rights which seemed still to exist, while *he* existed to assert them,—who, in that cause which allows no fear of peril, could see nothing in guilty power which a brave man could dread, but every thing

which it would be a crime to obey,—and who ennobled with his blood the scaffold, from which he rose to liberty and Heaven, making it an altar of the richest and most gratifying sacrifice which man can offer, to the great Being whom he serves ;—even though we should be unfortunate enough to look on the tyrant, with the same envy, as on his victim, and could see no reason for those distinctive terms of *vice* and *virtue*, in the two cases, the force of which we should feel equally, though we had not a word to express the meaning that is constantly in our heart ;—still the fact of the general approbation and disapprobation, we must admit, even in reserving for ourselves the privilege of indifference. They are phenomena of the mind, to be ranked with the general mental phenomena, as much as our sensations or remembrances,—illusions to be classed with our other illusions,—or truths, to be classed with our most important truths.

This distinctive reference would be equally necessary, though our emotions of this kind did not arise immediately from our contemplation of actions, in the very moment in which we contemplate them simply as actions ; but, from processes of reasoning and regard to general rules of propriety, formed gradually by attention to the circumstances, in which man is placed, and all the good which, in such circumstances, he is capable of feeling, or occasioning to others. The vivid distinctive regard, at whatever stage it began, would not the less be an affection of the mind, referable to certain laws, that guide its susceptibilities of emotion ; but the truth is, that the moral feeling arises without any consideration, except that of the action itself, and its circumstances. The general rules of propriety may, indeed, seem to confirm our suffrage, but the suffrage itself is given before their sanction. The rules themselves are ultimately founded, as Dr. Smith very justly remarks, on these particular emotions :—“ We do not originally, approve or condemn particular actions,” to use his words, “ because, upon examination, they appear to be agreeable, or inconsistent with a certain general rule. The general rule, on the contrary, is formed, by finding, from experience, that all actions, of a certain kind, or circumstanced in a certain manner, are approved or disapproved of. To the man, who first saw an inhuman murder, committed from avarice, envy, or unjust resentment ; and upon one, too, who loved and trusted the murderer,—who beheld the last agonies of the dying person,—who heard him, with his expiring breath, complain more of the perfidy and ingratitude of his false friend, than of the violence which had been done to him,—there could be no occasion, in order to conceive how horrible such an action was,

that he should *reflect* that one of the most sacred rules of conduct, was what prohibited the taking away the life of an innocent person, that this was a plain violation of that rule, and consequently a very blameable action. His detestation of this crime, it is evident, would arise *instantaneously*, and antecedent to his having formed to himself any such general rule. The general rule, on the contrary, which he might afterwards form, would be founded upon the detestation which he felt, necessarily arising in his own breast, at the thought of this, and every other particular action of the same kind.*

Of the *universality* of these moral emotions, which attend our mere perception of certain actions, or our reasonings on the beneficial or injurious tendency of actions, what more convincing proof can be imagined, than the very permanence of these feelings, in the breasts of those, whose course of life they are every moment reproaching,—who, even when they are false to virtue, are not false to their love of virtue, and whose secret heart, if it could be laid open to those whom they are endeavouring to seduce, and who can listen only to the voice of the lips, would proclaim to them the charms of that innocence which the lips are affecting to deride, and the slavery of that licentiousness which the lips are proclaiming to be the glorious privilege of the free.

“What law of any state,” says an eloquent Roman moralist, “has ever ordered the child to love his parents, the parents to love their child, each individual to love himself? It would be not more idle, to order us to *love virtue*, which by its own nature, has so many charms, that it is impossible for the wicked to withhold from it their approbation. Who is there, that, living amid crimes, and in the practice of every injury which he can inflict on society, does not still wish to obtain some praise of goodness, and cover his very atrocities, if they can by any means be covered, with some veil, however slight, of honourable semblance? No one has so completely shaken off the very character of man, as to wish to be wicked, for the mere sake of wickedness. The very robber who lives by rapine, and who does not hesitate to strike his dagger into the breast of the passenger, who has any plunder to repay the stroke, would still rather *find* what he takes by violence, only because he cannot hope to find it. The most abandoned of human beings, if he could enjoy the wages of guilt without the guilt itself, would not *perfer* to be guilty. It is no small obligation,” he continues, “which we owe to nature, that Virtue reveals her glorious light, not to a few only, but to all man-

* Theory of Moral Sentiments, Part III. c. iv.

kind. Even those who do not follow her, still see the splendid track along which she moves." "Placet suapte natura: adeoque graitosa virtus est, ut insitum sit etiam malis, probale meliora. Quis est, qui non beneficus videri velit,—qui non, inter scelera et injurias, opinionem bonitatis affectet—qui non ipsis quæ impotentissime fecit, speciem aliquam induat recti? Quod non facerent, nisi illos honesti, et per se expetendi, amor cogeret, moribus suis opinionem contrariam quærere, et nequitiam abdere, cujus fructus concupiscitur, ipsa vero odio pudoreque est.—Maximum hoc habemus naturæ meritum, quod virtus in omnium animos lumen suum permittit: etiam qui non sequuntur, illam vident."*

And it is well, surely, even the most sceptical will admit, that nature, if we are deceived by this delightful vision, does permit us to be deceived by it. Though virtue were only a dream, and all which we admire, as fallacious as the imaginary colours which shine upon our slumber in the darkness of the night, who could wish the slumber to be broken, if, instead of the groves of Paradise and the pure and happy forms that people them, we were to awake in a world, in which the moral sunshine was extinguished, and every thing on which we vainly turned our eye were to be only one equal gloom? Though the libertine should have hardihood enough to shake, or, at least, to try to shake, from his own mind, every feeling of moral admiration or abhorrence, he still could not wish, that others, among whom he is to live, should be as free as himself. For his own profit, he would wish all others to be virtuous, himself the single exception; and what would profit each, individually, must profit all. If he were rich, he could not wish the multitude that surrounded him to approve of the rapine which would strip him of all the sources of his few miserable enjoyments, and to approve, too, perhaps, of *murder*, as the shortest mode of separating him from his possessions; if he were in *want*, he could not wish those, whose charity he was forced to solicit, to see, in charity, nothing but a foolish mode of voluntarily abridging their own means of selfish luxury: if he were condemned, for some offence, to the prison or the gibbet, he would not wish *mercy* to be regarded as a word without meaning. What noble and irresistible evidence is this of the excellence of virtue, even in its worldly and temporary advantages, that, if all men were what all individually would wish them to be, there would not be a single crime to pollute the earth!

When we reflect, how many temptations there are to the

* Seneca de Beneficiis, lib. iv. c. 17.

multitudes, who live together in social society,—temptations, that, wherever they look around them, would lead them, if they had not been rendered capable of moral affections, as much as of their sentient enjoyments and passions, to seek the attainment of the objects within their view, and almost within their reach, and to seek it as readily by force, or by falsehood, as by that patient industry, which could not fail to seem to them more tedious, and, therefore, less worthy of their prudent choice ; when we think of all the temptations of all these objects, and the facilities of attaining them by violence or deceit, and yet observe the security with which man, in society, spreads out his enjoyments as it were, to the view of others, and delights in the number of the gazers and enviers, that are attracted by them, it is truly as beautiful, as it is astonishing, to think of the simple means, on which so much security depends. The *laws*, which men have found it expedient, for their common interest, to make, and to enforce, are, indeed, the *obvious* pieces of machinery, by which this great result is brought about. But how much of its motion depends on *springs*, that are scarcely regarded by those, who look only to the exterior wheels, as they perform their rotation in beautiful regularity ! The grosser measures of fraud or force may be prevented by enactments, that attach to those measures of fraud or force, a punishment, the risk of which would render the attempt too perilous, to obtain for it the approbation even of selfish prudence. But what innumerable actions are there, over which the laws, that cannot extend to the secret thoughts of man, or to half the possibilities of human action, must have as little control, as it is in our power physically to exercise, over the unseen and unsuspected elements of future storms, which, long before the whirlwind has begun, are preparing that desolation, which it is afterwards to produce. The force of open violence, the laws may check,—but they cannot check the still more powerful force of seduction,—the frauds of mere persuasion, which are never to be known to be frauds, but by the conscience of the deceiver, and which may be said to steal the very assent of the unsuspecting mind, as they afterwards steal the wealth, or the worldly honours, or voluptuous enjoyments, for which that assent was necessary. It is in these circumstances, that *He*, who formed and protects us, has provided a check for that injustice, which is beyond the restraining power of man, and has produced, what the whole united strength of nations could not produce,—by a few simple feelings,—a check and control as mighty as it is silent and invisible,—which he has placed within the mind of the very criminal himself, where it would most be needed,—or rather

in the mind of him, who, but for these feelings, would have been a criminal, and who, with them, is virtuous and happy. The voice within, which approves or disapproves,—long before action, and before even the very wish, that would lead to action, can be said to be fully formed,—has in it a restraining force, more powerful than a thousand gibbets, and it is accompanied with the certainty, that, in every breast around, there is a similar voice, that would join its dreadful award to that which would be for ever felt within. The feelings of moral approbation and disapprobation are thus at once the security of virtue and its avengers,—its security in the happiness that is felt, and the happiness that is promised to every future year and hour of virtuous remembrance,—its avengers in that long period of earthly punishment, when its guilty injurer is to read in every eye that gazes on him, the reproach which is to be for ever sounding on his heart.

I have already said, however, that it is merely as a part of our mental constitution that I at present speak of our distinctive feelings of the moral differences of actions ;—as states or affections, or phenomena of the mind, and nothing more. The further illustration of them, in their most important light, as principles of conduct, I reserve for our future discussions of the nature and obligation of virtue.

The moral emotions, to which I next proceed, are those of *love* and *hate*,—words, which, as general terms, comprehend a great variety of affections, that have different names, according to their own intensity, and the notion which they involve of the qualities on which the love is founded, as when we speak of love or affection simply, or of regard, esteem, respect, veneration, and which have different names, also, according to the objects to which they are directed, as love, friendship, patriotism, devotion,—to which, or, at least, to far the greater part of which there are corresponding terms of the varieties of the opposite emotion of hatred, which I need not waste your time with attempting to enumerate. Indeed if we were to compare the two vocabularies of love and hate, I fear that we should find rather a mortifying proof of our disposition to discover imperfections more rapidly than the better qualities, since we are still richer in terms of contempt and dislikes, than in terms of admiration and reverence.

The analysis of love, as a complex feeling, presents to us always, at least, two elements,—a vivid delight in the contemplation of the object, and a desire of good to that object. To love, then, it is essential that there should be some quality, in the object, which is capable of giving pleasure, since love,

which is the consequence of this, is itself a pleasurable emotion. There is a feeling of beauty, external, moral, or intellectual, which affords the primary delight of loving, and continues to mingle with the kind desire which it has produced. In this sense, indeed, but in this sense only, the most disinterested love is *selfish*, though it is a sense in which selfishness may be said to be as little sordid as the most generous sacrifices which virtue can make. It loves, not because delight is to be felt in loving, but because it has been impressed with qualities which nature has rendered it impossible to view without delight. It *must*, therefore, have felt that delight which arises from the contemplation of objects worthy of being loved; yet the delight thus felt has not been valued for itself, but as indicative, like some sweet voice of nature, of those qualities to which affection may be safely given. Though we cannot, then, when there is no interfering passion, think of the virtues of others without pleasure, and must, therefore, in loving virtue, love what is by its own nature pleasing, the love of the virtue which cannot exist without the pleasure, is surely an affection very different from the love of the mere pleasure existing, if it had been possible for it to exist, without the virtue,—a pleasure, that accompanies the virtue, only as the soft or brilliant colouring of nature flows from the great orb above,—a gentle radiance, that is delightful to our eyes, indeed, and to our heart, but which leads our eye upward to the splendid source from which it flows, and our heart, still higher, to that Being by whom the sun was made.

The distinction of the love of that which is pleasing, but which is loved only for those intrinsic qualities which the pleasure accompanies, and of the love of mere pleasure, without any regard to the qualities which excite it, is surely a very obvious one; and it is not more obvious, as thus *defined*, than in the *heart* of the virtuous,—in the generous friendships which he feels, and the generous sacrifices to which he readily submits. If, as is sometimes strangely contended, the love that animates such a heart be *selfishness*, it must be allowed, at least, that it is a selfishness, which, for the sake of others, can often prefer penury to wealth,—which can hang, for many sleepless nights, unwearied and unconscious of any personal fear, over the bed of contagion,—which can enter the dungeon, a voluntary prisoner, without the power even of giving any other comfort than that of the mere presence of an object beloved,—or fling itself before the dagger which would pierce *another* breast, and rejoice in receiving the stroke. It is the selfishness which thinks not of itself—the selfishness

of all that is generous and heroic in man—I would almost say, the selfishness which is most divine in God.

Obvious as the distinction is, however, it has not been made by many philosophers, or, at least, by many writers who assume that honourable name,—the superficial but dazzling lovers of paradox, who prefer to truths that seem too simple to stand in need of defence, any errors, if only they be errors, that can be defended with ingenuity,—though, in the present case, even this small praise of ingenuity scarcely can be allowed; and the errors which would seduce men into the belief of general selfishness, from which their nature shrinks, are fortunately as revolting to our understanding as they are to our heart. The fuller discussion of these, however, I defer, till that part of the Course which treats of virtue as a system of conduct. At present, I merely point out to you the fallacy which has arisen from the pleasing nature of the emotions in which love consists, or which precede love,—as if the pleasure in which love is necessarily presupposed were itself all to which the love owes its rise, and for the direct sake of which the love itself is felt.

I may remark, however, even now, the unfortunate effect of the poverty of our language, in aiding the illusion. The word selfishness, or, at least, self-love, has various meanings, some of which imply nothing that is reprehensible, while, in other senses, it is highly so. It may mean either the satisfaction which we feel in our own enjoyment, which, when there is no duty violated, is far from being, even in the slightest degree, unworthy of the purest mind; or it means that exclusive regard to our own pleasures, at the expense of the happiness of others, which is as degrading to the individual as it is pernicious to society. All men, it may, indeed, be allowed, are selfish, in the first of these meanings of the term, but this is only one meaning of a word, which has also a very different sense. The difference, however, is afterwards forgotten by us, because the same term is used; and we ascribe to *self-love*, in the one sense, what is true of it only in the other.

Much of the obscurity and confusion of the moral system of Pope, in his *Essay on Man*, arises from this occasional transition from one of the senses of the term to the other, without perceiving that a transition has been made. It is impossible to read some of the most beautiful passages of that poem, without feeling the wish, that we had some term to express the first of these senses, without any possibility of the suggestion of the other. It is not self-love, for example, which gives us to make our neighbour's blessing ours,—it scarcely even can be called self-love which first stirs the peaceful mind

—it is simply *pleasure* ; and the enjoyment may or must accompany all the delightful progress of our moral affections ; it is not any self-love, reflecting on the enjoyments that are thus to be obtained.

Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake ;
The centre moved, a circle straight succeeds ;
Another still, and still another spreads :
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace,
His country next, and next all human race.
Wide and more wide—the o'erflowings of the mind
Take every creature in of every kind.
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And Heaven beholds its image in his breast.*

In all these cases there is a diffusion of love, indeed, but not of self-love,—a pleasure attending in every stage the progressive benevolence, but affording it only, not producing it ; and without which, if it were possible for benevolence to exist without delight, it would still, as before, be the directing spirit of every generous breast.

* Ep. IV. v. 363—372.

LECTURE LX.

I. IMMEDIATE EMOTIONS, IN WHICH SOME MORAL FEELING IS NECESSARILY INVOLVED.—2. LOVE—HATE, CONTINUED.—RELATIONS WHICH THEY BEAR TO THE HAPPINESS OF MAN, AND TO THE BENEVOLENCE OF GOD.

IN my last Lecture, Gentlemen, I began the consideration of that order of our emotions, in which some *moral relation* is involved ; and considered, in the first place, those vivid feelings, which arise in the mind on the contemplation of virtuous or vicious actions, and which, as we shall afterwards find, are truly all that distinguishes these actions to our moral regard, as vice or virtue. At present, however, they are not considered by us ethically, in their relation to conduct,—for, in this light, they are to be reviewed by us afterwards—but merely as mental phenomena—feelings or affections indicative of certain susceptibilities in the mind of being thus affected.

Next to these, in our arrangement, are the emotions of love and hatred,—to the consideration of which, therefore, I proceeded. The remarks which I made, were chiefly illustrative of a distinction, which is of great importance in the theory of morals, with respect to the pleasure excited by the objects of our regard,—a pleasure, which is, indeed, inseparable from the regard,—and without which, therefore, of course, no regard can be felt,—but which is not, itself, the cause or object of the affection. My wish in these remarks, was to guard you against the sophistry of many philosophers, who seem to think that they have shewn man to be necessarily *selfish*, merely by shewing that it is *delightful* for him to love those, whom it is virtue to love; and whom it would have been *impossible* for him *not to love*, even though no happiness had attended the affection,—as it is impossible for him not to despise or dislike the mean and the profligate, though no pleasure attends the contemplation. A little attention to this opposite class of feelings, which are not more essential to our nature than the others, might have been sufficient to shew, that the delight of loving

is not the cause of love. We *depise*, without any pleasure in despising, certainly, at least, not on account of any pleasure that can be imagined to be felt in despising. We love, in like manner, not for the pleasure of loving, but on account of the qualities which it is at once delightful for us to love, and impossible for us not to love. We cannot feel the pleasure of loving, unless we have *previously* begun to love; and it is surely as absurd an error, in this as in any other branch of physics, to ascribe to that which is second in a progressive scale, the production of that very primary cause, of which itself is the result.

The pleasure which accompanies the benevolent affections, that has been thus most strangely converted into the cause of those very benevolent affections, which it necessarily presupposes, is a convincing proof, how much the happiness of his creatures must have been in the contemplation of Him, who thus adapted their nature as much to the production of good, as to the enjoyment of it. We are formed to be malevolent in certain circumstances, as in other circumstances we are formed to be benevolent; but we are not formed to have equal enjoyment in both. The benevolent affections, of course, lead to the actions, by which happiness is directly diffused,—there is no moment, at which they may not operate, with advantage to society;—and the more constant their operation, and the more widely spread, the greater, consequently, is the result of social good. The Deity, therefore, has not merely rendered us susceptible of these affections—he has made the continuance of them delightful, that we may not merely indulge them, but dwell in the indulgence.

“Thus hath God,
Still looking to his own high purpose, fix'd
The virtues of his creatures; thus he rules
The parent's fondness, and the patriot's zeal,
Thus the warm sense of honour and of shame,
The vows of gratitude, the faith of love,—
The joy of human life, the earthly Heaven.”

The moral affections, which lead to the infliction of evil, are occasionally as necessary, as the benevolent affections. If vice exist, it must be loathed by us, or we may learn to imitate it. If an individual have injured another individual, there must be indignation, to feel the wrong which has been done, and a zeal to avenge it. The malevolent affections, then, are evidently a part of virtue, as long as vice exists; but they are necessary only for the occasional purposes of nature, not for her general and permanent interest, in our welfare. If all

men were uniformly benevolent, the earth, indeed, might exhibit an appearance, on the contemplation of which it would be delightful to dwell. But a world of beings, universally and permanently hating and hated, is a world that fortunately could not exist long; and that, while it existed, could be only a place of torture, in which crimes were every moment punished, and every moment renewed,—or rather, in which crimes, and the mental punishment of crimes, were mingled in one dreadful confusion.

In such circumstances, what is it which we may conceive to be the plan of the Divine Goodness? It is that very plan, which we see at present executed, in our moral constitution. We are made capable of a malevolence, that may be said to be virtuous, when it operates, for the terror of injustice, that otherwise would walk, not in darkness, through the world, but in open light, perpetrating its iniquities, without shame or remorse, and perpetrating them with impunity. But that even this virtuous malevolence may not outlast the necessity for it, it is made painful for us to be malevolent, even in this best sense. We require to warm our mind, with the repeated image of every thing which has been suffered by the good; or of every thing which the good would suffer, in consequence of the impunity of the wicked, before we can bring ourselves to feel delight in the punishment, even of the most wicked, at least when the insolence of power and impunity is gone, and the offender is trembling at the feet of those whom he had injured. There are gentle feelings of mercy, that continually rise upon the heart, in such a case,—feelings that check even the pure and sacred resentment of indignation itself, and make rigid justice an effort, and, perhaps, one of the most painful efforts of virtue.

“To love is to enjoy,” it has been said, “to hate is to suffer;” and, in conformity with this remark, the same writer observes, that “though it may not be always unjust, it must be always absurd to hate for any length of time, since it is to give him whom we hate, the advantage of occupying us with a painful feeling. Of two enemies, therefore, which is the more unhappy? He, we may always answer, whose hatred is the greater. The mere remembrance of his enemy, is an incessant uneasiness and agitation; and he endures, in his long enmity, far more pain than he wishes to inflict.”

The annexation of pain to the emotions, that would lead to the infliction of pain, is, as I have said, a very striking proof, that he who formed man, did not intend him for purposes of malignity,—as the delight, attached to all our benevolent emotions, may be considered as a positive proof, that it was for

purposes of benevolence that man was formed,—purposes which make every generous exertion more delightful to the active mind itself, than to the individual whose happiness it might have seemed exclusively to promote. By this double influence of every tender affection, as it flows from breast to breast, there is, even in the simplest offices of regard, a continual multiplication of pleasure, when the sole result is joy; and, even when the social kindnesses of life do lead to sorrow, they lead to a sorrow which is so tempered with a gentle delight, that the whole mingled emotion has a tenderness, which the heart would be unwilling to relinquish, if it were absolute indifference, that was to be given in exchange.

“ Who that bears
A human bosom, hath not often felt
How dear are all those ties, which bind our race
In gentleness together, and how sweet
Their force, let Fortune's wayward hand the while
Be kind or cruel? Ask the faithful youth,
Why the cold urn of her whom he long lov'd
So often fills his arms, so often draws
His lonely footsteps, silent and unseen,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears!
O! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
Those sacred hours, when, stealing from the noise
Of care and envy, sweet remembrance soothes,
With Virtue's kindest looks, his aching breast,
And turns his tears to rapture!”*

Such, then, are the comparative influences on our happiness and misery, of the emotions of love and hatred; and it cannot, after such a comparison, seem wonderful, that we should cling to the one of these orders of emotions, almost with the avidity with which we cling to life. It is affection, in some of its forms, which, if I may use so bold a phrase, *animates even life itself*; that, without it, scarcely could be worthy of the name. He who is without affection, may exist, indeed, in a populous city, with crowds around him, wherever he may chance to turn; but, even there, he lives in a desert, or he lives only among statues, that move and speak, but are incapable of saying any thing to his heart. How pathetically, and almost how sublimely, does one of the female saints of the Romish Church express the importance of affection to happiness, when, in speaking of the great enemy of mankind, whose situation might seem to present so many other conceptions of misery, she singles out this one circumstance, and she says,—“ How sad is the state of that being *condemned to love no-*

* Pleasures of Imagination, second form of the poem, B. II. v. 609—624.

thing!" "If we had been destined to live abandoned to ourselves, on Mount Caucasus, or in the deserts of Africa," says Barthelemi, "perhaps nature would have denied us a feeling heart,—but, if she had given us one, rather than love nothing, that heart would have tamed tigers, and animated rocks."* This, indeed, I may remark, strong as the expression of Barthelemi may seem, is no more than what man truly does. So susceptible is he of kind affection, that he *does* animate, with his regard, the very *rocks*, if only they are rocks that have been long familiar to him. The single survivor of a shipwreck, who has spent many dreary years on some island, of which he has been the only human inhabitant, will, in the rapture of deliverance, when he ascends the vessel that is to restore him to society and his country, feel, perhaps, no grief mingling with a joy so overwhelming. But, when the overwhelming emotion has in part subsided,—and, when he sees the island dimly fading from his view, there will be a feeling of grief, that will overcome, for the moment, even the tumultuous joy. The thought that he is never to see again that cave which was so long his home, and that shore which he has so often trod, will rise so sadly to his mind, that it will be to him, before reflection, almost like a momentary wish that he were again in that very loneliness, from which to be freed, seemed to him before, like resurrection from the tomb. He has not tamed tygers, indeed, but he will find, in his waking remembrances, and in his dreams, that he has animated *rocks*,—that his heart has not been idle, even when it had no kindred object to occupy it,—and that his cave has not been a mere *place of shelter*, but a friend.

"If," says the author of Anacharsis, "we were told that two strangers, cast by chance on a desert island, had formed a union of regard, the charms of which were a full compensation to them for all the rest of the universe which they had lost,—if we were told, that there existed any where a single family, occupied solely in strengthening the ties of blood with the ties of friendship,—if we were told, that there existed, in any corner of the earth, a people who knew no other law than that of loving each other, no other crime than that of not loving each other sufficiently,—who is there among us, that could dare to pity the fate of the two strangers,—that would not wish to belong to the family of friends,—that would not fly to the climate of that happy people? O, mortals, ignorant and unworthy of your destiny," he continues, "it is not necessary for you to cross the seas to discover the happiness. It

* Voyage du Jeune Anacharsis, Chap. LXXVIII.

may exist in every condition, in every time, in every place,ⁱⁿ you, *around* you,—wherever benevolence is felt.”*

After these remarks, on the emotions of love and hatred in general, it will not be necessary to prosecute the investigation of them, with any minuteness, at least, through all their varieties. The emotions, indeed, though classed together under the general name of *love*, are of many varieties ; but the difference is a difference of feeling too simple to be made the subject of descriptive definition. I have already, in my general analysis of the emotion, stated its two great elements,—a vivid pleasure in the contemplation of the object of regard, and a desire of the happiness of that object ; and in the contemplation of various objects, the pleasure may be as different in quality as the corresponding desire is different in degree. The love which we feel for a near relation, may not then, in our maturer years, be exactly the same emotion as that which we feel for a friend ; the love which we feel for one relation or friend, of one character, not exactly the same as the love which we feel for another relation, perhaps, of the same degree of propinquity, or for another friend of a different character ; yet, if we were to attempt to state these differences, in words, we might make them a little more obscure, but we could not make them more intelligible.

I shall not attempt, therefore, to define what is really indefinable. The love, which we feel for our parents, our friends, our country, is known better by these mere phrases, than by any description of the variety of the feelings themselves ; as the difference of what we mean by the sweetness of honey, and the sweetness of sugar, is known better by these mere names of the particular substances which excite the feelings, than by any description of the difference of the sweetnesses ; or rather, in the one way, it is capable of being made known to those who have ever tasted the two substances ; in the other way, no words which human art could employ, if the substances themselves are not named, would be able to make known the distinctive shades. Who is there, who could describe to another the sensations of smell which he receives from a rose, a violet, a sprig of jasmine, or of honeysuckle, though, in using these names, I have already conveyed to your mind a complete notion of this very difference.

It is not my intention, then to give you any *description* of the varieties of emotion, comprehended under the general terms of love and hate,—or, to speak more accurately, it is

* Voyage du Jeune Anacharsis, Chap. LXXVIII.

not in my power. To your own mind, the greater number of these must already be sufficiently familiar. A few very brief remarks on the general guardianship of affection, under which man is placed, and on the happiness of which it is productive, are all which I shall attempt to offer to you.

The helplessness of man at birth, and for the first years of life, is what must have powerfully impressed every one,—however unapt to moralize on the contrasts of the present, and the past, and the future,—those contrasts, which nature is incessantly exhibiting, not more strikingly, in what we term the accidents of individual fortune, or the dreadful revolutions of nations, which occur only at distant intervals, than in the phenomena, which form the regular display of her power, in every generation of mankind, and every individual of every generation. That glorious animal, who is to rule all other animals,—to invade their deepest recesses,—to drive the most ferocious from their dens, and to make the strength of the strongest only an instrument of more complete subjection,—*what is he at his birth!*—A creature, that seems incapable of any thing, but of tears and cries,—as Pliny so forcibly pictures him in a few words, “*Flens animal cæteris imperaturum.*”^{*} If we were to consider him, as abandoned to himself, we might, indeed, say, to use a still stronger phrase of Cicero, that man is born not of a *mother*, but of a *stepmother*. “*Hominem, non ut a matri, sed a noverca natum, corpore rudo, fragili et infirmo, animo autem anxio ad molestias, in quo tamen incasset obrutus quidam divinus ignis.*” Is the divine spark, which seems scarcely to gleam through that feeble frame, to be quenched in it forever? It is feebleness, indeed, which we behold:—but the Creator of that which seems so feeble, was the Omnipotent. That Power, which is omnipotent to bless, has thrown no helpless outcast on the world. Before it brought him into existence, it provided what was to be strength, and more than strength to the weakness which was to be entrusted to the ready protection. There are beings who *love him*, before their eyes have seen what they love,—who expect, with all the affection of long intimacy, or rather with an affection, to which that of the most cordial friendship is indifference and coldness, that unsuspecting object of their regard, who is to receive their cares, without knowing of whom they are the cares; but who is to reward every labour and anxiety, by the mere smile, that almost unconsciously answers their smile, or the unintentional caress, to which their love is to affix so tender a meaning. How beautiful is the arrangement, which has thus adapt-

^{*} Lib. VII. proem.

ed to each other, the feebleness of the weak, and the fondness of the strong, in which the happiness of those who require protection, and of those who are able to give protection, is equally secured ; and man deriving from his early wants the social affections, which afterwards bind him to his race, is made the most powerful of earthly beings, by that very imbecility, which seemed to mark him as born only to suffer and to perish !

The suddenness of the change, which, at this interesting period, takes place, in many instances, in the whole character and mode of conduct of the mother, is as remarkable as the force of the fondness itself. The affection, which the child requires, is not an affection of a *passive* sort ; it is one which must watch and endure fatigues, and the privation of many accustomed pleasures. But nature, who, in adaptation to the wants of the new animated being, has provided for it the food best suited for its little frame, by a change in the very bodily functions of the mother, has provided equally for that corresponding change, which is necessary in the maternal mind. "How common is it," says Dr. Reid, "to see a young woman, in the gayest period of life, who has spent her days in mirth, and her nights in profound sleep, without solicitude or care, all at once transformed into the careful, the solicitous, the watchful nurse of her dear infant, doing nothing by day but gazing upon it, and serving it in the meanest offices,—by night, depriving herself of sound sleep for months, that it may lie safe in her arms. Forgetful of herself, her whole care is centered in this little object.—Such a sudden transformation of her whole habits, and occupation, and turn of mind, if we did not see it every day, would appear a more wonderful metamorphose, than any that Ovid has described."*

Such is that species of love, which constitutes parental affection,—an affection, however, that is not to fade, with the wants to which it was so necessary, but is to extend its regard, with delightful reciprocities of kindness, over the whole life of its object,—or rather is not to terminate with this mortal life, but only to begin then a new series of wishes, that extend themselves through immortality. Affection is not a task that finishes, when the work which it was to accomplish is done. The dead body of their child, over which the parents bend in anguish, is not to them a release from cares imposed on them. It awakes in them, love not less, but more vivid. It speaks to them of him, who still exists to their remembrance, and their hope of future meeting, as he existed

* On the Active Powers, Essay III. c. iv

before, to all the happiness of mutual presence. On their own bed of death, if *he* is the survivor, they have still some anxieties, even of this earth, for him. They look, with devout confidence, to that God, who is the happiness of those who are admitted, after the toils of life, to his divine presence; but they look to him also, as the happiness of those, whose earthly career is not yet accomplished,—the averter of perils, to which *they* can no longer be exposed,—the source of consolation in griefs, which *they* can no longer feel. The heaven, of which they think, is not the heaven, that *is* at the moment at which they ascend to it, but the heaven which is to be, when, at least, one other inhabitant is added to it.

These are the delightful emotions of parental regard, which far more than repay every parental anxiety. But does the child enjoy their protecting influence, without any return of love? His little heart,—the heart of him, who is perhaps afterwards to have the same parental feelings,—is not so cold and insensible. His love, indeed, has not the intensity of interest,—far less the reasoning foresight,—which distinguishes the zealous fondness of that unwearied guardianship, on which he depends. But it is a *reflection* from the same blessed sunshine to his own delighted bosom. It is this, which in childhood, makes even obedience,—the most powerful, perhaps, of all things, when the reason of the command is not known,—almost as delightful, as the freedom which is restrained; and which in maturer life continues a reverence, which the proud mind of man refuses to every other created being. It is to the feeling of this sacred and paramount regard, that we are to trace the peculiar horror attached in every nation to *parricide*. Murder, indeed, in every form, is horrible to our conception; but the murder of a parent is a crime, of which we mark the occurrence with the same astonishment, with which we mark and record some fearful prodigy of nature.

The fraternal affection is, in truth, in its origin, only another form of that general susceptibility of friendship, with which nature has endowed us. We cannot live long with any one, in the constant interchange of social offices, without forming an attachment, which is altogether independent of the expectation of the benefits, that may arise from a continuance of the intercourse;—and what we feel for every other playmate, with whom we meet only occasionally, must surely be felt, still more, for those, who have partaken almost of every pleasure, which we have enjoyed, since we entered into life, and who, in all the little adventures, of years that have relatively, as many, or even more important incidents, than the years which are occupied only with a few great projects, have been

the companions of our toils, and perils, and successes. In the case of fraternal friendship, too, there is the strong additional circumstance, that, in loving a brother, we love one who is dear to those, to whom our liveliest affections have been already given. We cannot love a friend, without taking some interest in whatever may befall the *friends* of our friends; and we cannot love our parents, therefore, without feeling some additional sympathy with those, whose happiness we know would be happiness to them, and whose distresses, misery. This reflection from our filial fondness, however, is but a circumstance in addition; the great source of the fraternal regard, as I have already said, is in that general susceptibility of our nature, to which we owe all our friendships—that susceptibility, which has made *brothers* of mankind, at least of all the nobler individuals of mankind,—though their common passions might seem to oppose them in endless rivalries. The same affection, which, in the nursery, attracted its two little inhabitants, to look on the same objects,—to mix in the same sports,—to form the same plans,—not, indeed, for the next year or month, but for the next hour or minute, is that, which, in a different period of life, augments, and perpetuates, and extends to others, the same feelings of social regard,—a regard, which

“ Push’d to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour’s blessing thine.
Is this too little for thy boundless heart?
Extend it—let thy enemies have part.
Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life, and sense,
In one close system of benevolence ;—
Happier as kinder, in whate’er degree,
And height of bliss, but height of charity.”*

Such is *man*,—the parent, the child, the brother, the citizen—the member of the great community of all who live. There is still another aspect, however, in which our susceptibilities of the emotions of love may be considered; and that which has, in common language, almost *absorbed* the name,—the affection which the sexes bear to each other—an affection, on which, in its mere physical relation to the preservation of the species, all our other emotions may be said indirectly to depend, and of which the *moral relations*, that alone are to be considered by us, are as powerful, in their influence on the conduct, as they are general in their empire, and not more productive of hope or misery, than they are of virtue, or of vice.

* Essay on Man, Ep. IV. v. 353—360.

In considering the influences of this relation on human happiness, we are not to have regard merely to those emotions which are excited, in the individuals who feel that exclusive delight in each other's society, and that reciprocal admiration and confidence, the charm of which constitutes the moral part of what is called love. These feelings, indeed, are truly valuable in themselves, as a part of the happiness of the world, and would still be most valuable, even though no other beneficial influence were to flow from them. But, precious as they are in this respect, we are not to regard them as extending only to the individuals themselves, and beginning and ceasing with their enjoyments. The chief value of this relation is diffused over all mankind. It is to be traced in that character of refinement which it has given to society, and with which love extends its delightful and humanizing influence, even to those who may pass through life, without feeling its more direct and immediate charms. It is, in this respect, like that sunshine, which even the blind enjoy, in the warmth which it produces, though they are incapable of distinguishing the light from which it flows.

The system of gentler manners, once produced in this way, may diffuse the influence in a great degree, without a renewal of the cause which gave rise to it; and yet, even at present, when *men* live long together, without much intercourse with the gentler sex, we are soon able to discover some proof, of the absence of that influence, which is not necessary only for *raising* man from savage life, but for saving him from *relapsing* into it.

That the female character, however, may have its just influence, it is necessary that the female character should be respected. When woman is valued, only as subservient to the animal pleasures of man, or to the multiplication of his race, there may be as much fondness as is involved in sensual profligacy, there might be a dreadful mixture of momentary tenderness with habitual tyranny and servility; but this is not love, and therefore not the moral influence of love—not that equal and reciprocal communication of sentiments and wishes,

“When thought meets thought, ere from the lips it start,
And each warm wish springs *mutual* from the heart.”

“The empire of women,” says an eloquent foreigner, “is not theirs because men have willed it, but because it is the will of nature. Miserable must be the age in which this empire is lost, and in which the judgments of women are count-

ed as nothing by man. Every people in the ancient world, that can be said to have had morals, has respected the sex,—Sparta, Germany, Rome. At Rome, the exploits of the victorious generals were honoured by the grateful voices of the *women*; on every public calamity, *their* tears were a public offering to the gods. In either case, their vows and their sorrows were thus consecrated as the most solemn judgments of the state. It is to them, that all the great revolutions of the republic are to be traced. By a woman, Rome acquired liberty,—by a woman, the Plebeians acquired the consulate,—by a woman, finished the decemviral tyranny,—by *women*, when the city was trembling with a vindictive exile at its gates, it was saved from that destruction which no other influence could avert. To *our* eyes, indeed, accustomed to find in everything some cause or pretence for mockery, a procession of this sort might seem to present only a subject of derision; and, in the altered state of manners of our capital, some cause of such a feeling might perhaps truly be found, in the different aspect of the procession itself. But compose it of Roman women, and you will have the eyes of every Volscian, and the heart of Coriolanus.”

In the whole progress of life, in its permanent connexions, and even in the casual intercourse of society, so much of conduct must have relation to the other sex, and be regulated, in a great measure, by the views which we have been led to form, with respect to them, that there is scarcely a subject on which just views seem to me of so much importance to a young and ingenuous mind. In such a mind, a respect for the excellencies of woman, is, in its practical consequences, almost another form of respect for virtue itself.

In estimating the character of the other sex, we are too apt to measure ourselves with them, only in those respects, in which we arrogate an indisputable superiority, and to forget the circumstances, from which chiefly that superiority is derived, if even there be as great a superiority as we suppose, in the respects in which we may, perhaps falsely, lay claim to it. We think, in such an estimate, not so much of the peculiar merits which they possess, as of peculiar merits which we flatter ourselves with the belief of possessing. We forget those tender virtues, which are so lovely in themselves, and to which we owe half the virtue of which we boast. We forget the *compassion*, which is so ready to soothe our sorrows, and without which, perhaps, to awaken and direct our pity to others, we should scarcely have known that the relief of misery was one of our duties, or rather one of the noblest privileges of our nature. We forget the *patience*, which bears so

well every grief, but those which ourselves occasion, and which feels these deepest sorrows with intenser suffering, only from that value, above all other possessions, which is attached to our regard. We forget those intellectual graces, which are the chief embellishment of our life, and which, shedding over it at once a gaiety and a tenderness, which nothing else could diffuse, soften down the asperities of our harsher intellect. But, forgetting all these excellencies which are the excellencies of others, we are far from forgetting the scholastic acquisitions of languages or science, which seem to us doubly important, because they are our own—acquisitions that, in some distinguished instances, indeed, may confer glory on the nature that is capable of them, but they, in many cases, leave no other effect on the mind, than a *pride of sex*, which the inadequacy of these supposed means of paramount distinction, should rather have converted into respect for those, who, almost without study, or at least, with far humbler opportunities, have learned from their own *hearts* what is virtuous, and from their own *genius*, whatever is most important to be known.

Even with respect to those studies, which we have reserved almost as an exclusive privilege of our sex, we should remember, that the privation, on the part of woman, is a sacrifice that is made to a system of general manners, which, whether truly essential or not, we have at least chosen to regard as essential to our happiness. We impose on them duties, that are, perhaps, incompatible with severe study—we require of them the highest excellence in many elegant arts,—to excel in which, if *we* too were to attempt it, would be the labour of half our life—we require of them even the charm of a sort of delicate ignorance, as if ignorance itself were a grace;—and then, with most inconsistent severity, we affect to regard them with contempt, because they have fulfilled the very duties imposed on them, and have charmed us with all the excellencies, and perhaps, too, with some of the defects, which we required. If they err, in being as ignorant of the choral prosody of the Greeks, and of the fluxionary calculus of the moderns, as the greater number even of the well-educated of our own sex,—let us at least allow them the privilege of speaking of *anapests* and *infinitesimals*, without forfeiting our regard,—before we smile at ignorance, which ourselves have produced, and which, if we could remove with a wish, there are few, perhaps, even of those who affect to despise it, who would not tremble at the comparative light in which they would themselves have to appear.

In the course of your life, you must often mingle with the
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frivolous of our own sex, who knowing little more, know at least, and repeat as their only literature, some of the trite traditional sarcasms, which have been tediously repeated against women;—though they have had no difficulty in forgetting the far more numerous sarcasms, which even men have pointed against the vices of men. But, though minds, which women would despise and blush to resemble, may speak contemptuously of excellence, which they cannot hope to equal,—it is only from the contemptible, in such a case, that you will hear the expression of contempt; and the real or affected disdain of such minds, is, perhaps, not less glorious to the character of the sex which they deride, than the respect which that character never fails to obtain, from those who alone are qualified to appreciate it, and whose admiration alone is honour.

To the dissolute, indeed, who are fond of associating with the lowest of the sex, and who, in their conception of female excellence, can form no brighter pictures in their mind, than of the *inmates* of a brothel, or of those whom a brothel might admit as its inmates,—woman *may* seem a being like themselves, and be a subject of insulting mockery, in the coarse laughter and drunkenness of the feast; but the mockery, in such a case, is descriptive of the life and habits of the *deriders*, more than the *derided*. It is not so much the *expression of contempt*, as the *confession of vice*.

The *respect*, which he feels for the virtues of woman, may thus be considered almost as a *test* of the virtues of *man*. He *is*, and must be, in a great measure, what he *wishes* the companions of his domestic hours to be—noble if he wish *them* to be dignified—frivolous, if he wish them to be triflers—and far more abject than the victims of his capricious favour, if, with the power of enjoying their free and lasting affection, he would yet sacrifice whatever love has most delightful, and condemn *them* to a slavery of the dismal and dreary influence of which, he is *himself* to be the *slave*.

LECTURE LXI.

1. IMMEDIATE EMOTIONS, INVOLVING NECESSARILY SOME MORAL FEELING.—2. LOVE AND HATE CONCLUDED.—3. SYMPATHY WITH THE HAPPINESS AND SORROW OF OTHERS.

IN my last Lecture, Gentlemen, I considered the various affections comprehended under the general names of *love* and *hatred*, both with respect to their nature, as emotions, and to the relations which they bear to the happiness of man, and consequently to the provident benevolence of that Mighty Being, who has created us to be happy,—who, in rendering us susceptible of these opposite emotions, has not merely blessed us, but protected also the very blessings which he gave, bestowing on us the kind affections, as the source of our enjoyment, and the affections of hatred, as our security against aggression.

Of the benevolent affections, in the first place, we saw how largely they contribute to happiness, by the pleasure which they directly yield, and, still more, by the pleasure which they diffuse over every other enjoyment, or with which they temper even affliction itself, till it almost cease to be an evil. The most sensual, who despise the pleasures of the understanding, and those delights, which have been so truly called “the luxury of doing good,” must still, in their petty luxuries, have an affection of some sort, or at least the semblance of affection, to diffuse over their indulgencies, the chief part of the little pleasure which they seem to yield. To give a taste to their costly food, they must collect smiles around the table, even though there be at the heart a sad conviction, that the smiles are only the mimicry of kindness. So essential however, is kindness to happiness, that even this very mimicry of it is more than can be abandoned; and if all the gay faces of the guests around the festive board could, in an instant, be converted into statues, in that very instant the delight of him, who spread the magnificence for the eyes of others, and caught a sort of shadowy gaiety from that cheerfulness, which had at least the appearance of social regard, would cease, as if he, too,

had lost even the common sensibilities of life. He would still see, on every side, attendants ready to obey a word, or a very look,—the same luxurious delicacies would be before him, but there would no longer be the same appetite, that could feel them to be luxuries; and the enjoyment received,—if any enjoyment were received,—would be far less than that of the labourer, in his coarser meal, when there is only simple fare upon the board, but *affection* in every heart that is round it, and *social gladness* in every eye.

So consolatory is regard, and so tranquillizing, in all the agitations of life, except the very horrors of guilty passion, and the remorse by which these are pursued, that he who has one heart to share his affliction, though he may still have feelings to which we must continue to give the name of sorrow, *cannot* be miserable; while he who has no heart, that would care whether he were suffering or enjoying, alive or dead,—and who has himself no regard to the suffering or enjoyment even of a single individual, may be rich, indeed, in the external means of happiness, but he cannot be rich in *happiness*, which external things may *promote*,—but are as little capable of *producing*, as the incense on the altar of giving out its aromatic odours, where there is no warmth to kindle it into fragrance. The blind possessor of some ample inheritance, who is led through groves, and over lawns, where he sees no part of that loveliness, which every other eye is so quick to perceive, and who, as he walks in darkness, amid the brightest colours of nature, has merely the pleasure of thinking, that whatever his foot has pressed is *his own*,—enjoys his splendid domains, with a gratification very nearly similar to that of the haughty lord of possessions, perhaps, still more ample, who, without any mere visual infirmity, is able to walk, *unled*, amid his own groves and lawns, which he measures with a cold and selfish eye, but who walks among them *unloving and unloved*, blind to all that sunshine of the heart, which is forever diffusing, even on earth, a celestial loveliness,—a loveliness, to which there are hearts and spirits, as insensible as there are eyes, that are incapable of distinguishing the common radiance of Heaven. “Poor is the friendless master of a world,” it has been truly said, and there is, perhaps, no curse so dreadful as that which would render man wholly insensible of affection, even though it were to leave him all the cumbrous wealth of a thousand empires:

“Vivat Pacuvius quæso, vel Nestora totum,
Possideat quantum rapuit, Nero, meritis aurum
Exæquet—nec amet quenquam, nec ametur ab ullo!”*

* Juvenal, Sat. xii. v. 128—130.

It is a bold but a happy expression of St. Bernard, illustrative of the power of affection,—that the soul, or the principle of life, within us, may be more truly said to *exist*, when it *loves*, than when it merely *animates*. “*Anima magis est ubi amat, quam ubi animat.*” The benevolent affections expand and multiply our being,—they make us live with as many souls as there are living objects of our love, and in this diffusion of more than wishes, confer upon a single individual, the happiness of the world. If there be any one, whose high station, and honour, and power appear to us covetable, ambition will tell us, to labour, and to watch, and to think neither of the happiness nor unhappiness of others, or at least to think of them only as instruments of our exaltation, till we arrive, at last, at equal or superior dignity. This it will tell us loudly; and, to some minds, it will whisper, that there are means of speedier advancement, that they have only to sacrifice a few virtues, or assume a few vices, to deceive, and defame, and betray,—or that, if they cannot rise themselves, by these means, they can at least bring down to their own level, or beneath it, the merit that is odious to them. The dignity which we thus covet, and for the attainment of which, Ambition would urge us to so many anxieties and struggles, and perhaps, too, to so much guilt, nature confers on us, by a much more simple process, and a process which, far from leading into vice, is itself the exercise of virtue. She has only to give us a sincere and lively friendship for him who possesses it; and all his enjoyments are ours. Our soul, to use St. Bernard’s phrase, exists when it loves; and it exists, in all the enjoyments, of him whom it loves.

If the benevolent affections be so important, as sources of happiness, the malevolent affections, we found, were not less important parts of our mental constitution, as the *defence* of happiness against the injustice which otherwise would every moment be invading it;—the emotions of the individual injured, being to the injurer a certainty, that his crime will not be without *one* interested in avenging it; and the united emotions of mankind, as concurring with this individual interest of retribution, being almost the certainty of vengeance itself. If vice can perform these ravages in the moral world, which we see at present,—what would have been the desolation, if there had been no motives of terror, to restrain the guilty arm,—if frauds and oppressions, which now work in secret, could have come boldly forth into the great community of mankind, secure of approbation in every eye, or at least of no look of abhorrence, or shuddering at their very approach. It is because man is rendered capable of hatred, that crimes, which escape the law and the judge, have their punishment in the

terror of the guilty. "Fortune," it has been truly said, "frees many from *vengeance*, but it cannot free them from *fear*,—it cannot free them from the knowledge of that general disgust and scorn, which nature has so deeply fixed in all mankind, for the crimes which they have perpetrated. Amid the security of a thousand concealments, they cannot think themselves sufficiently concealed from that hatred, which is ever ready to burst upon them; for conscience is still with them, like a treacherous informer, pointing them out to themselves."—"Multos fortuna pœna liberat, metu neminem. Quare? quia infixæ nobis ejus rei aversio est, quam natura damnavit. Ideo namquam fides latendi fit, etiam latentibus, quia coarguit illos conscientia, et ipsos sibi ostendit."*

The emotions, to which I am next to direct your attention, are those, by which, instantly, as if by a sort of contagion, we become partakers of the vivid feelings of others, whether pleasing or painful. They are general affections of *sympathy*, a term, which expresses this participation of both species of feelings, though, in common language, it is usually applied, more particularly to the interest which we take in sorrow. By some philosophers, indeed, we have been said to be incapable of this participation, except of feelings of that sadder kind,—though the denial of this sympathy with happiness—a denial so unfavourable and so false to the social nature of man,—is surely the result only of narrow views, and imperfect analysis. Nor, is it difficult to discover the circumstances which have tended to mislead them. The state of happiness is a state, which we are so desirous of feeling, and so readily affect to feel, even when we truly feel it *not*, that our participation of it becomes less remarkable, being expressed merely in the same way, as the common courtesies of society require us to express ourselves, even when we are feeling no peculiar satisfaction. If the face must, at any rate, be dressed in smiles at meeting, and retain a certain number of these smiles with an occasional smile more or less, according to the turn of the conversation, during the whole of a long interview, the *real* complacency which is felt in the pleasures of others, is not marked, because the *air* of complacency had been assumed before. All this is so well understood, in that state of strange simulation, and dissimulation, which constitutes artificial politeness, that a smile of welcome is as little considered to be a certain evidence of gratification at heart, as the common forms of humility, which close a letter of business, are understood to signify

* Seneca, *Epist.* 97.

truly, that the writer is the very humble and most obedient servant of him to whom the letter is addressed. Joy, then,—that is to say, the appearance of joy,—may be regarded as the common dress of society, and real complacency is thus as little remarkable, as a well-fashioned coat in a drawing room. Let us conceive a single ragged coat to appear in the brilliant circle, and all eyes will be instantly fixed on it. Even Beauty itself, till the buzz of astonishment is over, will, for the moment, scarcely attract a single gaze, or Wit a single listener. Such with respect to the general dress of the social mind, is *grief*. It is something, for the very appearance of which we are not prepared. A face of smiles is what we meet constantly ; a face of sorrow, the fixed and serious look, the low, or faltering tone, the very silence, the tear,—are foreign, as it were, to the outward scene of things in which we exist. We see evidence, in this case, that something has happened, to change the general aspect ; while the look, and the voice of gaiety, as they are the look and the voice of every hour, indicates to us only the presence of the individual, and not any peculiar affection of his mind. It is not wonderful, therefore, that the appearance of grief, as the more unusual of the two, should absorb to itself, in common language, a name, which may originally have been significant alike of the participation of grief and joy. It must be remembered, too, that *joy*, though delighting in sympathy, does not stand in need of this sympathy, so much as sorrow. In diffusing cheerfulness, we seem rather to give to others, than to receive ; while, in the sympathy of grief, which we excite, we feel every look and tone of kindred sorrow, as so much given to us. It is, as if we were lightened of a part of our burthen ; and we cannot feel the relief, without feeling gratitude to the compassionate heart, that has lessened our affliction, by dividing it with us. It is not merely, therefore, because the appearance of grief is more unusual, that we have affixed to this appearance a peculiar language, or at least apply to it more readily the terms, that are significant also of other appearances,—but, in some degree, also, because the sympathy of those who sorrow with us, is of far more value, than the sympathy of those who merely share our rejoicing, and therefore dwells more readily and lastingly in our remembrance.

It is not more true, however, that we weep with those who weep, than that we rejoice with those who rejoice. There is a charm in general gladness, that steals upon us without our perceiving it ; and, if we have no cause of sorrow, it is sufficient for our momentary happiness, that we be in the company of the happy. Who is there, of such fixed melancholy, as not to

have felt, innumerable times, this delight that arises, without any cause, but the delight which has preceded it ; when we are happy for hours, and on looking back on these hours of happiness, can discover nothing, but our own happiness, and the happiness of others, which have been reflected back, and again, from each to each. So strong is this sympathetic tendency, that we not merely share the gaiety of the gay, but rejoice also with inanimate things, to which we have given a cheerfulness, that does not, and cannot belong to them. There are, in the changeful aspects of nature, so many analogies to the emotions of living beings, that in animating poetically, what exhibits to us these analogies, we scarcely feel, till we reflect, that we are using metaphors ; and that the clear and sunny sky, for example, is as little cheerful, as that atmosphere of fogs and darkness, through which the sun shines only enough to shew us, how thick the gloom must be, which has resisted all the penetrating splendours of his beams. When nature is thus once animated by us, it is not wonderful, if we sympathize with the living, that we should, for the moment, sympathize with it too, as with some living thing. It is this sympathy, with a cheerfulness which we have ourselves created, that constitutes a great part of that "moral delight and joy," which is so well described, as "able to drive all sadness but despair." In the poem of *The Seasons*, accordingly, the influence of Spring is, with not less truth than poetic beauty, supposed to be felt chiefly by those, whose *moral* sympathies are the most lively.

"When Heaven and Earth, as if contending, vie
To raise his being, and serene his soul,
Can man forbear to join the general smile
Of Nature ?—Can fierce passions vex his breast,
When every gale is peace, and every grove
Is melody ?—Hence from the bounteous walks
Of flowery Spring, ye sordid sons of earth,
Hard and unfeeling of another's woe,
Or only lavish to yourselves :—away !—
But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide thought,
Of all his works, creative Bounty burns
With warmest beam ; and on your open front,
And liberal eye, sits,—from his dark retreat,
Invoking modest Want.—Nor, till invoked,
Can restless Goodness wait ; your active search
Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplored ;
Like silent-working Heaven, surprising oft
The lonely heart with unexpected good.
For you the roving spirit of the wind
Blows Spring abroad : for you the teeming clouds
Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world ;—
And the Sun sheds his kindest rays for you,
Ye flower of human race ! In these green days.

Reviving sickness lifts her languid head,
 Life flows afresh, and young-eyed Health exalts
 The whole creation round. Contentment walks
 The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss
 Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
 To purchase. Pure serenity apace
 Induces thought, and contemplation still.
 By swift degrees, the love of Nature works
 And warms the bosom : till at last, sublimed
 To rapture, and enthusiastic heat,
 We feel the present Deity, and taste
 The joy of God, and see a happy world."^{*}

In the very pleasing Ode to May, which forms one of the few relics of the genius of West, there is a thought, in accordance with this general sympathy of nature, which expresses, with great force, that animating influence of which I speak. After invoking the tardy May to resume her reign,

"With balmy breath and flowery tread,
 Rise from thy soft ambrosial bed,
 Where, in Elysian slumber bound,
 Embowering myrtles veil thee round,"

he describes the impatience of all nature for her accustomed presence, and concludes with an image, which his friend Gray justly termed "bold, but not too bold,"—

"Come then, with Pleasure at thy side,
 Diffuse thy vernal spirit wide;
 Create, where'er thou turn'st thine eye,
 Peace, plenty, love, and harmony;—
 Till every being share its part,
 Till heaven and earth be glad at heart."[†]

In a fine morning of that delightful season, amid sunshine and fragrance, and the thousand voices of joy, that make the air one universal song of rapture, who is there that does not feel, as if heaven and earth were truly glad at heart, and who does not sympathize with Nature, as if with some living being diffusing happiness, and rejoicing in the happiness which it diffuses?

We sympathize, then, even with the imaginary cheerfulness, which ourselves create in things, that are as incapable of cheerfulness, as of sorrow; and still more do we sympathize with living gladness, when it does not arise from a cause so

^{*} V. 866—900.

[†] Stanza ii. v. 3—6, and Stanza v. preserved in Letter V. of Sect. iii. of *Memoirs of Gray*.—MATTHIAS' EDIT.

disproportioned to the violence of the emotion, as to force us to pause and measure the absurdity. I have already said, that we seem to sympathize less with the pleasures of others, than we truly do ; because the real sympathy is lost in that constant air of cheerfulness, which it is a part of good manners to assume. If the laws of politeness required of us to assume, in society, an appearance of sadness as they now require from us an appearance of some slight degree of gaiety, or, at least, of a disposition to be gay, it is probable, that we should then remark any sympathy with gladness, as we now remark particularly any sympathy with sorrow ; and we should certainly, then, use the general name, to express the former of these, as the more extraordinary,—in the same way, as we now use it particularly to express the feelings of commiseration.

Whatever may be the comparative tendencies of our nature, however, to the participation of the gay and sad emotions of those around us, there can be no doubt as to the double tendency. We rejoice with those who rejoice, merely because they are rejoicing ;—and, without any misfortune of our own, we feel a sadness, at the very aspect of affliction in those around us, and shrink and shudder, on the application to them of any cause of pain, which we know cannot reach ourselves.

Many of the phenomena of sympathy, I have little doubt, are referable to the laws, to which we have traced the common phenomena of suggestion or association. It may be considered as a necessary consequence of these very laws, that the sight of any of the common symbols of internal feeling, should recall to us the feeling itself, in the same way as a portrait or rather, as the alphabetic name of our friend, recalls to us the conception of our friend himself. Some faint and shadowy sadness we undoubtedly should feel, therefore, when the external signs of sadness were before us,—some greater cheerfulness on the appearance of cheerfulness in others,—even though we had no peculiar susceptibility of sympathizing emotion, distinct from the mere general tendencies of suggestion. To these general tendencies, I am inclined, particularly, to refer the external involuntary signs of our sympathy,—the shrinking of our own limbs, for example, when we see the knife in any surgical operation, about to be applied to the limb of another,—the contortions of body with which the mob regard the feats of a rope-dancer, when they throw themselves into the postures that would be necessary for counteracting their own tendency to fall, if they were in the situation observed by them. Whatever state of mind, in the direction of our muscular movements, may be necessary for producing these instant postures, is associated with the feeling of peril,

which the mind would have in the situation observed ; and this feeling is suggested by the attitude in others, that may be considered as an external sign of the feeling. That the mere conception is sufficient for producing these muscular movements, without the actual presence of any one with whose movements our own may be thought to accord, by some mysterious harmony, is shown by cases, in which ethereal communications, and vibrations, and every foreign cause of sympathy that can be imagined by the most extravagant lover of hypothesis, must be allowed to be absent, because there is no foreign object of sympathy whatever ; in which we may be said, almost without absurdity, to sympathize with ourselves—when we shudder, indeed, as if sympathizing, but shudder at a mere thought. Thus, in looking down from a precipice, we shrink back as we gaze on the dreadful abyss which would receive us if we were to make a single false step, or if the crumbling soil on which we tread were to betray our footing. The notion of our fall is readily suggested by the aspect of the abyss, and of the narrow spot which separates us from it,—this notion of our fall, of course, suggests the feelings which would arise at such a dreadful moment ; and these again produce, in the same manner, that consecutive state of mind, whatever it may be, on which the bodily movements of shrinking depend. We first have the simple conception of the fall,—we then have, in some degree, the feelings that would attend the beginning to fall,—we then, having this lively image of peril shrink back to save ourselves from that which seems to us more real, because in harmony with the whole scene of terror before us, which presents to us the same aspect that would be present to us, if what we merely imagined were actually at that very moment taking place. Such is the series of phenomena that produce one of the most uneasy states in which the mind can exist ; a state, which I may suppose you all to have experienced in some degree, before the repetition of these giddy views, with impunity, has counteracted the giddiness itself, by rendering the feeling of security so habitual, as to rise instantly, and be a constant part of the whole complex state of mind.

But, though I conceive that a great part of what is called *sympathy*, is truly referable to the common laws of *suggestion*, that, by producing certain conceptions, produce also, indirectly, the emotions that are consequent on these,—and, though it is possible that not the chief part only, but the whole, may flow from these simple laws, I am far from asserting, that all its phenomena depend upon these alone. On the contrary, I am inclined to think, that there is a peculiar

susceptibility of this reflex motion in certain minds, by which, even when the laws of suggestion, and the consequent images which rise to the mind, are similar, the sympathy, as a subsequent emotion, is more or less vivid; since there is no particular law of suggestion, unless we form one for this particular case, the force of which, in any greater degree, seems to accompany, with equal and corresponding proportion, the more lively compassion; but our sympathies are stronger and weaker, with all possible varieties of suggestion, in every other respect. It would be vain, however, if there truly be such a peculiar susceptibility, to attempt any nicer inquiry, in the hope of discovering original elements, which are obviously beyond the power of our analysis, or of fixing the precise point, at which the influence of ordinary suggestion ceases, and the influence of what is peculiar in the tendency to sympathy, if there be any peculiar influence, begins.

One most important distinction, however, it is necessary to make, to save you from an error, into which the use of a *single term* for two successive feelings, and I may add, the general imperfect analysis of philosophers, might otherwise lead you.

What is commonly termed pity, or compassion, or sympathy, even when the circumstances which merely lead to the sympathy, are deducted from the emotion itself, is not one simple state, but two successive states of mind, the feeling of the sorrow of others, and the desire of relieving it. The former of these is that which leads me to rank pity as an immediate emotion,—the latter, which is a separate affection of the mind, subsequent to the other, and easily distinguished from it, we should rank, if it were to be considered alone, with our other desires, which, in like manner, arise from some view of good to be attained, or of evil to be removed.

After this analysis of the emotion of pity into its constituent elements, a lively feeling participant of the sorrow of others, and the desire of relief to that of sorrow, a desire, which, in the same circumstances, may be greater or less, as the mind is more benevolent, it can scarcely fail to occur to you, that the first of these elements is, as mere grief, an emotion of the same species with the primary grief with which we are said to sympathize, or with any other grief which we are capable of feeling,—a form, in short, of that general sadness which has been already considered by us. And, as a mere state or affection of the mind, considered without regard to the circumstances which produce it, or the circumstances which follow it, I confess, that there does not seem to me anything

peculiar in the grief itself, of pity, when separated, by such an analysis, from all thought of the primary sufferer, whose sorrow we feel to have been reflected on us, and from the consequent desire of affording him aid. But, though the elementary feeling itself may be similar,—the circumstances in which it arises, and the circumstances which accompany it, when, without any direct cause of pain, we yet catch pain, as it were, by a sort of contagious sensibility, from the mere violence of another's anguish, are of so very peculiar a kind, that I have not hesitated to give to this susceptibility of sympathetic feeling a distinct place in our arrangement; for the same reason, as in our systems of physics, we refer to different physical powers, and, therefore, to different parts of our system, the same apparent motions of bodies, when these motions, though in themselves apparently the same which might be produced by other causes, are the results of causes that are in their own nature strikingly different. Pity, however complex the state of mind may be which it expresses, is one of the most interesting of all the states in which the mind can exist, and affords itself an example of the advantage of treating our emotions as complex rather than elementary,—an advantage which led me to form that particular arrangement of our emotions, in the order of which they have been submitted to your consideration,—when, if the mere elements had been all that were submitted to you, you would perhaps have been little able to distinguish in them the familiar complex states of mind, which alone you have been accustomed to distinguish as emotions.

Even that primary feeling of sympathy, which is a mere participation of the sufferings of another, it may perhaps be thought, is only a form of the affection of *love* before considered by us, since there can be no love without a participation of the sorrows and joys of the object beloved. But these sympathies are emotions arising from love, not the mere regard itself. We must not forget that the word *love* is often employed, very vaguely, to signify, not the mere affections of mind which constitute the vivid feelings of regard, but every affection of mind that has any reference to the object of this regard. We give the name of love in this way, to the whole successive states of mind of the lover, as if love were something diffused in them all; but this, though a convenient expression, is still a vague one; and the emotions are not the less different, in themselves, for being comprehended in a single word. The emotion of sympathy is still different from the simple feeling of affection, even when the object of our sympathy is truly the object of our love. It may have arisen

from it, indeed, but it is not the same, as that feeling of warm regard, from which, in such a case, it arose.

So different is the mere sympathy from simple love, that it takes place when there is no actual love whatever, but, on the contrary, positive dislike or abhorrence. Let us imagine not one atrocious crime only, but many crimes the most atrocious, to have been committed by an individual; and let us then suppose him stretched upon the rack, every limb torn, and every fibre quivering. Let us imagine, that we hear the heavy fall of that instrument, by which bone after bone is slowly broken,—dividing with dreadful intervals, the groans of the victim, that cease at the moment at which the new stroke is expected, and afterwards rise again *instantly* in more dreadful anguish, to cease only when another more agonizing stroke is again on the point of falling, or when the milder agony of death overwhelms at once the *suffering* and the sufferer. Does our hatred of the criminal save us even from the slightest uneasiness at what we see and hear? Do we feel no cold shuddering at the sound of the worse than deadly blow? no terror, increasing into agony at the moment when it pauses, as we expected it to fall again? It is enough for us that there is agony before our eyes. Without loving the sufferer,—for though the feelings that oppress us, may not allow us to think of his atrocities at the moment, they certainly do not invest him with any amiable qualities, except that of being miserable,—we feel for him what it is impossible for us not to feel for any living thing that is in equal anguish. We should feel this,—if the anguish be of a kind that forces itself upon our senses in all its dreadful reality,—though his crimes were whispered to us every moment; and when he lies mangled and groaning before us, if we were forced to inflict another stroke with our own hands, that was to break the last unbroken limb, or to receive the blow ourselves, it is not easy to say from which alternative we should shrink with a more frightful and sickly loathing.

In all this, nature has consulted well. If our sympathy had been made to depend on our moral approbation, it would rise in many cases too late to be of profit. We are men; and nothing which man can feel is foreign to us. The friend of the Self-tormentor in Terence's comedy, when he uttered these memorable words, which have been so often quoted, "*Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto*,"*—expressed only what the Author of our being has fixed, in some degree, in every heart, and which is as much a part of the mental con-

* Actus I. Sena i. v. 25.

stitution of the virtuous, as their powers of memory and reason.

If compassion were to arise only after we had ascertained the moral character of the sufferer, and weighed all the consequences of good and evil which might result to society from the relief which it is in our power to offer, who would rush to the preservation of the drowning mariner, to the succour of the wounded, to the aid of him who calls for help against the ruffians who are assailing him? Our powers of giving assistance have been better accommodated to the necessities which may be relieved by them. By the principle of compassion within us, we are benefactors almost without willing it;—we have already *done the deed*, when, if deliberation had been necessary as a previous step, we should not have proceeded far in the calculation which was to determine, by a due equipoise of opposite circumstances, the propriety of the relief.

Even in the case of our happier feelings, it is not a slight advantage, that Nature has made the sight of joy productive of joy to him who merely beholds it. Men are to mingle in society; and they bring into society affections of mind that are almost infinitely various,—hopes and fears, joy and sadness, projects and passions, far more contrasted, than their mere external varieties of form and colour. If these internal diversities of feeling were to continue as they are, what delight could society afford? The opposition would render the company of each a burthen to the other. The gay would fly from the sullen gloom of the melancholy; the melancholy would shrink from a mirth which they could not partake, and which would throw them back upon their own sorrows with a deeper intensity of grief. Such is the confusion which society of itself would present. But the same Power, which formed this beautiful system of the universe out of chaos, reduces to equal regularity and beauty *this* and every other confusion of the moral world. By the mere principle of sympathy, all the discord in the social feelings becomes accordant. The sad unconsciously become gay; the gay are softened into a joy, that has less perhaps of mirth, but not less of delight; and though there is still a diversity of cheerfulness, all is cheerfulness,—as in a concert of many instruments, in which, though we are still able to distinguish each instrument from the others, and though the simple tones of each may be various, there is still one universal harmony that seems to animate the whole, like the presence, and the voice of inspiration of the celestial power of Music herself.

But if the bounty of our Creator be shown, in the provision which he has made for diffusing to many the joy which is felt

by *one*, how much more admirable is the providence of his bounty, in that instant diffusion to others of the grief which is felt only by one, that makes the relief of this suffering not a duty merely, which we coldly perform, but a *want* which is almost like the necessity of some moral appetite ! Every individual has thus the aid of all the powers of every other individual. When some wretch is found lying bleeding on the common street, all who see him run to his assistance, as if their own immediate ease depended on their speed. The aged, the infirm, mix in the mob, with an interest as eager as if they were able to join in the common aid ; the very child stops as he passes, and cannot resume his sport, till he has followed, with the crowd, the half insensible object of so many cares to a place where surer relief may be procured. When, in a storm, some human being is seen, in the distant surf, clinging to a plank, that is sometimes driven nearer the shore and sometimes carried further off, sometimes buried in the surge and then rising again, as if itself struggling, like the half-hopeless wretch whom it supports, that looks sadly to the shore as he rises from every wave,—has nature abandoned the sufferer with aid ? Is he to find no one who will make at least an effort to save a human being that is on the point of perishing ? He is not so abandoned. Nature has provided a deliverance for him in the bosom of every spectator. There are courageous hearts and strong hands, that, in the very peril of an equal fate, will rush to his succour, and that in laying him in safety on that soil, which he despaired of treading again, will feel only the joy of having delivered a human being, whose name and whose very existence were unknown to them before.

LECTURE LXII.

I. IMMEDIATE EMOTIONS, NECESSARILY INVOLVING SOME MORAL EMOTION.—3. SYMPATHY, CONCLUDED.—4. PRIDE AND HUMILITY.

GENTLEMEN, my last Lecture was employed in considering that principle of our nature,—whether original, or the result of other principles,—by which, without any accession of *advantage* to ourselves, or any *misfortune* that can affect our own immediate interest, we enter into the happiness or the sorrows of others as if they were our own.

The reality of this species of ever-changing transmigration, by which, not after *death* merely, but during every successive hour of our waking existence, we pass, as it were, from one form of being to another, as the joys or sorrows of different individuals present themselves to our view, I traced and illustrated with various examples.

Of the gladdening influence of sympathy, we found sufficient proof in the cheerfulness which the society of the cheerful naturally diffuses on all who come within the circle of their gaiety,—an enchantment as powerful, as that by which the magician was supposed to change, at his will, the passions of all those who entered within the circle to which his influence extended. Even the melancholy, who began at first by striving, perhaps painfully, to assume an appearance, not of the mirth, indeed, which was before them, but at least of a serenity which might not be absolutely discordant with it, at last yield unconsciously to the fascination; and, when a sigh sometimes comes upon them, and forces them to pause, are astonished to look back, and to find that they have been happy.

Of the saddening influence of sympathy, the whole phenomena of pity furnish abundant evidence,—when the mere sight of grief, far from leading us to fly from a disagreeable object, leads us to form with it for the time the closest union. Our sympathy identifies us with the sufferer with an influence so

irresistible, that it would be impossible for us to feel even rapture itself, if amid all possible objects of delight, there were only a single being in agony, that turned his eye on ours, even though it were without a groan, as he sank beneath the lash, or writhed upon the wheel.

The advantages that arise from this constitution of our nature, we found to be not unimportant in the diffusion and participation even of our gayer feelings; since those who mingle in society are thus brought nearer to one general temper, and enjoy, consequently, an intercourse which could afford little delight if each retained his own particular emotions, that might be in absolute opposition to the emotions of those around. But it was chiefly in the other class of feelings that we found its inestimable benefits, in that instant participation of grief, and consequent eagerness to relieve it, which procures for the sufferer assistance in situations in which he is incapable even of imploring aid; which makes friendlessness itself a claim to more general friendship; and which, in any accident that befalls the obscurest individual, interests in his fate whole multitudes, to whom, before the accident, he was unknown, or an object of indifference. If, at midnight, in a crowded city, a house were observed to be in flames, and at some high window, beyond the reach of any succour which could be given, were seen by glimpses, through the darkness and the gloomy light that flashed across it, some unfortunate being, irresolute whether to leap down the dreadful height,—seeming at one moment on the point of making the attempt, and then, after repeated trials, shrinking back at last into the flames that burst over him; with what lively emotions of interest would he be viewed by the whole crowd, in which there would not be an eye that would not be fixed upon him! What agitation of hopes and fears, and what shrieks of many voices at the last dreadful moment! It would truly seem, in such a case, as if, in the peril of a single human being, the whole multitude that gazed on him were threatened with destruction, from which his escape, if escape were possible, was to be the pledge, and the only pledge, of safety to all.

The emotions, next to be considered by us, are those of *pride* and *humility*—the vivid feelings of joy or sadness, which attend the contemplation of ourselves, when we regard our superiority or inferiority, in any qualities of mind or body, or in the external circumstances in which we may be placed.

Pride and humility, therefore, always imply some comparison. We can as little be proud, without the consideration of an inferior, as we can be taller in stature, without some one

who is shorter ;—unless when, by a sort of indirect comparison, we measure ourselves with ourselves, in the present and the past, and feel a delightful emotion, as we look back on the progress which we have made.

When I define *pride*, to be that emotion, which attends the contemplation of our excellence, I must be understood, as limiting the phrase to the *single emotion*, that immediately follows the contemplation. The feeling of our excellence, may give rise directly or indirectly, to various other affections of the mind. It may lead us, to impress others, as much as possible, with our superiority—which we may do in two ways, by presenting to them, at every moment, some proofs of *our* advantages, mental, bodily, or in the gifts of fortune ; or by bringing to their mind, directly, *their* inferiority, by the scorn with which we treat them. The former of these modes of conduct, in which we studiously bring forward any real or supposed advantages which we possess, is what is commonly termed *vanity*,—the latter, in which we wish to make more directly felt, the real or supposed comparative meanness of these, is what is commonly termed *haughtiness* : but both, though they may arise from our mere comparison of ourselves and others, and our consequent feeling of superiority, are the *results* of pride, not the pride itself. We may have the internal emotion, which is all that is truly pride, together with too much sense to seek the gratification of our vanity, by any childish display of excellencies, substantial or frivolous : since, however desirous we may be, that these advantages should be known, we may have the certainty, that they could not be made known by ourselves, without the risk of our appearing ridiculous. In like manner, we may be, internally, very full of our own importance, and yet too desirous of the good opinion, even of our inferiors, to treat them with the scorn which we feel, or, to make a more pleasing supposition, too humanely considerate of their uneasiness, to shock them, by forcing on them the painful feeling of their inferiority, however gratifying our felt superiority may be to ourselves. *Vanity*, then, and *haughtiness*, are not to be confounded, with the simple pride, which leads to them, in some minds, but which may exist, and exist as readily without them, as with them.

The mere pleasure of excellence attained,—thus separated from the vanity or haughtiness, that would lead to any ridiculous or cruel display of it,—involves nothing which is actually worthy of censure,—if the superiority be not in circumstances that are frivolous,—still less in circumstances that, although sanctioned by the fashion of the times, imply demerit

rather than merit. In the circumstances, in which it is truly praiseworthy to desire to excel, it must be truly noble to *have excelled*. It is impossible to be desirous of excelling, without a pleasure, in having excelled; and, where it would be culpable, to feel pleasure in the attainments that have made us nobler than we were before, it must, of course, have been culpable, to desire such excellence.

It is not in pride, therefore, or the pleasure of excellence, as a mere direct emotion, that moral error consists, but in those *ill-ordered affections*, which may have led us to the pursuit of excellence, that is unworthy of our desire, and that cannot, therefore, shed any glory on our attainment of it. If our desires are fixed only on excellence in what is *good*, it is impossible for us to feel too lively a pleasure, in the gratification of these desires. We may, indeed, become ridiculous, by our vanity in displaying our attainments,—and, which is far worse, we may exercise a sort of cruelty, in reminding others by our scorn, how inferior we consider them to ourselves; but what is morally improper, in these cases, is in the *vanity* and the *haughtiness*, not in the vivid delight, which we feel, in the acquisition of excellence, the attainment of which is the great end, and the glorious labour, of virtue—an excellence, that renders us more useful to mankind, and a nobler image of the Power which created us.

What renders the feeling of delight in excellence attained, not excusable merely, but praise-worthy, is then, a right estimate of those objects, in which we are desirous of excelling. I need not say, that, to be proud of being pre-eminent in *vice*, implies the deepest degradation of our *moral*, and even of our *intellectual* nature,—a degradation, far more complete and hopeless, than the commission of the same guilt, with the consciousness of imperfection. But on this species of pride, I surely need not dwell. To be proud, however, of eminence in what is frivolous only,—but not absolutely profligate,—itself implies no slight degree of moral degradation; because it implies a blindness to those better qualities, that confer the only distinctions, which Virtue can covet, and God approve.

These distinctions are the distinctions of the understanding and of the heart,—of the *heart*, in the noble desires of which it may be conscious,—of the *understanding*, in that knowledge, by the acquisition of which, we are able to open a wider field to our generous desires, and to promote more effectually their honourable purposes. In this preparatory scene, we are placed to enjoy as much happiness, as is consistent with the preparation for a nobler world,—to diffuse to others all the happiness, which it is in our power to communicate to them,—

and to offer to him, who made us, that best adoration, which consists in love of his goodness, and an unremitting zeal, to execute the honourable charge which he has consigned to us, of furthering those *great views of good*, which men, indeed, may thus instrumentally promote, but which only the divine mind could have originally conceived. In this glorious *delegation*, all earthly, and, I may say, all eternal excellence consists. With whatever illusion human pride may delight to flatter itself, *he* is truly the noblest, in the sight of wisdom, and of Heaven, however small his share may be of that adventitious grandeur, which in those who are morally *great*, is nothing, and less than nothing, in those who are morally vile, —*he* is the noblest, who applies his faculties, most sedulously, to the most generous purposes, with the warmest impression of that divine goodness, which has formed the heart to be susceptible of wishes so divine. If we be proud of any thing, which does not confer dignity on the intellectual, or moral, or religious nature of man, we may be certain, that we are proud of that, which, if considered without relation to objects that may be indirectly promoted by it, is, in itself, more worthy of our contempt, than of our pride. The peace and good order, and consequently the happiness of society, require, indeed, that forms of respect should be paid to mere station, and to the accidental possession of wealth, and hereditary honours; but they do not require, that the *possessor* of these should conceive himself truly raised above others, in that only real dignity, which is more than a trapping, or form of courteous salutation, in the gaudy pageantries of the day. “If the great,” says Massillon, “have no other glory, than that of their ancestors; if their titles are their only virtues; if we must recall *past ages*, to find in them something that is worthy of our homage, their *birth* dishonours them, even in the estimation of the world. Their name is opposed by us to their *person*,—we read the histories that record the great deeds of their ancestors, and we demand of their unworthy successors the virtues, which formerly conferred so much glory on their country. The weight of honour, which they inherit, is to them but a burthen, that sinks them still lower to the ground. Yet, how visible on every brow is the pride of their origin. They count the degrees of their grandeur by ages, which are no more,—by dignities, which they no longer possess,—by actions, which *they* have not performed,—by ancestors, of whom a little indistinguishable dust is all that remains,—by monuments, which the passing injuries of season after season have effaced; and they think themselves superior to the rest of mankind, because they have more domestic ruins to mark the

desolation of time, and can thus produce more proofs than other men of the vanity of all earthly things. High birth, it will be readily allowed, is an illustrious prerogative, to which the consent of nations, in every period of the world, has attached peculiar distinctions of honour. Yet it is a title only, not a virtue,—an engagement to glory, and a domestic lesson of the means by which it may be obtained,—not that which either constitutes glory or confers it. The succession of honour, which it seems to convey to us, perishes, and becomes extinct in us, if we inherit only the *name*, without inheriting also the virtues that rendered it illustrious. We sink, then, into the general mass of mankind, and begin, as it were, a new race. Our nobility belongs to our name only, and our person, in every thing which is truly our own, has as little ancestry, as the meanest of the crowd.

“Tota licet veteres exornent undique ceræ
Atria, nobilitas sola est atque unica *Virtus*.
Paulus, vel Cossus, vel Drusus, *moribus* esto!
Ilos ante effigies majorum pone tuorum!
Precedant ipsas illi te consule virgas.
Prima mihi debes animi bona;—Sanctus haberi
Justitiæque tenax, factis, dictisque mireris!
Agnosco procerem.”*

These remarks, in application to the pride of rank, are equally applicable to every species of pride, that is not founded on intrinsic excellence of the mental character. If it be absurd, for man, to feel, as if he truly shared the glory of actions, which were not *his own*,—of actions, with which his own conduct, perhaps, in almost every instance, might be contrasted, with far more complete opposition, than the conduct of his illustrious ancestors themselves, might have been contrasted with that of the mean and ignoble of their own time, when this mere contrast with vices like those of their offspring, was that which conferred on *themselves* distinction,—

“Si, coram Lepidis male vivitur?—Effigies quo
Tot bellatorum, si luditur alea pernox
Ante Numantinos,—si dormire incipes ortu
Luciferi, quo signo duces et castra movebant;”—†

if even this self-illusion, which usurps or claims the praise of virtue in the midst of vice, be, as it most truly is, an illusion, it must at the same time be remembered, that it is one, with which the general sentiment more readily accords, than with any other illusion of which the mind of man is susceptible,—

* Juvenal. Sat. VII.—v. 19—26.

† Ibid. v. 9—12.

that though, in many unfortunate cases, it may be as degrading to the individual who proudly receives the homage, as to the individuals who servilely offer it,—in other cases, its influence, even on the individual himself, is animating, and truly ennobling, by the domestic lessons and incitements which it presents; and that even in its political influence, the veneration thus attached to hereditary distinctions has, upon the whole, by the social tranquillity which it has produced, and the counteracting powers which it has opposed to the aggressions of individual despotism, been productive of more advantage to society, than many of the sublimest abstractions of political wisdom,—advantages, of which those who *gave*, and those who *received* the homage, were, indeed, alike unconscious, and would probably have been regardless, even if they had known them, but which did not the less enter into the contemplation of *Him*, who formed mankind, to feel this almost universal sentiment, for nobler purposes than the mere gratification of the arrogance of a few, and the meanness of many. If, then, a pride, which has still at least some relation to virtue, or to what was counted virtue, however distant, involve absurdity,—what are we to think of those species of pride, which have no relation to virtue of any kind, which are founded on every frivolity, or perhaps on every vice, as if it were the highest title to the applause of mankind, *to be of the least possible service to their interests*? What shall we think of the mind of that man, who, endowed with a capacity of serving God by benefiting the world, in which he is placed to represent him, can derive dignity from the thought of having placed a button where a button never had been placed before, whose face glows with a noble pride, as he walks the streets with this new dignity,—and who derives from the consciousness of this button,—I will not say as much happiness, for I will not prostitute the noble word,—but, at least, as much self-complacency as is felt, in the hour of his glorious mortality, by the expiring combatant for freedom, or the martyr.

So pleased are we with *distinction*, that there is nothing, however contemptible, from which it is not in our power to derive some additional vanity, when we consider it as our own;—a book, a withered flower, a dead insect, a bit of hard earth, confer on us a distinction which we think that every one must envy. If the book be the only known copy of the most worthless edition,—the flower, the insect, the stone, the only specimens of their kind in the country which has the honour of possessing them, we are of as *rare* merit, in our own eyes, as the worthless things themselves. Man occupies indeed, but little room in nature, but he has the secret of

spreading himself out, over every thing belonging to him;—*our house, our gardens, our horses, our dogs*, are parts of our own being. To praise them is to praise us; and, if we be very modest, and the praise very profuse, we almost blush at the panegyric, of which we are afraid of appearing vain.

“ The 'squire is proud to see his courser strain,
And well-breath'd beagles sweep along the plain.
Say, dear Hippolitus, (whose drink is ale,
Whose erudition is a Christmas tale,
Whose mistress is saluted with a smack,
And friend received with thumps upon the back,)
When thy sleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound,
And Ringwood opens on the tainted ground,
Is that thy praise? Let Ringwood's praise* alone;
Just Ringwood leaves each animal his own,
Nor envies when a gypsy you commit,
And shakes the clumsy bench with country wit,—
When you the dullest of dull things have said,
And then ask pardon for the jest you made.”†

In all these cases, it is easy to see by how ready an identification of ourselves with every thing that belongs to us, we assume a praise, that belongs as little to *us* as to any other human being. We are, with respect to our possessions, like that Soul of the world, of which ancient poets and ancient philosophers speak, that was supposed to be diffused in it every where and to animate the whole. We exist, in like manner, in every thing which is ours, with a sort of omnipresent vanity; and by the transfer to others of the mere trappings of our external state, we should not merely sink in general estimation, but we should truly feel ourselves, in our mortified pride, as if we had lost half, or more than half, of our little virtues and perfections.

To common minds, that are unsusceptible of higher pleasure, this pride of external things is at least a source of consolation; and restores, in some measure, that equilibrium, which might seem too violently broken by the existing differences of intellectual capacity. Those who are absolutely incapable of feeling the beauties of a work of genius, are perfectly capable of deriving all the pleasure which can be derived from the possession of a volume printed by an illustrious printer, and bound by the first binder of the age. Those who cannot feel the beauty of the universe, as the manifestation of that transcendent excellence which created it, may be capable of feeling all the excellence of a tulip or carnation, that differs from other tulips or carnations, by some slight stain, which attracts no eye but that of a florist, but which instantly attracts a florist's

* Fame—Orio.

† Young's *Love of Fame*, Sat. I.

eye, and fills him with rapture, if he be the fortunate possessor, and with envy and despair, if it be the property of another,—of a rival, perhaps, whom he had before the glory of vanquishing in a contest of hyacinths, but who is now to enjoy the revenge of a triumph so much more glorious.

To ordinary minds, these little rivalries and victories, and all the pride which is elevated by them, or depressed, may be considered as forming only a sort of feeble compensation for those greater objects of excellence, which their microscopic eyes, that see the little as if it were great, but which cannot see the great itself, are incapable of appreciating, because, in truth they are incapable of perceiving them. How much more do they strike us, however, when they exist in minds that are unquestionably capable of higher attainments, and that after enlightening the world, or regulating its political destinies, can stoop to be the friend of a boxer, or the rival, and, perhaps, in this rivalry, the inferior of their own coachman or groom.

“Who would not praise Patricio’s high desert,
His hand unstain’d, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehensive head,—All interests weigh’d,
All Europe sav’d, yet Britain not betray’d?—
He thanks you not—His pride is in Picquette,
Newmarket fame, and judgment in a bet.”*

That such misplaced pride, in which the merit of real excellence is scarcely felt, in the vanity of some trifling accomplishment, or of feats which scarcely deserve the name even of accomplishments, however trifling, exists, not in the satirical pictures of poetry, only, but in real life, you must know too well from the biography of many distinguished characters, to require any proofs or exemplifications of it; and though at first, perhaps, the pride may seem a very singular anomaly, in minds in which the general power of discrimination is manifestly of a high order, it is not very difficult, I think, to detect at least the chief circumstance which tends to produce and favour it.

The pleasure of success, in any case, you must be aware; is not to be estimated only by the real value of that which is attained, but by this value combined with the *doubtfulness* of the attainment, when it was regarded by us merely as an object of our desire. To gain what we considered ourselves *sure* of gaining, is scarcely a source of any very high satisfaction;—to gain what we *wished* to gain, but what we had little thought of gaining, is a source of lively delight. He who

* Pope’s Moral Essays, Ep. I. v. 81—86.

has long led a cabinet of statesmen, by his transcendent political wisdom, and who is sure of leading them, so as to obtain a ready sanction of every measure that may be proposed by him for the government of a nation, and thus, indirectly perhaps, for the regulation of the fortune of the world, is not, on account of his mere political wisdom, to be held as a better jockey or speedier calculator of odds, at a gaming table.— With his profound knowledge of the sources of finance, and of the relations of *kingdoms*, he is not as sure, therefore, of Newmarket fame and judgment in a bet, as he is of saving Europe, without betraying the interest of his own land;—and though he may be far more skilful in making armies march, and navies appear where navies most are wanted, he may not be able to bring down more birds of a covey, or have a much greater chance of being in at the death of a fox, than the stupidest of those human animals, who spend their days in galloping after one. There is a more anxious suspense, therefore, in these insignificant, or worse than insignificant attempts, than in the important councils which his judgment and eloquence have been accustomed to sway; and consequently a livelier pleasure, when the suspense has terminated favourably. The superiority which he was to show in greater matters excited no astonishment, because it was anticipated by all; but to be first when he was not expected to be first, is a delightful victory over opinion; and it is not very wonderful, therefore, that he should be induced to repeat what was peculiarly delightful, and be flattered by each renewal of success. It is only the contrast of his high powers of mind, which renders his exultation, in the petty triumph, so astonishing to us; and yet it is, perhaps, only because his judgment and eloquence are so transcendent, as to leave no suspense whatever with respect to that political dominion which he is sure to exercise, that he is thus gratified, in so high a degree, by the petty triumphs, which are less certain, and therefore leave him the excitement of anxiety, and the pleasure of success. Had his intellectual powers been of a less high order, and less sure of their great objects, he would probably have been regardless of the little objects, which are relatively *great* to him, only because from their absolute littleness, they admit of wider competition.

In defining pride, as a mere emotion, to be that feeling of vivid pleasure which attends the consciousness of our excellence, I have already remarked, that the emotion, far from being blameable, where the excellence is in things that are noble, is a proof only of that desire of excelling in noble things, which is a great part of virtue; and, without which, it is

scarcely possible to conceive even the existence of virtue, since *he* surely cannot be virtuous who would willingly leave unattempted the attainment of a single possible moral excellence, in addition to those already attained; or who would not feel mortified, if he had suffered an opportunity of generous exertion to pass away in idleness. The habit of virtue is, indeed, nothing more than the regular conformity of our actions to this desire of generous excellence; and to desire the excellence, without feeling delight in each step of the glorious progress to the attainment of it, is as little possible, as to feel the craving of hunger, and yet to feel no gratification in the relief of the appetite. It is only when the objects, in which we have wished to excel, have been unworthy of the desire of beings formed for those great hopes which ultimately await us, that the pleasure of the excellence, as we have seen in the species of ridiculous pride, to which I have alluded in the different illustrations offered to you, is itself unworthy of us.

When I say, however, that in pride, as an emotion attending the consciousness of excellence in noble pursuits, there is no moral impropriety, since it is only the name for that pleasure which the virtuous must feel, or cease to be virtuous, it may be necessary to caution you against a misconception, into which you might very readily fall. The pride of which I speak is a name for the emotion itself, and is limited to the particular emotion that rises at any moment on the contemplation of some virtuous excellence attained; *with which limitation*, it is as praiseworthy as the humility, which is only the feeling arising from a sense of inferiority or failure in the same great pursuit. But it is only, as limited to the particular emotion, that the praise which I allow to pride is justly referable to it. In the common vague use of the term, in which it is applied with a comprehensive variety of meaning, not so much to the particular emotion, as to a prevalent disposition of the mind to discover superiority in itself where it truly does not exist, and to dwell on the contemplation of the superiority where it does exist, with an insulting disdain, perhaps, of those who are inferior;—pride is unquestionably a vice as degrading to the mind of the individual, as it is offensive to that Great Being, who has formed the superior and the inferior, for mutual offices of benevolence, and who often compensates, by excellencies that are unknown to the world, the more glaring disparity in qualities which the world is quicker in discerning.

The pride, then, or temporary feeling of pleasure, when we are conscious, at any moment, that we have acted as became us, is to be distinguished from pride, as significant of *general character*, of a character which is truly as unamiable, as the

pleasure which is felt even by the most humble in some act of virtuous excellence, and which is felt, perhaps, by them still more delightfully than by others, is deserving of our approbation and our love. Strange and paradoxical, indeed, as it may seem, there can be little doubt, when we consider it, that *pride*, in this general sense, implies all that might be regarded as degrading in humility; and that humility of character, on the contrary, implies what is most ennobling, or rather what is usually considered as most ennobling, in the opposite character.

Pride and humility, as I have already remarked, are always relative terms; they imply a comparison of some sort, with an object higher or lower; and the same mind, with actual excellence exactly the same, and with the same comparative attainments in every one around, may thus be either proud or humble, as it looks *above* or looks *beneath*. In the great scale of society, there is a continued rise from one excellence to another excellence, internal or external, intellectual or moral. Wherever we may fix, there is still some one whom we find superior or inferior, and these relations are mutually convertible as we ascend or descend. The shrub is taller than the flower that grows in its shade; the tree than the shrub; the rock than the tree; the mountain than the single rock; and above all are the *sun* and the heavens. It is the same in the world of life. From that Almighty Being, who is the source of all life, to the lowest of his creatures, what innumerable gradations may be traced, even in the ranks of excellence on our own earth,—each being *higher* than that beneath, and *lower* than that above; and thus all to all, objects at once of pride or humility, according as the comparison may be made with the greater or with the less.

Of two minds then possessing equal excellence, *which* is the more noble? that which, however high the excellence attained by it, has still some nobler excellence in view, to which it feels its own inferiority,—or that, which having risen a few steps in the ascent of intellectual and moral glory, thinks only of those beneath, and rejoices in an excellence which would appear to it of little value if only it lifted a single glance to the perfection above? Yet this habitual tendency to look beneath, rather than above, is the character of mind which is denominated pride! while the tendency to look *above* rather than *below*, and to feel an inferiority, therefore, which others perhaps, do not perceive, is the character which is denominated humility. It is false, then, or even extravagant to say, that humility is truly the *nobler*; and that pride, which delights in the contemplation of the abject things beneath, is truly in

itself more abject than that meekness of heart, which is humble because it has *greater objects*, and which looks with reverence to the excellence that is above it, because it is formed with a capacity of feeling all the worth of that excellence which it reveres?

It has, accordingly, been the universal remark of all who make any remarks whatever, that it is not in great and permanent excellence that we expect to find the arrogant airs of superiority, but in the more petty or sudden distinctions of the little great. It is not the man of science who is proud, but he who knows inaccurately a few unconnected facts, which he dignifies with the name of *science*, and of which he forms, perhaps, what he is pleased to dignify, by a similar misnomer, with the name of a *theory*, to the astonishment and admiration of others, a *very* little more ignorant than himself. She, whose personal charms are acknowledged by a whole metropolis, and the wit who delights the wise and the learned, may have no slight pride, indeed, but they are very likely to be surpassed in pride by the Wit and the Beauty of a country town, as much as they may truly surpass them in all the attractions on which the pride is founded.

"I have read," says Montesquieu, "in the relation of the voyage of one of our vessels of discovery, that some of the crew having landed on the coast of Guinea to purchase some sheep, were led to the presence of the sovereign, who was administering justice to his people under a tree. He was on his throne, that is to say on a block of wood, on which he sat with all the dignity of the Mogul. He had three or four guards with wooden pikes, and a large umbrella served him for a canopy. His whole royal ornaments, and those of her majesty the queen, consisted in their black skin and a few rings. This prince, still more vain than miserable, asked the strangers, if they spoke much about him in France. He thought that his name could not fail to be carried from one pole to the other; and, unlike that conqueror of whom it was said, that he put all the earth to silence, he believed, for his part, that he set all the universe a talking.

"When the Khan of Tartary has dined, a herald cries out, that now all the sovereigns of the earth may go to dinner as soon as they please; and this barbarian, whose banquet is only a little milk, who has no house, and who exists but by plunder, looks upon all the kings of the world as his slaves, and insults them regularly twice a day."

Such is the ignorance from which pride usually flows. The child, the savage, the illiterate,—who, in every stage of society, are intellectually savages,—have feelings of self-complacent

exultation, which, ludicrous as they may seem to those who consider from a more elevated height the little attainments that may have given birth to those proud emotions, are the natural result of the very ignorance to which such proud emotions seem so very little suited. To him who has just quitted a jail, every step is an advance that is easily measured; but the more advanced the progress, the less relatively does every step appear. The child, at almost every new lesson which he receives, may be considered as nearly doubling his little stock of knowledge; and he is not the last himself to feel, that his knowledge is thus doubled, or at least, that those who are but a little behind him have scarcely half as much wonderful wisdom as is heaped in his own little brain. What is true of the child in years is true of the child in science, whatever his years may be; and to increase knowledge, far from increasing the general pride of the individual, is often the surest mode of diminishing it. It is the same with all the arts and sciences, considered as one great stock of excellence. He whose whole attention has been devoted to any one of these will run some risk of a haughty exultation, which is not felt by those, who with equal, or perhaps greater excellence in that one, are acquainted also with what is excellent in other sciences, or other arts. The accomplished philosopher and man of letters, to whom the great names of all who have been eminent in ancient and modern times, in all the nations in which the race of man has risen to glory, are familiar, almost like the names of those with whom he is living in society,—who has thus constantly before his mind images of excellence of the highest order, and who, even in the hopes which he dares to form, feels how small a contribution it will be in his power to add to the great imperishable stock of human wisdom,—may be proud indeed; but his pride will be of a sort that is tempered with humility, and will be humility itself, if compared with the pride of a pedant or sciolist, who thinks, that in adding the result of some little discovery which he may have fortunately made, he is almost doubling that mass of knowledge, in which it is scarcely perceived as an element.

Pride, then, as a character of self-complacent exultation, is not the prevailing cast of mind of those who are formed for genuine excellence. He who is formed for genuine excellence, has before him an ideal perfection,—that *semper melius aliquid*,—which makes excellence itself, however admirable, to those who measure it only with their weaker powers,—seem, to his own mind, as compared with what he has ever in his own mental vision, a sort of failure. He thinks less of what he has done, than of what it seems possible to do,—and he is

not so much proud of merit attained, as desirous of a merit that has not yet been attained by him.

It is in this way, that the very religion, which ennobles man, leads him not to pride, but to humility. It elevates him from the smoke and dust of earth ; but it elevates him above the darkness, that he may see better the great heights which are above him. It shews him not the mere excellence of a few frail creatures, as fallible as himself, but excellence, the very conception of which is the highest effort, that can be made by man ; exhibiting thus constantly, what it will be the only honour worthy of his nature to imitate, however faintly, and checking his momentary pride, at every step of his glorious progress, by the the brightness and the vastness of what is still before him.

May I not add to these remarks, that it is in this way, we are to account for that *humility*, which is so peculiarly a part of the Christian character, as contrasted with the general pride which other systems either recommend or allow. The Christian religion is, indeed, as has been often sarcastically said by those who revile it, the religion of the *humble in heart* ; but it is the religion of the humble, only because it presents to our contemplation, a higher excellence than was ever before exhibited to man.

The proud look down upon the earth, and see nothing that creeps upon its surface more noble than themselves. The humble look upward to their God.

LECTURE LXIII.

B. RETROSPECTIVE EMOTIONS.—SUBDIVISION OF THEM, AS THEY RELATE TO OTHERS, OR TO OURSELVES.—I. ANGER.—GRATITUDE.

GENTLEMEN, my remarks on the emotions of Pride and Humility,—those vivid feelings which attend the belief of our excellence or superiority, in any circumstances, internal or external,—brought to a conclusion, in my last Lecture, the observations which I had to offer, on one set of our emotions,—those which I have termed *immediate*, that arise from the consideration of objects *as present*, or not involving, at least, any necessary reference to *time*.

The emotions, which, according to the general principles of our arrangement, we are next to consider, are those which relate to objects *as past*;—the conception of some object of former pleasure or pain, being essential to the complex feeling. To this set of emotions, accordingly, I have given the name of *retrospective*.

These may be subdivided, as they relate to *others*, and to *ourselves*.

Our retrospective emotions, which relate to *others*, are *anger* for evil inflicted, and *gratitude* for good conferred,—to which emotions, as complex feelings, in all their variety, the conception of *evil*, as past, or of *good*, as past, is, you will perceive, essential.

Those, which relate to *ourselves*, are either simple regret or satisfaction, that arises from the consideration of any circumstances or events, which may have been productive of joy or sorrow, or may promise or threaten to be productive of them, or that moral regret or satisfaction, which have reference to own past conduct or desires;—of the former of which, regret that is felt by us, when we look back on our moral deficiencies, *remorse* is the common appropriate name; the latter, the satisfaction with which we review our past wishes, has no strict appropriate name, correspond-

ing with the opposite term remorse ; but is sometimes called *self-approbation*,—sometimes included in that familiar phrase of general and happy comprehension, a good conscience. Whatever name we may give to it, however, it is easily understood, as that emotion, which bears to our remembrance of our virtuous actions the relation, which remorse bears to the remembrance of our actions of an opposite character.

I proceed, then, to the consideration of our *retrospective emotions*, in the order, in which I have now mentioned them.

The first of these is *Anger*. Anger is that emotion of instant displeasure, which arises from the feeling of injury done, or the discovery of injury intended,—or, in many cases, from the discovery of the mere omission of good offices, to which we conceived ourselves entitled,—though this very omission may itself be regarded as a species of injury. It is usually, or I may say universally,—certainly, at least, almost universally, followed by another emotion, which constitutes the desire of inflicting evil of some sort in return ; but this, though resulting from the feeling of instant displeasure,—so immediately resulting from it, as to admit, in ethics, and in common discourse, of being combined with it in one simple term—is not to be confounded with it, as the same, in any analysis, at least in any minute philosophic analysis, which we may make of our emotion. The evil felt,—the dislike, the desire of retaliation,—however rapidly they may succeed, and however closely and permanently they may continue afterwards to coexist, in one complex state of mind, are still originally distinct. The primary emotion of anger, involves the instant displeasure merely, with the notion of evil done or intended, and is strictly retrospective : the resentment, or revenge, which is only a longer continued resentment, if we were to consider it without any regard to this primary displeasure which gives birth to it, would be referred by us to that other set of our emotions, which I have termed prospective. It is a desire, as much as any other of our desires. But though, in our minute philosophic analysis, this distinction of the two successive states of mind is necessary, it is not necessary, in considering the feeling of resentment in its moral relations ; and, in the few remarks which I have to offer on it, I shall, therefore, consider the instant displeasure itself, and the desire of returning evil, as one emotion. To estimate fully the importance of this principle of our constitution, we must consider man, not merely as he exists, in the midst of all the securities of artificial police, but as he has existed in the various stages which have marked his progress in civilization.

The existence of the race of men in society, wherever men are to be found, does not prove, more powerfully, the intention of our Creator, that we should form with each other a social communion, than the mere consideration of the faculties and affections of our mind,—of all which constitutes the strength of our manhood, when each individual has treasured, in his own mind, the acquisitions of many generations preceding,—and of all which constituted the weakness of our infancy, when, but for the shelter of the society in which we were born, we could not have existed for a single day.

But, though man is formed for society—born in it, living in it, dying in it,—the excellence of society itself is progressive. Even in its best state of legal refinement, when offences and the punishment of offences, correspond with the nicest proportion which human discernment can be supposed to measure or devise, it is scarcely possible that the united strength of the community should be so exactly adapted to every possibility of injury, as to leave no crime without its corresponding punishment; and as the social system exists at present, and still more as it has existed for ages, the injuries, for which legal redress is, or can be received, bear but a very small proportion in number to the injuries, which might be done, or even which are done, without any means of such adequate reparation. Nature, however, has not formed man for *one* stage of society only; she has formed him for all its stages,—from the rude and gloomy fellowships of the cave and the forest, to all the tranquillity and refinement of the most splendid city. It was necessary, therefore, that he should be provided with faculties and passions, suitable to the necessities of every stage,—that in periods, when there was no protection from without, that could save him from aggressions, there might be at least some protection within,—some principle, which might give him additional vigour, when assailed, and which, from the certainty of this additional vigour of resistance, might render attack formidable to the assailant; and thus save at once from guilt, and from the consequences of guilt, the individual who otherwise might have dared to be unjust, and the individual who would have suffered from the unjust invasion.

What human wants required, that all foreseeing Power, who is the guardian of our infirmities, has supplied to human weakness. There is a principle in our mind, which is to us like a constant protector,—which may slumber, indeed, but which slumbers only at seasons when its vigilance would be useless, which awakes, therefore, at the first appearance of unjust intention, and which becomes more watchful and more

vigorous, in proportion to the violence of the attack which it has to dread. What should we think of the providence of nature, if, when aggression was threatened against the weak and un-armed, at a distance from the aid of others, there were, instantly and uniformly, by the intervention of some wonder-working power, to rush into the hand of the defenceless, a sword or other weapon of defence? And yet this would be but a feeble assistance, if compared with that which we receive from those simple emotions which heaven has caused to *rush*, as it were, into our mind for repelling every attack. What would be a sword in the trembling hand of the infirm, of the aged,—of him whose pusillanimous spirit shrinks at the very appearance, not of danger merely, but even of the arms, by the use of which danger might be averted, and to whom, consequently, the very sword, which he scarcely knew how to grasp, would be an additional cause of terror, not an instrument of defence and safety? The *instant anger*, which arises, does more than many such weapons. It gives the spirit, which knows how to make a weapon of every thing, or which, of itself, does, without a weapon, what even a thunder-bolt would be powerless to do, in the shuddering grasp of the coward. «When *anger rises fear is gone* ;—there is no coward, for all are brave. Even bodily infirmity seems to yield to it, like the very infirmities of the mind. The *old* are, for the moment, *young* again ; the weakest, vigorous.

This effect the emotion of anger produces, at the very time of aggression ; and, though no other effect were to arise from it, even this would be most salutary ; but this transient effect is trifling, compared with its permanent effects. If this momentary feeling were all, the contest would be a contest of mere degrees of force ; and the weaker, whatever accession of power and courage he might receive from the emotion which animated him, if the additional strength which the anger gave to his arm and to his heart did not raise him to an equality with his unjust assailant, though he might not sink till after a longer struggle, would still sink wholly and hopelessly. It is the long-remaining resentment that outlasts, not the momentary violence of emotion only, but all the evil consequences of the injustice itself, which renders the anger even of the weakest formidable, because it enables them to avail themselves, even at the most distant period, of aid, before which all the strength of the strongest individual must shrink into nothing. There is a community, to the whole force of which the injured may appeal ; and there is an emotion in his breast which will never leave him till that appeal be made. Time and space, which otherwise might have afforded impunity to the aggressor, are

thus no shelter for his delinquency ; because resentment is of every place and of every time ; and the just resentment of a single individual may become the wrath and the vengeance of a nation. He who is attacked on some lonely plain, where no human eye is present with him, but that dreadful eye which looks only to threaten death, no arm but that dreadful arm which is lifting the dagger, has eyes and arms, which at the distance, perhaps, of many years, are to be present, as it were, at the very deed of that hour, for his relief, or at least, for his avengement. A crime, perpetrated on the farthest spot of the globe, that is subject to our sway, may have its retribution *here*, a retribution as dreadful as if all the multitude who assemble to witness it had been present at the very moment, on the very spot, where the crime was committed,—or had come, at a single call, for help, with the omnipotence of a thousand arms, to the succour of the injured. It is necessary, therefore, for deterring unjust provocation that man should not *feel* anger merely, but should be capable of *retaining the resentment* till he can borrow that *general* aid of the community, to which, in the instant of any well planned villany, it would, probably, be in vain to look. The wrath of a single individual, and of the weakest and most defenceless individual, may thus carry with it as much terror as the wrath of the strongest, or even of a whole army of the strong.

Such is *anger*, as felt by the individual aggrieved. But when a crime is very *atrocious*, the anger is not confined to the individual directly aggrieved. There rises in the mind of others an emotion, not so *vivid*, perhaps, but of the same kind, involving the same instant dislike of the injurer, and followed by the same eager desire of punishment for the atrocious offence. In this case, indeed, we seldom think of applying to the emotion the term anger, which is reserved for the emotion of the injured individual. We term it rather *indignation* ; but though the name be different, and though the accompanying notions of personal or foreign injury be also different, the emotion itself may be considered as similar. It certainly is not the mere feeling of moral disapprobation, but, combined with this moral disapprobation, a *vivid* dislike, which all who have felt it may remember to have resembled the vivid dislike felt by them in cases in which they have themselves been injured, and a desire of vengeance on the offender as instant, and often as ardent, as when the injury was personal to themselves. The difference, as I before said, is in the accompanying conceptions, not in the mere emotion itself. In periods of revolutionary tumult, when the passions of a mob, and even, in many instances, their most virtuous passions, are the dreadful in-

struments of which the crafty avail themselves, how powerfully is this influence of indignation exemplified in the impetuosity of their vengeance! *Indignation* is then truly *anger*. The demagogue has only to circulate some tale of oppression; and each rushes almost instantly to the punishment of a crime, in which, though the injury had actually been committed, he had no personal interest, but which is felt by each as a crime against himself. If it was in our power to trace back our emotions through the whole long period of our life, to our boyhood and our infancy, we should find, probably, that our most vivid feelings of early resentment, if I may use that term in such a case, were not so much what is commonly termed anger, as what is more commonly termed indignation. Our deep and lasting wrath, in our nursery, is not against any one who exists around us, but against the cruel tyrant, or the wicked fairy, or the robber, or the murderer, in some tale or ballad. Little generosity, in after-life, can be expected from him, who, on first hearing, as he leans on his mother's knee, the story of the Babes in the Wood, has felt no swell of anger, almost to bursting of the heart, against the "guardian uncle fierce," and who does not exult in the punishment, which afterwards falls on that treacherous murderer, with a triumph more delightful than is felt by the most vindictive in the complete gratification of their own personal revenge.

How truly is this virtuous indignation of the youthful heart described by Beattie, in the glance of stern vindictive joy which brightened the tear of the future Minstrel when the beldame related to him that vengeance of heaven which forms the catastrophe of this tale "of woes:"—

"A stifled smile of stern vindictive joy
Brighten'd, one moment, Edward's starting tear.
But why should gold man's feeble mind decoy,
And Innocence thus die, by doom severe?
O, Edwin! while thy heart is yet sincere,
Th' assaults of discontent and doubt repel.
Dark, ev'n at noontide, is our mortal sphere;
But let us hope;—to doubt is to rebel;
Let us exult, in hope that all shall yet be well.
Nor be thy generous *indignation* check'd,
Nor check'd the *tender tear* to misery given;
From guilt's contagious power shall that protect,
This soften and refine the soul for heaven."^a

It is by such generous indignation, indeed, that virtue is protected from the contagion of guilt, or rather, without such indignation, there is already no virtue to be protected.

^a Book I. stanza xlvii. and v. 1—4 of stanza xlviii.

If the little heart, in such a case, can pause, and think, this injury *was not done to me*, it may with equal temptation, in maturer years, unless saved by terror of punishment, be guilty of the very crime, which, as the crime of another, excites in it so little emotion.

The indignation, then, of mankind, may be considered as co-operating with the anger of the injured individual ; but, unless in very atrocious cases, the general indignation is slight and faint, in comparison with the vividness of resentment in the individual. It is always sufficient, however, to sympathize with him ; and this is sufficient for that just purpose which nature had in view. She has provided *one* whose quick and permanent resentment will lead him not to let injustice escape unpunished ; and she has provided, in the community, feelings, which readily accord with the direction of the united power of the state, against the injurer of a single individual. If there had been no such feelings of sympathetic anger, it may very easily be supposed that compassion for the criminal, who was afterwards to suffer for his offence, would, in many cases, obtain for him impunity ; if, on the other hand, the indignation of the community were in every case equal to the original wrath of the individual directly injured, no opportunity could be afforded for the calm defence of innocence unjustly suspected. To have the punishment of guilt, it would be enough to have appeared to be guilty. In this universal frenzy of resentment, too, it is very evident that not even a single individual in a nation could enjoy tranquillity for a moment. His *whole life* must, in that case, be a life of rage and vexation. “*Omnis illi per iracundiam mœroremque vita transibit. Quod enim momentum erit, quo non improbanda videat? Quoties processerit domo, per sceleratos, illi, avarosque, et prodigos, et impudentes, et ob ista felices, incedendum erit. Nusquam oculi ejus flectentur, ut non quod indignantur inveniant.*” The zeal of the Knight of La Mancha, who had many giants to vanquish, and many captive princesses to free, might leave him still some moments of peace ; but, if all the wrongs of all the injured were to be felt by us as our *own*, with the same ardent resentment and eagerness of revenge, our knight-errantry would be far more oppressive ; and though we might kill a few moral giants, and free a few princesses, so many more would still remain, unslain and unfreed, that we should have little satisfaction, even in our few successes.

How admirably provident, then, is the Author of our nature, not merely in the emotions with the susceptibility of which he has endowed us, but in the very *proportioning* of these emotions, so as to produce the greatest good, at the least

expense, even of momentary suffering. Some vivid feeling of resentment there must be, that the delays which may occur in the infliction of vengeance, may not save the guilty from punishment ; but this vivid feeling, which must exist somewhere, nature, in ordinary cases, confines to the single breast of the sufferer. Some feelings of general sympathy with the resentment of the injured, there must also be,—that the strength of society may be readily transferred to him, for the punishment of the injurer ; and these general feelings Nature has formed to be of such a kind, as may be sufficient for the purpose which they are to answer, without being too vivid, to distract the attention of the multitude from their own more important concerns. The good which nature wills, is *attained* ; and is attained by means which are as simple as they are efficacious.

We have seen, then, the advantages which arise from that part of our mental constitution, by which individuals are capable of *resentment*, when personally injured, and of *indignation* when the injury has no direct relation to themselves. But resentment, admirable as it is, as a check even to that guilt which is not afraid of conscience or of God, may yet, in unfortunate dispositions, be a source of endless vexation to the individual who feels it, and to all those who live around him. It may arise *too soon*,—it may be *disproportioned* to the offence,—it may be *transferred* from the guilty to the innocent,—it may be too long *protracted*.

It may arise too soon ; or rather, it may arise when a little reflection would have shewn that it ought not to have arisen. In the intercourse of society, it must often unavoidably happen, that there may be *apparent* injury, without any real desire of injuring. We may consider that evil as *intentional* which was not intended ; we may consider that as an *insult*, which was said, perhaps, with a sincere desire of correcting, as gently as possible, some imperfection, which is not less an imperfection, because we shrink from hearing of it. To distinguish what simply gives us pain, from that which was intended to give us unnecessary pain, is no easy task, in many cases, and in all cases requires some reflection. According as the emotion of anger,—at least any displeasure more lasting than a single moment,—*precedes* or *follows* this due reflection, it is to be viewed, therefore, in a very different light. The disposition which becomes instantly angry, without reflection, on the slightest semblance of injury, is, in common language, as you know, termed *passionate*.

Another form of a passionate disposition, arising, indeed, from the same cause, is that which involves the next error, which I have stated with respect to resentment, the dispropo-

portion of the anger and the offence. He who does not pause, even to weigh the circumstances, cannot be supposed to pause to measure the extent of injury. He feels that he is injured, and all his anger bursts out instantly on the offender. It is this disproportion, indeed, which is the chief evil of what is commonly termed *passion*. Some cause of slight displeasure there may be, even when anger, in its violence, would be immoral and absurd. Yet such is the infirmity of our nature, that it is often no slight triumph over our weakness, to forgive a trifle with as much magnanimity, as that with which we have forgiven greater injuries. He who has truly pardoned in heart, as well as in profession, the political rival who has displaced him, may yet be very angry with his steward or his groom; and it is no small panegyric of woman to be mistress of herself, though China fall.

To what cause, or causes, are we to ascribe this quickness of anger, on *small* occasions, when, if the occasion had been greater, the resentment would have been less? This apparent anomaly in our emotion, seems to me to arise chiefly, or wholly, from three causes. In the first place, any great injury is felt by us immediately as an injury,—as an important event in our life—an occasion on which we have to act a part—and if we have any virtue whatever, our whole system of practical ethics comes before us. We remember that we *ought* to *forgive*, and we think of this *duty*, merely because the importance of the injury makes us feel, that, on such an occasion, we are heroes of a little drama, and must walk majestically across the stage.

In the second place, I may remark, that great offences seldom occur, without some little warning of suspicion, which puts us on our guard, and prevents, therefore, sudden exasperation. But what warning is there, that a cup is to be broken, or a pair of spectacles mislaid?

Still more important than these, however, though perhaps less obvious, seems to me the cause which I have last to mention, that any great offence is of course a *great evil*, and that the magnitude of the evil, therefore, occupies us as much, as our resentment, and thus lessens the vividness of the mere feeling of resentment, by *dividing*, as it were, its interest with that of other intermingled feelings. An injury which deprives us of half our estate, presents to us many objects of thought, as well as the mere image of the injurer. But when a servant, in his excessive love of order, has laid out of our way a volume which we expected to find on our table, or has negligently suffered the newspaper to catch fire, which he was drying for us, the evil is not sufficiently great to occupy or

distract us; and we see, therefore, the whole unpardonable atrocity of the neglect itself, or of that over-diligence, which is often as teasing in its consequences as neglect.

Any one of these causes, operating singly, might be sufficient, perhaps, to explain what seems at first, as I have said, so very strange an anomaly; and their influence, as may well be supposed, is far more powerful, when they operate, as they usually operate together. The little evils, which fret us most, then, we may perhaps venture to conclude, produce this seemingly disproportionate effect, as being those, in which we do not feel that we have any great part to act—which are so sudden as to have given us no warning—and in which there is not sufficient injury, to divert our fretfulness from the immediate object, by the sorrow which might otherwise have mingled with our wrath.

A third error, with respect to this emotion, consists in transferring it from the guilty to the innocent. The species of disposition which has this character, is what is commonly termed *peevish* or *fretful*. Some trifling circumstance of disappointed hope or mortified vanity, has disturbed that serenity which was before all smiles; and for half a day, or, perhaps, for many days, if the provocation have been a very little more than nothing, no smile is again to be seen. He whose unfortunate speech, or action, produced this change, may already be at the distance of many miles; but he is represented by every person and every thing that meets the eye of the offended; and the wrath which he deserved, or did not deserve, is poured out, perhaps, in greater profusion than if he were actually present. It might then, indeed, have been a thunder shower, which falls heavily for a while, but leaves afterwards a clear sky. It is now a fog, which lours, and chills, and which, in lasting long and dismally, seems only to threaten a still longer and more dismal darkness. To a disposition of this sort, no voice is soft, and no look is kind; the very effort to soothe it is an insult; every delightful domestic affection is suspended,—the servants tremble,—the very children scarcely venture to approach, or steal past in silence, with a beating heart, and rejoice in having escaped,—the husband finds business to occupy him, in his own apartment, the instant and urgent necessity of which he never discovered before; and all this consternation and misery, have arisen, perhaps, from the negligence of a waiting-maid, who has placed a flower, or a feather, or a bit of lace, a quarter of an inch higher or lower than it ought to have been:

“How soft is Silvia! fearful to offend:

The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend.

Sudden, she storms, she raves! You tip the wink,
 But spare your censure: Silia does not drink,
 All eyes may see from what the change arose;
 All eyes may see—a pimple on her nose.”*

We have seen, then, the nature of that character of anger, which is usually termed passionate, in its two varieties. We have seen, also, the nature of that other kindred character, which is usually termed peevish or fretful. There yet remains to be considered by us, one other form or character of excess in this emotion.

This fourth moral error, with respect to resentment, of which I spoke, is when it is too long protracted. The disposition, in that case, is said to be revengeful,—a disposition still more inconsistent with the moral excellence of man, than even that silly fretfulness of which I last spoke. The very reason of the peevish, is, for the time obscured, as much as their serenity; and, if this obscurity could be removed, so that they might see things as they are, they probably would cease to express, and even to feel their petty displeasure. The revengeful have not, indeed, the folly of punishing the innocent for the offence of the guilty; but they punish the guilty, even when the guilt has been expiated, with respect to them, by every atonement which the injurer could offer; or they punish as guilt, what implied no malicious intention; and this they do, not unreflectingly and blindly, but with an understanding as quick to discern, as it is vigorous to execute. Man is too frail in his wishes and actions, to measure the offences of others with a rigid hand. “*Mali inter malos vivimus.*” The very revenge which he seeks is a condemnation of himself. When he looks into his own mind, is it possible for him to say, Let there be no forgiveness for offence, but let all who have violated what is right, suffer the punishment of their wrong, in the same proportion, in which I now measure out punishment? Would no lurking remembrance of evil, on his part, check such a general wish as this? and, if he could not venture on the general wish, which must include his own punishment, how audacious must be that arm, which, exposed alike to the cloud that hangs over all, would yet call down the thunderbolt to destroy whatever is beneath it! For man to be revengeful, is as if a criminal, confined with his accomplices, and speedily to be brought to judgment, should, in some petty malice, against one of his fellow-captives, appeal to the speedier vengeance of those very laws, which all had violated, and which, falling in vengeance on the head of one, must fall upon the head of all.

* Pope's *Moral Essays*, Ep. II. v. 29, 30, and 33—36.

Nature, as I have already said, has formed man susceptible of resentment, that the wicked, who fear *only man*, may have *something to fear*; but she has formed man to be *placable*, because long continued resentment would be itself an evil more severe than that which it avenges. He, therefore, who knows not how to forgive,—whose gloomy heart preserves even in age, the resentment of youth,—unsoftened by the penitence of the offender, by his virtues, by his very misery, is to us like some dreadful being of another race, that walks the earth cursing and accursed;—we shun him, as we would fly from some malignant spirit, who, by looking upon us, could transfuse into us the venom which he feels;—we have no sympathy for *him*;—our only sympathies are with the object of his vengeance,—with that very object, on whom, in other years, we could have delighted to see the vengeance fall.

Such, then, are the abuses of that emotion, which, for the good of mankind, when not thus abused, Heaven has placed in every heart. The resentment, therefore, which Heaven allows only for the good that arises from it, is limited by the very nature of this good. It is, in the first place, a resentment, which pauses, till it have considered the circumstances, in which the supposed injury has been done,—in the second place, a resentment, which, even when, on reflection, intentional injury is discovered, is still proportioned to the offence,—in the third place, a resentment, which limits its wrath to the guilty object,—and in the fourth place, a resentment, which is easy to be appeased,—which does not seek revenge, when the good of society would not suffer by the forgiveness,—and which sees in penitence, when the penitence is manifestly sincere,—not an object of *hatred*, but an object of love.

Such is the infirmity of our nature, that there is far more reason to apprehend, in every case, that we may have erred in the excess of our resentment, than in defect of it; and there can be no question, *which* of these errors is the less dangerous to the tranquillity of the individual. He may be very happy, whose resentment scarcely reaches that point, to which the sympathy of those around would accompany him; but he cannot be happy, whose habitual resentments go far beyond that point. It is of the utmost advantage, therefore, for our own peace, that we should learn, as much as possible, to regard the little vexations which we may, or rather must, often meet from the ill humour of others, or from the crossings and jarings of interests opposite to our own, with the same patience with which we bear the occasional fogs of our changeful sky. The caprices of man are as little at our disposal, as the varieties of the seasons. Not to lay our account with these

human vexations, is a folly very similar to that of expecting in winter all the flowers and sunshine of spring, and of lamenting, that the snows and sleet, which have fallen every where else, should have fallen on *our little garden*.

I will not affirm, that man can ever arrive at the stoical magnanimity of being able to say, with respect to every unjust aggression, to which he may be exposed, "No one can be guilty of a crime, that is great enough to be worthy of my emotion."—"Nullius tanta nequitia est, ut motu meo digna sit." But we may be sure of this at least, that the more nearly we approach to that magnanimity, the more do we save from disquietude our own happiness, and very probably too the happiness of all around us.

"It is impossible for you to be injured," says a French moralist, with a sententiousness worthy of Seneca,—“it is impossible for you to be injured, but in your property, or in your self-love. If you are injured in your property, the laws defend you, and you may say of him who has injured you, This man is unjust; he will be weaker than I. If you are hurt in your self-love, the reproaches which are directed against you must be either well or ill founded. If they are well founded, why have resentment against a man, who makes you feel the necessity of being wiser or better than you were before? If the reproaches are not well founded, your conscience reassures you; and what vexation can arise in the mind of him, who looks back only on virtues that delighted him when present, and delight him still in the remembrance? The reproaches are those either of a friend, or of an enemy. If they are the reproaches of a friend, say to yourselves, he is my friend; he could not mean to offend me. If they are the reproaches of an enemy, say to yourselves, this is what I should have expected; and why, then, should it astonish me, as if it were something *new*? Has your enemy carried his hatred against you so far as to be guilty of a crime? You are already too well avenged.”

The emotion opposite to that of resentment is gratitude,—that delightful emotion of love to him who has conferred a kindness on us, the very feeling of which is itself no small part of the benefit conferred. It is this, indeed, which mingles in almost every other species of love, and diffuses in them all additional charms. The child does not love his parent merely as possessing virtues which others around him possess perhaps equally; he loves him as his constant benefactor,—the proloner of that existence which he gave,—the provider against wants which are not to be felt till the gracious

provider for them be himself probably no more. When a friend thinks of his friend, what a long period of reciprocal good offices does he seem to measure in a single moment with his eye,—what happiness conferred, what misery soothed! It is as if the friendship itself expanded with the length of that bright tract of enjoyment, the retrospect of which is almost a repetition of the pleasure that seems diffused over every step. In the pure reciprocations of conjugal regard, all this friendship exists, and exists still more intimately and closely. The emotion is not felt as gratitude, indeed, for every interest is so much *united*, that a kindness conferred and a kindness received are in such a case scarcely to be distinguished. There is happiness flowing from each to each; and the gratitude which each feels, is perhaps, if we consider it only as the emotion of the object that receives pleasure, due as much from the heart which has conferred, as from the heart which has seemed more directly to receive it. But still the remembrance of this mutual interchange of tender wishes and enjoyments,—of delights and consolations that were almost delights,—is no small part of the general complex emotion, which renders the love of those who have long loved as permanent as it is pure.

———“The Seasons thus,
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still find *them* happy, and consenting Spring
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads;
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild,
When, after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they sink in social sleep;
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.”*

With what happy influence has heaven thus led mankind to benevolence, by making kindness *delightful* both to him who is the object of it, and to him who confers it! If no pleasure had been attached to virtue, we might still indeed have been virtuous, but we should have felt as if walking at the command of some power, whom it would be guilt to disobey, along a world of darkness. The pleasure that flows around us in acts of mutual kindness, is like the sunshine, that is light and gladness to our path; and if we owed no other gratitude to our Creator, we should owe it for this at least, that he has made gratitude itself so delightful.

* Thomson's Seasons, Spring, v. 1163—1173.

LECTURE LXIV.

RETROSPECTIVE EMOTIONS, HAVING DIRECT REFERENCE TO
OURSELVES.—I. SIMPLE REGRET AND GLADNESS, ARISING
FROM EVENTS WHICH WE CANNOT CONTROL.—II. MORAL
REGRET AND GLADNESS, ARISING FROM OUR OWN ACTIONS.

IN my last Lecture, Gentlemen, I considered our emotions of *anger* and *gratitude*, those retrospective emotions which have direct reference to others. The affections of this order, which are next to be considered by us, are those which relate more directly to ourselves ; and, in the first place, those emotions of simple regret or gladness with which we look back on past events, as mere events of advantage or disadvantage to us, without including any notion of our own moral propriety or impropriety of conduct.

I have already, in treating of melancholy and cheerfulness, considered emotions, very nearly akin to these ; the great distinction being in the feeling of a particular object of emotion, which is essential to the complex vivid feeling in one case ; and which does not exist, in the other case. We are melancholy, often without knowing why we are melancholy ;—cheerful, without knowing why we are more cheerful at one particular time than at another. But, when we feel regret, we know what it is which we regret ;—when we feel a joyful satisfaction, we know what it is which gladdens us ; and our emotions, as felt by us, have a direct reference to their causes, the conception of which coexists with them in one complex state of mind. Melancholy, indeed, is often the result of regret, as cheerfulness is of any extraordinary joy ; that is to say, we are grieved at some event, and our mind afterwards, of itself, continues in a state of sadness, without any thought of its cause ;—we are gladdened by some particular event, and our mind afterwards, of itself, without the remembrance of the cause of joy, continues in a state, in which happiness seems to be a part of its very essence ; as if not to be happy, and not to exist, were nearly the same. The immediate and the retrospective emotions, however, which are distinguished

by the peculiar names of melancholy and cheerfulness, in the one case, regret and gladness in the other case,—are sufficiently distinguished by that reference to the past,—the retrospective feeling which does, or does not, attend them.

As a mere vivid feeling, indeed, the regret which affects us on any unfortunate occurrence, may, on a minute analysis, be found to be the same, or at least nearly the same, as the general melancholy, or sadness, which we feel, without thinking of its cause,—the regret differing from the melancholy, not as a mere vivid feeling of emotion, but merely as a complex state of the mind, of which sadness is a part, differs from the simpler state, in which sadness is all that constitutes the momentary feeling. If this analysis be accurate, as I conceive it to be, the terms may be truly convertible ;—so that regret may be said to be only melancholy combined with the conception of a cause of the melancholy ; and melancholy itself to be only regret, abstracted from the conception of its cause. A similar minute analysis, by separating, in every complex emotion, that part which may be considered as peculiarly constituting the vivid feeling which is marked by that name, from the conception of the object, which may or may not accompany it, and which may be various, when the emotion itself, as a mere emotion, is the same,—might be made in other cases, so as to reduce, with sufficient philosophic precision, the vocabulary of our feelings of this class, as elementary feelings, to the very few which I enumerated, in entering on the consideration of our emotions. I have preferred, however, for the reasons repeatedly stated by me, the consideration of our emotions, in that complex form, in which they usually present themselves, since the consideration of them in this state of complexity in which they usually exist, has many advantages, and does not preclude the analysis which may be necessary for pointing out to you, in each complex emotion, the elementary feelings that seem to compose it. There are clear and definite lines of distinction, which the emotions, in their complex form, present, that are themselves too striking to be neglected, as principles of arrangement ;—and there are bearings on practical ethics, which it seemed to me still more important to point out to you,—relations which the systematic review of our emotions, together with the various objects of our emotions, that give them their common distinctive names, and that, if they do not alter the very nature of the vivid feelings themselves, at least diversify them in many important aspects, affords an easy opportunity of developing,—but which would be lost in the more general consideration of them, if arranged as mere elementary feelings, without regard to their objects.

Though the regret, then, which we feel, in thinking of any unfortunate event, and the gladness, which we feel, in thinking of any event that has been, or promises to be beneficial, may, as mere vivid feelings of emotion, be the same, or nearly the same, as the more permanent feelings of joy or sadness, which we term cheerfulness or melancholy,—that continue, without any reference of the mind, to the past events which may have given occasion to them,—still the retrospective reference is so important a part of the complex whole, that the emotion, which involves this reference, may admit with advantage, of separate consideration.

The emotions, which we are now considering, may be regarded, in their almost infinite relations, as the great diversifiers of the happiness of our days, very nearly as light and shade, that flow over every thing around us, are the diversifiers of that physical scene of things, on which we are placed. How few events can happen, that have any direct relation to ourselves, which may not be productive of some greater or less degree of gladness or regret; and, far from being thus confined to events, which primarily relate to us, our emotions of this kind do not merely extend to every thing that can happen within the wide circle of our friendship or acquaintance, but seem to diffuse themselves over the most distant ages and climes, as if we had a direct and primary interest in the happiness or misery of the whole human race. If every thing at which we rejoice or grieve, in the course of a single day, could be imaged to us at once,—as we gather into one wide landscape, the lake, and the vales, and the rocky summits, which we have slowly traversed, it would be one of the most striking pictures that could be presented, of the social and sympathetic nature of man.

Even of the events, by which our personal interest is more immediately affected, and in which our regret or gladness, therefore, might seem exclusively personal, how few are there, which have not some relation to others; or rather, how few are there, of which others are not the immediate authors! What we term *chance* or *fortune*, in all those events of our life, which we characterize as fortunate or unfortunate, is only a shorter term for expressing the actions of others, in their unintended relation to us; and in the friendships and thousand rivalries of life, how much of intentional good or evil is to be added to what is casual! There is, perhaps, scarcely a single success, of which we give the praise to our own prudent conduct, that, if others had acted differently, might not have been adverse to us, rather than prosperous.

Regret and gladness, as thus arising from events which are,

in most instances, absolutely independent of our conduct, may seem at first to be themselves, in these instances, equally independent of any conduct on our part. But this is very far from being the case. Though the events may be independent, the feelings which they awake in us may depend, in a great measure, on our own former feelings. The same power of habit, which influences the particular suggestions of our trains of thought, influences also the particular emotions, which arise in different individuals, from the consideration of the same events, because the train of thought itself cannot be different, without a corresponding diversity of the emotions that vary with the varying images. How few events are productive only of advantage or disadvantage ! By far the greater number are productive of both,—of advantage, which, if it existed alone, would excite gladness, of disadvantage, which, if it existed alone, would excite regret, and of which, as existing together, the resulting emotion is different, according to the preponderance of the opposing causes of regret or gladness,—that is to say, according as more or fewer images of regret or gladness spontaneously arise to our mind, or according as we examine and analyse, more or less fully, the one or the other of these sources of mingled joy and sorrow. There are many advantages of what is apparently evil, that cannot be known to us, unless we reflect on consequences which are not immediately apparent ; many evils of what is apparently profitable, that may be discovered, in like manner, but discovered only after reflection. We cannot change events, indeed, in many instances ; but in all of these, the aspect of events, at least, may be changed as our attention is more or less turned to the consequences that may result from them.. To wish, is, in this case, almost to produce what we wish. Our very desire of tracing the consequences that are favourable to our happiness, will be followed by the suggestion of these, rather than of others, in the same manner as our other desires are always followed by the suggestion of images accordant with them. Our mere intention of describing a beautiful landscape, for example, which is but a desire like any other of our desires, is followed by the images of rural beauty, that rise, in succession to our choice, when, if our intention had been to describe the horrors of some scene of ruggedness and desolation, that principle of spontaneous suggestion, to which, in such a case of picturing, we give a peculiar name, as if it were a distinct power, and term it *fancy*, would have presented to us, indeed, as many images as in the gayer landscape, but images of a very different kind. With what varied conceptions was the mind of Milton filled, when, after describing Pandemonium and its

guilty inhabitants, he seemed to breathe, as it were, a purer atmosphere of freshness and delight, in describing the groves of Paradise, and that almost celestial pair, whose majestic innocence seemed of itself to indicate the recent presence of the God from whom they came, and without whom, to enjoy at once, and to animate it, even Paradise itself would have been a desert ! In this sudden change of conceptions that crowded on his imagination, the mind of Milton was still itself the same. The images in all their variety, arose still according to the same simple laws of suggestion. They arose variously, only because a single wish of his mind was varied. He had resolved to describe the magnificent horrors of an infernal palace ; he resolved afterwards to describe the delightful magnificence of nature, as it might seem to have shone in original beauty, when it still reflected that smile of its Creator which pronounced it to be good ; and all which would have been necessary to reverse the whole store of imagery,—to convert Paradise, in his mind, into the burning lake, and Pandemonium itself into the bowers of Eden, would have been the change of that single wish which seemed almost to have been creative. If our desire is thus capable of modifying the whole train of suggestion, in that process in which the mind is said to invent, it is not less capable of modifying it in cases in which we never think that we are inventive. In the whole train of our thought, our conceptions, and the attendant emotions which they induce, still correspond with our prevalent wishes. When an occurrence may be productive of good and evil, the good may arise to us, because our general frame of mind is accordant with wishes, and, therefore, with conceptions of good ; or the evil only may arise to that gloomy spirit which does not find good, merely because it does not seek to find it. A different general character of thought,—the associations, perhaps, of a few years,—a single prevailing notion, may in this way be sufficient, on the contemplation of the same event, to convert gladness into regret, regret itself into gladness.

Even when the same event is thus viewed by two different minds,—and the same consequences, in every other respect, arise to both minds,—how important a difference must there be, in the general resulting emotion, according as the two minds are more or less accustomed to view all the events of nature, as a part of a great design, of which the Author is the benevolent willer of happiness, or of the means of happiness ! The mere difference of the habit, in this respect, is to the individuals almost the same thing, as if the events themselves had been in their own absolute nature diversified.

The same events, therefore, in external circumstances exactly the same, may be productive, to the mind, of emotions that are very different, according to its constitutional diversities, or acquired habits, or even according to slight accidents of the day or of the hour. We may rejoice, when others would grieve, or grieve when others would rejoice, according as circumstances arise to our reflection, different from those which would occur to them. Nor is the influence necessarily less powerful on our views of the future, than on our views of the past. We desire often, in like manner, what is evil for us upon the whole, by thinking of some attendant good; as we fear what is good, by thinking only of some attendant evil. The vanity of human wishes is, in this way, proverbial. We do not need those memorable instances which Juvenal has selected, to convince us, how destructive, in certain circumstances, may be the attainment of objects that seem to us, when we wish for them, to comprehend all that is desirable. The gods, says that great moralist, have overwhelmed in ruin whole multitudes, merely by indulging them with every thing for which they prayed.

“Evertere domos totas optantibus ipsis
Di faciles.”*

What is shewn, in such cases, only in the fatal result, to those whose scanty discrimination sees only what is or has been, and not what is to be, may, in some respects, be anticipated, by more discerning minds, that would feel sadness, therefore, at events which might seem to others to be subjects only of congratulation. Sagacity, when it exists in any high degree, is itself almost that second sight in which the superstitious of the wilder districts of this country put so much confidence. It looks, far before, into the futurity that is closed to common eyes. It sees the gloom in which gaiety is to terminate, the happiness that is to dawn on affliction, as, by supposed supernatural revelation, the Seer's quick, but gloomy eye, views, in the dance and merriment of evening, the last struggles of him who is the next morning to perish in the waves, or when a whole family is weeping for the shipwrecked son or brother, beholds on a sudden, with a wild and mysterious delight, that moment of joy when the well known voice of him who is lamented with so many tears, is to be heard again, as he returns in safety to the cottage-door.

It is not on the nature of the mere event, then, that the gladness or regret which it excites wholly depends, but in part,

* Sat. x. v. 7, 8.

also, on the habits and discernment of the mind which considers it; and we are thus in a great measure, creators of our own happiness,—not in the actions merely which seem more strictly to depend on our *will*, but on those foreign events which might have seemed at first to be absolutely independent of us.

If even simple *gladness* and *regret*, however, depend in some measure on the peculiar tendencies of the mind, the emotions, which we are next to consider, depend on them still more.

These are the emotions which attend our moral retrospects of our past actions,—the remorse which arises on the thought of our guilt,—the opposite emotion of delight, which attends the remembrances of what is commonly termed a *good conscience*.

I have already treated of the emotions which are distinctive to us of vice and virtue in general; but the emotions with which we regard the virtues and vices of others, are very different from those with which we regard the same vices and virtues as our own. There is the distinctive moral feeling, indeed, in both cases, whether the generous sacrifice, or the malignant atrocity which we consider, be the deed of another, or our own heroic kindness or guilty passion; but, in the one case, there is something far more than mere approbation, however pleasing, or mere disapprobation, however disagreeable. There is the dreadful moral regret arising from the certainty, that we have rendered ourselves unworthy of the love of man, and of the approbation of our God; or the most delightful of all convictions, that, but for our life, the world would have been less virtuous and happy, and that we are not unworthy of that highest of privileges, the privilege of fearlessly *adoring* Him, whom, if we worship truly with that gratitude which looks beyond the moment of suffering to the happiness of every world and of every age, it matters but little though the place of our adoration should be a dungeon or a scaffold.

When we look to some oppressor in the magnificence of his unjust power, surrounded with those inferior tyrants, that while they execute their portion of delegated guilt, tremble at the very glance of him whose frown can make them nothing,—with armies, whom victory after victory has rendered as illustrious, as slaves that carry slavery with them, and spread it wherever their arms prevail, can hope to be;—when we enter the chambers of state, in which he gives himself to public view, and see only the festival, and listen only to voices that are either happy, or seem to be happy,—does all this splendour impose upon our heart, as it would half-seduce our senses

into momentary admiration? Do we think, that God has reserved *all* punishment for another world, and that wickedness has no other feelings but those of triumph in the years of earthly sway which consummate its atrocities? There are hours in which the tyrant is *not* seen, the very remembrance of which, in the hours in which he *is* seen, darkens, to his gloomy gaze, that pomp, which is splendour to every eye but his; and that, even on earth, avenge, with awful retribution, the wrongs of the virtuous. The victim of his jealous dread, who, with a frame wasted by disease, and almost about to release his spirit to a liberty that is immortal, is slumbering and dreaming of heaven on the straw that scarcely covers the damp earth of his dugeon,—if he could know at that very hour, what thoughts are present to the conscience of him who doomed him to this sepulchre, and who is lying sleepless on his bed of state, though, for a moment, the knowledge of the vengeance might be gratifying, would almost shrink the very moment after from the contemplation of horror so hopeless, and wish that the vengeance were *less* severe. “Think not,” says Cicero, “that Guilt requires the burning torches of the Furies to agitate and torment it. Their own frauds, their crimes, their remembrances of the past, their terrors of the future, *these* are the domestic furies that are ever present to the mind of the impious.”—“*Nolite enim putare, quemadmodum in fabulis sæpenumero videtis, eos, qui aliquid impie scelerateque commiserint, agitari et perterrerī Furiarum tædis ardentibus; sua quemque fraus, et suus terror, maxime vexat; suum quemque scelus agitat, amentiaque afficit; suæ malæ cogitationes, conscientiaque animi, terrent. Hæc sunt impiis assiduæ domesticæque Furia.*”*

The instance which I have now chosen, is that of a species of guilt with the conscious remembrance of which few of the great multitude of mankind can be agitated. But those who cannot oppress kingdoms, may yet oppress families and individuals. There is a scale of iniquity, that descends from the imperial tyrant to the meanest of the mob; and there are feelings of remorse, that correspond, not with the extent of the power, but with the guilty wishes of the offender. In the obscurest hovel, on the most sordid bed, there are sleepless hours of the same sort of agony, which is felt, in his palace, by him who has been the scourge, perhaps, of half the nations of the globe. There are visions around that pillow, which, in the drama or romance, indeed, would form no brilliant picture, but which are not the less horrible to him, whose means,

* Orat. pro Sex. Roscio Amerino, Sect. 24. (Gruter,) or 67 of others.

but not whose wishes of iniquity, have been confined to the little frauds, that have swallowed up the pittance of some widow, or seduced into the same career of guilt with himself, the yielding gentleness of some innocent heart. To the remorse of such a mind, there are not even the same consolations, if I may apply the term of consolation to that dreadful relief, which in rendering horror less felt for the instant, truly aggravates its ultimate amount. The power of making armies march, though it be only to new desolation,—of altering, in an instant, the fate of kingdoms, though it be only to render kingdoms more wretched,—has yet something in it, which, by its greatness, occupies the mind; and the tumult of war, and the glory of victory, and the very multitude of those, who bow the knee and tremble, as they solicit favour, or deprecate wrath, afford at least a source of distraction to the mind, though they can afford no more. These sources of distraction the petty villain cannot share. His villainies present to him no other images than those of the insignificant profits which he has perhaps already squandered, and the miseries which he has made. There are no crowds of flatterers to aid the feeble efforts with which he strives to forget the past. He is left with nothing more than his conscience, and his power of doing still more evil; and he has recourse to this desperate expedient, which, desperate as it is, is still less dreadful than his horror of the past. He adds villany to villany, not so much for any new profit, as to have something which may occupy him, producing wretchedness after wretchedness around him, as far as his little sphere extends, till his sense of remorse is at last almost stupified; and he derives thus a sort of dreadful mitigation of suffering, from the very circumstances which are afterwards to be the aggravation of his misery.

In these cases of fraud and cruelty, the progress of guilt, in every stage of it, might have brought to the mind of the guilty the evil on which he was entering, or the evil which he was aggravating. But what deep remorse arises often to minds originally of better hopes, that, on entering on the very career, which has plunged them in vice, saw no images but those of social pleasure; and that, after many years of heedless dissipation have elapsed, look back on the years which have been so strangely consumed, almost with the astonishment, though not with the comfort, of one who looks back on some frightful dream, and who scarcely knows whether he is awake.

“Soft as the gossamer, in summer shades,
Extends its twinkling line, from spray to spray,
Gently as sleep the weary lids invades,
So soft, so gently, Pleasure mines her way.”

At the very suggestions of fraud and cruelty, the heart shrinks instantly, with a horror, which saves, from the guilt of injustice or oppression, all those, whose minds are not unworthy of better feelings ; but the suggestions of pleasure present nothing to the mind, at least till indulgence have become excessive,—with which any feelings of loathing and abhorrence can be associated. The corruption of the mind goes on silently, and gives no alarm, till the mind is already too corrupt, to be capable of the vigorous effort, which would be necessary, for shaking off a power, that shackles and debases it,—but which seems still rather to seduce, than to oppress, and which is scarcely hated by the unfortunate victim, even while it appears to him, to have destroyed his happiness forever.

“ O, treacherous Conscience ! While she seems to sleep
On rose and myrtle, lull'd with siren song ;—
While she seems, nodding o'er her charge, to drop
On headlong appetite, the slacken'd rein,
And give us up to license, unrecall'd,
Unmark'd—See, from behind her secret stand,
The sly informer minutes every fault,
And her dread diary with horror fills.
Not the gross act alone employs her pen ;
She reconnoitres Fancy's airy band,
A watchful foe.—The formidable spy
Listening, o'erhears the whispers of our camp,
Our dawning purposes of heart explores,
And steals our wishes of iniquity.”

It is not, however, only when health, and fortune, and dignity, and the affection of those whom we love, have been completely sacrificed, that conscience comes boldly forward, and proclaims a guilt of which we were little dreaming. There are thoughts of higher objects, that rise to the mind, with an accusation which it is quick to feel, but which it hastens to forget, in a repetition of the idle and profitless, and worse than profitless, enjoyment. At length the accusation, which cannot be suppressed, is heard, with a more painful impatience, but with an impatience, which leads only to a wilder riot, in the hope of stilling murmurs, which are not to be stilled.

“ The low
And sordid gravitation of his Powers
To a vile clod, so draws him, with such force
Resistless, from the centre he should seek,
That he at last forgets it. All his hopes
Tend downward ; his ambition is to *sink*,—
To reach a depth, profounder still, and still
Profounder, in the fathomless abyss
Of folly, plunging in pursuit of death.—

* Young's Night Thoughts, B. II. v. 256—269.

But, ere he gain the comfortless repose
 He seeks, and acquiescence of his soul
 In heaven renouncing exile, he endures—
 What does he not, from lusts opposed in vain
 And threatening* conscience?—Riot is not loud
 Nor drunk enough to drown it. In the midst
 Of laughter, his compunctions are sincere,—
 And he abhors the jest by which he shines.†

On the happiness which attends the remembrance of a life of virtue, it would surely be unnecessary to enlarge. It is a happiness, of which even the *guilty*,—though they may be incapable of conceiving *all* its delight,—yet know sufficiently the value, to look to it, with wishes, that do not covet it the less, for coveting it hopelessly. Strange as it may seem, in a world in which vice is so abundant, there yet can be little doubt, that the only object of desire, which is truly *universal*, is the delight of a good conscience. The pleasures of power and splendour, and indolent luxury, strong as their sway is over the greater number of minds, find yet some minds, to which they are objects either of indifference or contempt. But who is there, who has ever said in his own soul, in forming plans of future life, let me live or die, without the remembrance of a single good action? There are crimes, indeed, conceived and perpetrated with little regard to that virtue, which is for the time abandoned. But there is still some distant vision of repentance, and better thoughts,—which are to be the happiness of *old age* at least,—that is present to the most profligate, when he ventures to look forward to old age, and to that event by which age must at last be terminated. It is not because virtue is wholly despised that guilt exists; but the great misery is, that the uncertain duration of life allows the guilty to look forward to years that are, perhaps, never to arrive, and to postpone every better purpose, till their heart has become incapable of shaking off the passions to which it is enslaved. Yet still, repentance and virtue, at some period, are delightful objects, which they never wholly exclude from their prospects of the future; and if it were possible to be *virtuous*, without the sacrifice of vice, they would not delay the happiness for a single instant.

The happiness of having something in past years, on which to look back with delight, is then, a happiness, which is the wish of all; and if it were a thing that could be plundered, like mere wealth,—or invaded and usurped, like honour and dignities,—it would probably be one of the first things on

* Self-reproaching.—Orie.

† Cowper's *Task*, Book V. v. 587—600, and v. 614—617.

which the robber would lay his violent hands, and which even the most frivolous aspirer, after the most frivolous trappings of courtly honour, would wish to obtain as soon, at least almost as soon, as that *wand* or *ribbon*, to which his ambition is obliged to be at present limited. *This*, however, though it is the only possession which is safe from violence or fraud, is still safe from these. The tyrant, with all his power, cannot divest of it the most helpless of those, on whom his tyranny is exercised; he cannot purchase it, even for a single moment, with all the treasures which he has amassed,—with all the lands which he has desolated,—with all that power which, in his hands, far from facilitating the acquisition, only renders more hopeless, the attainment of those delights of conscience, to which he would still vainly aspire.

“Magne pater divum,—sævos punire tyrannos
Haud alia ratione velis,—cum dira libido
Moverit ingenium, ferventi tincta veneno
Virtutem ut videant, intabescantque relicta.
Anne magis Siculi gemuerunt ara juvenci,
Et magis auratis pendens laquearibus ensis
Purpureas subter cervices terruit,—Imus
Imus præcípites quam si sibi dicat, et intus
Palleat, infelix, quod proxima nesciat uxor.”*

And it is well for the world, that the only consolation of which the virtuous stand in need, cannot be forced from virtue, and usurped by vice. If the powerful could, by the promise of a reward, like that which the Persian monarch offered, obtain the means of forming to themselves, or purchasing at the same cheap rate, at which they purchase their other pleasures, that *new pleasure* of virtuous satisfaction, which nothing but virtue can give, vice would, indeed, have little to restrain it; and if he, who can order the virtuous resister of oppression to the dungeon, or to distant exile,—who can separate him,—I will not say, from his home, and his domains, and external dignities,—for the loss of these is comparatively insignificant,—but from all those, whom he loves and honours, from that conjugal, and filial, and parental, and friendly kindness, which would now be doubly valuable,—when he might still have the comfort of seeing eyes, to which his own had often been turned in kindness, and of hearing voices, the very sound of which had often, in other griefs, been felt to be consolation, before the gentle meaning itself was uttered,—if the oppressor, who can strip his victim of all these present and external means of comfort, could strip him also of those remembrances, which allow him to look back on the *past* with satisfaction, and to

* Persius, Sat. III. 35—43.

the *future* with the confidence of one who knows, that, whatever his path may be, he is to be received, at the close of it, by that Being, whose majesty, awful as it is, is still only the majesty of a benevolence surpassing all earthly love,—if *this* could be done, *then*, indeed, might virtue, in this world, seem to be abandoned to the vengeance, or the mercy of the guilty. But while these remain, what is there of which the glorious sufferer,—I had almost said, if the words admitted combination, the happy sufferer,—can be truly said to be bereaved of? The friendships of those who are to meet again, and to meet forever, are lost but for a moment;—the dignities, the wealth, are not lost; all that is valuable in them,—the remembrance of having *used* them, as Heaven wishes them to be used,—remains;—there are years of happiness past, and an immortality of happiness, which is separated from the past only by *a moment*, and which will not be *less sure*, whether that moment be spent in fetters, with the pity, and gratitude, and veneration of the good, or, with the same gratitude and veneration, be spent,—if a *moment* can be said to be *spent*,—in liberty and opulence.

Man, indeed, is too frail, not to yield occasionally to temptations; but he yields to temptations because he is stupified by passion, and forgets, at the moment, the differences of the state of the vicious and the virtuous, that in calmer hours are present to him with an influence of which he delights to feel the power. If these differences—the mere contrast of the feeling with which the pure and the guilty look back on the years of their glorious or inglorious life—could be made constantly present to the mind, there is little reason to think, that all the seductions of power and momentary pleasure could prevail over him who sees what the good are, even in those adversities which the world considers as most afflicting, and what the guilty are, even in the midst of their enjoyments, without taking into account what they must be when those short and palliating enjoyments have ceased,—

“One self-approving hour whole years outweighs,
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas,—
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæsar, with a senate at his heels.”*

“The wicked man,” says Rousseau, “*fears and flies* himself. He endeavours to be gay, by wandering out of himself. He turns around him his unquiet eyes, in search of an object of amusement, that may make him forget what he is. Even then his only pleasure is a bitter raillery,—without some con-

* Pope's *Essay on Man*, Ep. IV. v. 255—258.

temptuous sarcasms, some insulting laughter, he would be forever sad. On the contrary, the serenity of the virtuous man is internal. His smile is not a smile of malignity, but of joy; he bears the source of it within himself; he is as gay *alone* as in the midst of the gayest circle; he does not derive his delightful contentment from those who approach him; he communicates his own to them."

Such are the emotions which are excited in us when we consider the *past*, in reference to ourselves, as moral agents; and, if we knew nothing more of virtue and vice than these feelings alone, and knew, at the same time, that in a future state of existence there was a happiness destined for those who felt emotions of one or the other kind, could we hesitate for a moment, in determining in which class we were to look for those, by whom the happiness was to be inherited? It would not require any abstract notions of what is *morally good* and what is *morally evil*. The emotions themselves would distinguish sufficiently, all that required to be distinguished. We should see in the agitation of a bad conscience,—in the terror that arose in it at the very conception of futurity, and of him who presides over the future as over the past,—that the misery which was anticipated was already begun;—as in the tranquillity of the good, and the delight which they felt in the very contemplation of the perfections of the Divinity, we should perceive the commencement of that happiness which immortality was not to *confer*, but to *continue*:—

"Heaven our reward,—for heaven enjoyed below."

With these remarks, I conclude my view of our retrospective emotions. The remaining series of emotions, which we have still to consider, are those which relate to the future,—comprehending the important class of our desires and fears, as these are diversified by all the variety of the objects on which they can be fixed, and by all the variety of degrees of probability, with which the good which we desire can be expected, or the evil anticipated and feared. In this order of our affections, as in all the emotions already considered by us, we shall find abundant proof of the wisdom and goodness of that being, who has given us our passions as he has given us our intellectual faculties, for nobler purposes than those of individual gratification,—purposes which the virtuous delight in seeing and fulfilling, and which the wicked unconsciously promote, even while they are regardless of the wisdom and goodness which protect the world, and equally regardless of that social world which is under this sublime protection

LECTURE LXV.

III. PROSPECTIVE EMOTIONS, COMPREHENDING ALL OUR DESIRES AND FEARS.—DESIRE AND FEAR MAY ARISE FROM THE SAME OBJECT.—OUR DESIRES ALWAYS HAVE FOR THEIR OBJECT SOME GOOD, AND OUR FEARS SOME EVIL.—DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THAT GOOD WHICH CONSTITUTES DESIRABLENESS, AND MORAL, OR EVEN ABSOLUTE PHYSICAL GOOD.—CLASSIFICATION OF DESIRES.—WISH, HOPE, EXPECTATION, CONFIDENCE, DIFFERENT FORMS OF DESIRE.—1. DESIRE OF CONTINUED EXISTENCE.

GENTLEMEN,—In my original arrangement of our emotions, I divided them into three orders, according as their objects were regarded by us as present, past or future—our *immediate* emotions, our *retrospective* emotions, our *prospective* emotions. In my last Lecture, I concluded my remarks on the second of these orders,—which from their reference to the past, I have termed *retrospective*. One order still remains to be considered by us,—the emotions, which I have denominated *prospective*, from their reference to objects as future.

This order is, in its immediate consequences, the most important of all our emotions, from its direct influence on action, which our other feelings of the same class, and indeed all our other feelings whatever, influence, only indirectly, through the medium of these. It comprehends *all our desires* and *all our fears*,—our desires, which arise equally from the prospect of what is agreeable in itself, or from the prospect of relief, from what is disagreeable in itself,—our fears, which arise equally from the prospect of what is disagreeable in itself, and from the prospect of the loss of what is in itself agreeable. The same external object, agreeable or disagreeable, may give rise to both emotions, according as the object is, or is not in our possession, or is, or is not producing any present uneasiness,—or, when it is equally remote in both cases, according as the probability of attainment of the agreeable object, or of freedom from the disagreeable object, is greater or less. Hope and fear do not necessarily relate

to different objects. We fear to lose any source of pleasure possessed by us, which had long been an object of our hope; we wish to be free from a pain that afflicts us, which, before it attacked us, was an object of our fear. We hope that we shall attain to a situation of which we are ambitious; we fear that we shall not attain to it. We fear that some misfortune, which seems to threaten us, may reach us; we hope that we shall be able to escape. The hope and the fear, in these cases, opposite as the emotions truly are, arise, you perceive, from the same objects;—the one or the other prevailing according to the greater or less probability on either side. But though they vary with different degrees of probability, they do not depend wholly on a mere comparison of probabilities. They arise, or do not arise, in some measure, also according to the magnitude of the object; our hope and our fear awaking more readily, as well as operating more permanently and strongly, when the object which we wish to attain, or of which we fear to be deprived, is very important to our happiness, though the probabilities on either side may be exactly the same as in cases of less importance, where desire or fear, if they arise at all, are comparatively feeble, and when often not the slightest emotion of either species arises:

“*Pauca licet portes argenti vascula puri,
Nocte iter ingressus, gladium contumque timebis,
Et motæ ad lunam trepidæ arundinis umbram;
Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.*”*

“The needy traveller, serene and gay,
Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.
Does envy bid thee crush the upbraiding joy?
Increase his riches, and his peace destroy.
Now fears in dire vicissitude invade,—
The rustling brake alarms, and quivering shade;—
Nor light nor darkness brings his pain relief;—
One shews the plunder, and one hides the thief.”

There can be no question, that he who travels, in the same carriage, with the same external appearances of every kind, by which a robber could be tempted or terrified, will be in equal danger of attack, whether he carry with him *little* of which he can be plundered, or such a booty as would impoverish him if it were lost. But there can be no question also, that though the probabilities of danger be the same, the *fear* of attack, would, in these two cases, be very different,—that, in the *one* case, he would laugh at the ridiculous terror of any one who journeyed with him, and expressed much alarm at the approach of evening;—and that in the *other* case, his own

* Juvenal. Sat. X. v. 19—22.

eye would watch suspiciously every horseman who approached, and would feel a sort of relief when he observed him pass carelessly and quietly along, at a considerable distance behind.

That the fear, as a mere emotion, should be more intense, according to the greatness of the object, might indeed be expected; and if this were all, there would be nothing wonderful in the state of mind, which I have now described. But there is not merely a greater intensity of fear,—there is, in spite of reflection, a greater belief of probability of attack. There is fear, in short, and fear to which we readily yield, when otherwise all fear would have seemed absurd. The reason of this it will perhaps not be difficult for you to discover, if you remember the explanations formerly given by me, of some analogous phenomena. The loss of what is valuable in itself, is of course a great affliction. The slightest possibility of such an evil makes the evil itself occur to us, as an object of conception, though not at first, perhaps, as an object of what can be termed fear. Its very greatness, however, makes it, when thus conceived, dwell longer in the mind; and it cannot dwell long, even as a mere conception, without exciting, by the common influence of suggestion, the different states of mind, associated with the conception of any great evil; of which associate or resulting states, in such circumstances, fear is one of the most constant and prominent. The fear is thus readily excited as an associate feeling; and when the fear has once been excited, as a mere associate feeling, it continues to be still more readily suggested again, at every moment, by the objects that suggested it, and with the perception or conception of which it has recently coexisted. There is a remarkable analogy to this process, in the phenomena of giddiness, to which I have before more than once alluded. Whether the height on which we stand, be elevated only a few feet, or have beneath it a precipitous abyss of a thousand fathoms, our footing, if all other circumstances be the same, is in itself equally sure. Yet though we look down, without any fear, on the gentle slope, in the one case, we shrink back in the other case with painful dismay. The lively conception of the evil which we should suffer in a fall down the dreadful descent, which is very naturally suggested by the mere sight of the precipice, suggests and keeps before us the images of horror in such a fall, and thus indirectly the emotions of fear, that are the natural accompaniments of such images, and that, but for those images, never would have arisen. We know well, on reflection, that it is a footing of the firmest rock, perhaps, on which we stand,—but in spite of reflection, we feel, at least, at every other moment, as if this very rock itself were crum-

bling or sinking beneath us. In this case, as in the case of the traveller, the liveliness of the mere conception of evil that may be suffered, gives a sort of temporary probability to that which would seem to have little likelihood in itself, and which derives thus from mere imagination, all the terror, that is falsely embodied by the mind in things that exist around.

It is not, then, any simple ratio of probabilities, which regulates the rise of our hopes and fears, but of these combined with the magnitude or insignificance of the objects. Yet whatever may be this mixed proportion of probability and importance, the objects of desires and fears are not to be considered as essentially distinct; since these opposite emotions arise, as we have seen, from the same objects, considered in different relations to us. There is nothing which, if it be not absolutely indifferent to us, may not excite both hope and fear, as the circumstances of our relation to it vary. This contrast of the mere circumstances, in which the opposite emotions arise, may save us from much discussion. It would be superfluous to consider all our desires in a certain order, and then to consider all our fears in a certain order, since we could only repeat, as to the one set of feelings, the observations previously made on the feelings that are contrasted with them. The consideration of our desires will be sufficient, of itself, to illustrate both sets of emotions, with a few remarks that may occasionally suggest themselves on the emotions of the opposite kind.

What then are our desires—or rather, what are the objects which excite our desires?—for, with the mere feelings themselves I may suppose you to be fully acquainted; and any attempt to define them, as feelings, must involve the use of some word exactly synonymous, or will convey no meaning whatever.

To desire, it is essential that the object appear to us good;—or rather, to appear to us good, and to appear to us desirable, are truly the same thing; our only conception of what is good, as an immediate object of desire, being that it excites in us, when considered by us, this feeling of desire. If all things had been uniformly indifferent to all mankind, it is evident that they could not have formed any classes of things as good or evil. What we do not desire may be conceived by us to be good, relatively to others who desire it, but cannot seem to be good, relatively to us. It would be as absurd to say, that we think that good which we should be very sorry to possess, or even which we should be wholly indifferent whether we possessed or not, as it would be absurd to say, that we think that object beautiful, from the sight of which we

shrink with an unpleasant feeling as often as we behold it, or which, when we turn on it our most observant gaze, excites in us no emotion whatever.

When I say, that to appear to us good, and to appear to us desirable, are only synonymous phrases, you cannot need to be told, that the *good* of which I speak, as synonymous with desirableness,—as that, in short, which immediately influences our actions, through the medium of our desires,—is not to be confounded with *moral good*, nor even with *absolute* physical good. What we desire, far from being always *good*, in the sense in which that word corresponds with the phrases *virtuous* or *agreeable to the divine will*, is often completely opposed to it. We may feel that we are desiring what is inconsistent with moral rectitude, and yet continue to desire it:

“Video meliora, proboque;
Deteriora sequor.”—

This is not what Medea only could say. It is the melancholy feeling of many minds, that are deserters from virtue, indeed, but that have still for the calmness and holiness of virtue all that respect, which does not imply absolute obedience; and that in yielding to an influence, of which they feel all the seduction, are rather captivated by vice, than blinded by it. Even with respect to mere physical good, without regard to moral excellence, we may desire what we know will be ultimately of injury to us, far greater than the temporary pleasure which it promises to yield; and though it appears to us injurious upon the whole, and would be far from being desired by us, if it had no present charms, we may yet prefer it from the influence of those present charms, which are sufficient of themselves to constitute desirableness. The good, therefore, which is synonymous with desirableness, is not necessarily, and uniformly, however generally it may be, consistent with our own greatest advantage, or with moral propriety in our choice. It can be defined, in no other way, than simply as that which appears to us desirable, the desire itself being the only test, as it is the only proof of tendency in objects to excite desire. That immediate good, then, of whatever kind it may be, which we term *desirableness*, because it is instantly followed by desire,—*absolute physical good*,—*moral good*,—are three phrases which have very different meanings; yet, obvious as the distinction is, we are very apt to confound them, merely because we have applied to them the same term; or at least to distinguish them very loosely; and, from this confusion, has arisen much of the controversy with respect to the influence of motives, and of the controversy, also, with respect to the universal influ-

ence of self-love in our benevolent affections—disputations, that in the mode in which they have generally been managed, seem to me to have thrown as little light, on the theory of morals, as they have contributed to the advancement of practical morality.

It is not, then, the highest absolute physical advantage,—nor the most undoubted moral excellence,—which, as soon as perceived, is instantly followed by our choice; that is to say, which forms, necessarily, the immediate good, or desirableness, of which I am at present treating;—the tendency of objects to excite in us emotions of desire. They may coincide with it, indeed; and they may produce it; but they do not *constitute* it. In many instances, they may render immediately desirable, what otherwise would not have seemed to us good, or would even have seemed to us evil,—pain, for example, and privations of various kinds,—which, but for views of ultimate advantage, or of moral propriety, we should have feared rather than chosen:—but though there are minds to which those greater motives can make pain, and every form of present evil, an object of choice, and, in some cases, of ardent desire, there are also minds to which the same views of advantage, and of moral propriety, will not render the pains or privations, that are to produce the greatest ultimate good, sufficiently desirable to influence their feeble will,—minds, that consider objects chiefly as present or future, near or remote,—to which a moment is more than a distant age, a distant age but a moment; and the pleasure of an hour, therefore, if it be the pleasure of the hour that is already smiling on them, far more precious than the happiness of immortality. *Desire*, or choice itself, then, thus varying in different minds, is a proof only of the attraction of the object chosen—that attraction to which, of whatever kind it may be, I have given the name of immediate desirableness, in reference to the instant desire or choice which is its consequent. But though the choice is, of course, a proof of the attraction which has induced the choice, it is far from being a proof of that preponderance of ultimate gain, which it might be worldly prudence to prefer, or of that moral rectitude, which is the only object of virtuous preference. That mind is most *prudent*, in the common sense of the term, to which the greatest amount of ultimate probable advantage, is that which uniformly renders objects more desirable;—that mind is most *virtuous*, to which, in like manner, the moral propriety of certain preferences, is that which uniformly confers on objects their prevailing attraction. But still as I before remarked, we desire objects not merely as being morally worthy of our choice, or ultimately productive of

the greatest amount of personal advantage to us, but for various other reasons, which constitute their immediate desirableness, as much, in many cases, or much more, than any views of morality, or calculations of selfish gain.

That we do not act always with a view to moral good, no one denies; for, of an assertion so proud, the conscience of every one would, in this case, be a sufficient confutation; and it is only a wretched sophistry which makes us less ready to admit, that we act in innumerable cases, with as little immediate view, at the very moment of our desire, to our selfish gain, as to morality.

I shall not, however, at present, enter fully on this discussion, which involves some of the most interesting inquiries in morals. But, with a view to the discussion, in which we may afterwards be engaged, I must request you to bear in mind the distinction of that good, which is synonymous with desirableness, and of which the only test or proof, is the resulting desire itself, from absolute physical good that admits of calculation,—or from that moral good, which conscience at once measures and approves. That which we desire must, indeed, always be desirable; for this is only to state in other words, the fact of our desire. But, though we desire, what seems to us for our advantage, on account of this advantage, it does not therefore follow, that we desire only what seems to us advantageous; and that what is desirable must therefore imply, in the very moment of the incipient desire, some view of personal good. It implies, indeed, that satisfaction will be felt in the attainment of our desire, and uneasiness in the failure of it; but the satisfaction is the result of the attainment, not the motive to the desire itself, at the moment when the desire arose; as the uneasiness is the result of the failure, not a feeling preceding the desire, and prompting it. The desire, in short, must have existed primarily, before satisfaction could have been felt in the attainment of its object, or regret when the object was not attained. To say, that we can desire only what is desirable, is, then, to say nothing in support of the theory, which would make our advantage the only motive of our desires; unless it could be shewn, by some other argument,—founded on actual observation or analysis,—that the feeling of our advantage, in some respects, precedes uniformly all our desires, so as to be in truth, that which constitutes, in every case, the immediate and simple desirableness. If, on the contrary, it appear, that we desire many things, which, though they may contribute directly or indirectly to our advantage, are yet desired by us

immediately, and without any view to this advantage, at the moment at which the desire arose, the argument, from the mere fact of the *desire itself*, must be absolutely nugatory. It either says nothing whatever, or, by confounding the immediate desirableness with our own personal gain, it begs, or it assumes the very point in question.

Desirableness, then, does not necessarily involve the consideration of any other species of good,—it is the relation of certain objects to certain emotions, and nothing more,—the tendency of certain objects, as contemplated by us, to be followed by that particular feeling which we term desire.

I have said, that with the feeling of desire, as the mere emotion thus produced by certain objects, you must all be sufficiently acquainted. It is a feeling which is of course, in some degree complex, as implying always, together with the vivid feeling that arises on the prospect of good, the conception of the object which seems desirable: but the vivid feeling combined with this conception, seems to me of a peculiar kind, or at least to be something more than can be reduced to any of those elementary feelings which have been considered by us. It is not mere approbation or love of an object, as capable of affording us a certain amount of enjoyment,—but that which results from such love, as its effect. It is not the mere regret that is felt on the absence of a beloved object,—but a prospective regret, which may, or may not, attend that retrospective regret,—and which, far from being painfully depressing, like regret, is, at least in many of its forms, one of the most delightful excitements of which our mind is susceptible,—the embellisher of existence,—and the creator of the greater portion of that happiness, which it seems at the time only to present to our distant gaze. Love of an object,—regret at the absence of that object,—these feelings we may discover by analysis: but discovering these, we discover rather what gives birth to our wishes, than what constitutes them,—the sunbeams and the kindling incense from which the phoenix arises, rather than the vigorous bird itself, immortal, in the very changes of its seeming mortality.

To enumerate the objects of our desire and fear, would be to enumerate almost every object which exists around us on our earth, and almost every relation of these objects; without taking into account the variety of wishes more fantastic, which our wild imagination is capable of forming. A complete enumeration of all the possibilities of human wishes, is almost as little to be expected, as a complete gratification of all the wishes.

of man, whose desires are as unlimited as his power is bounded. The most important however, may be considered as comprehended in the following series:—First, our desire of continued existence, without any immediate regard to the pleasure which it may yield,—Secondly, our desire of pleasure, considered directly as mere pleasure,—Thirdly, Our desire of action,—Fourthly, Our desire of society,—Fifthly, Our desire of knowledge,—Sixthly, Our desire of power,—direct, as in ambition, or indirect, as in avarice,—Seventhly, Our desire of the affection or esteem of those around us,—Eighthly, Our desire of glory,—Ninthly, Our desire of the happiness of others,—and, Tenthly, Our desire of the unhappiness of those whom we hate. On these it is my intention to offer a few brief remarks, in the order in which I have now stated them.

I must observe, however, in the first place, that each of these desires may exist in different forms, according to the degree of probability of the attainment of its object. When there is little if any probability, it constitutes what is termed a mere *wish*; when the probability is stronger, it becomes what is called *hope*; with still greater probability, *expectation*; and, with a probability that approaches certainty, *confidence*. This variation of the form of the desire, according to the degrees of probability, is, of course, not confined to any particular desire, but may run through all the desires which I have enumerated, and every other desire of which the mind is, or may be supposed to be capable.

Hope, therefore, important as it is to our happiness, is not to be considered as a distinct emotion, but merely as one of the forms in which all our desires are capable of existing. It is not the less valuable on this account, however, but, on the contrary, the more truly precious, since it thus confers on us, not one delight only, but everything, or almost everything, which it is in our power even to wish. What hour of our waking existence is there, to which it has not given happiness or consolation?

I need not speak of the credulous alacrity of our wishes, in our early years, when we had only trifles, indeed, to desire, but trifles, which were as important to us, as the more splendid baubles that were probably to occupy, with a change of follies, our maturer ambition. “Gay hope is theirs,” is one of the expressions, in reference to the happiness of boyhood, in Gray’s well known Ode; and there can be no question, that, even at that period, when we do not look very far forward, still a great part of the happiness that is felt, even when there is so much boisterous merriment of the present, is derived from a prospect of that little futurity which is never wholly

absent from the view,—a futurity which may not in this case extend beyond the happy period of the next holidays, but which is still a field of hope, as much as that ampler field which is ever opening wider and wider on the gaze of manhood. In opening, indeed, thus wider and wider, it extends itself only to extend the empire of our wishes. There is, then, no happiness which hope cannot promise,—no difficulty which it cannot surmount,—no grief which it cannot mitigate. It is the wealth of the indigent, the health of the sick, the freedom of the captive. There are thoughts of future ease, which play, with a delightful illusion, around the heart of him who has been born in poverty, bred in poverty,—who, since the very hour when his arms were first capable of as much labour as could earn one morsel of his scanty meal, has spent his life, not in labour merely, but in unremitting fatigue,—to whom, since that very hour, a day of ease has been as much unknown, as a day of empire, with the exception of that single day, which, in its weekly return, is a season of comfort at once to the body and to the mind,—giving rest to him who has no other rest, and revealing to him, at the same time, that future world, which is the world of those who have toiled on earth, at least, as much as the world of those who have subsisted by the toils of others. On the bed of sickness, how ready is the victim of disease to form those flattering presages which others cannot form,—to see, in the tranquil looks of those who assume a serenity which they do not feel, a confident expectation of recovery, which has long in their hearts given place to despair,—and to form plans of many future years, perhaps, in that very hour which is to be the last hour of earthly existence. If we could see all those wild visions of future deliverance, which rise, not to the dreams merely, but to the waking thought of the galley-slave who has been condemned to the oar for life, we should see, indeed, what might seem madness to every heart but his, to which these visions are in some measure like the momentary possession of the freedom of which he is forever to be deprived; and, in this very madness of credulous expectation, so admirably adapted to a misery that admits of no earthly expectation which reason can justify, we should see at once the omnipotence of the principle of hope, and the benevolence of him who has fixed that principle in our minds, to be the comfort even of despair itself, or at least of miseries, in which all but the miserable themselves would despair.

Such is the influence of hope through all the years of our existence. As soon as we have learned what is agreeable, it delights us with the prospect of attaining it; as soon as we have lost it, it delights us with the prospect of its return. It

is our flatterer and comforter in boyhood ; it is our flatterer and comforter in years which need still more to be flattered and comforted. What it promises, indeed, is different in these different years ; but the kindness and irresistible persuasion with which it makes the promise are still the same ; and, while we laugh, in advanced age, at the easy confidence of our youth in wishes which seem incapable of deceiving us now, we are still, as to other objects of desire, the same credulous, confiding beings, whom it was then so easy to make happy. Nor is it only over terrestrial things that it diffuses its delightful radiance. The power which attends us with consolation, and with more than consolation, through the anxieties and labours of our life, does not desert us at the close of that life which it has blessed or consoled. It is present with us in our last moment. We look to scenes which are opening on us above, and we look to those around us, with an expectation still stronger than the strongest hope, that, in the world which we are about to enter, we shall not have only remembrances of what we loved and revered on earth, but that the friendships from which it is so painful to part, even in parting to Heaven, will be restored to us there, to unite us again in affection more ardent, because unmingled with the anxieties of other cares, and in still purer adoration of that Great Being, whose perfections, as far as they were then dimly seen by us, it was our delight to contemplate together on earth, when it was only on earth that we could trace them, but on that earth which seemed holier, and lovelier, and more divine, when thus joined in our thought with the Excellence that made it.

Hope, then, which is thus universal in its promises, and unceasing in the influence which it exercises, is not to be considered as one emotion merely, but as all our desires, however various their objects may be. We wish, we hope, we expect, we confide ; or, if there were other words which could express different degrees of the certainty of our attainment of what we desire, we might employ them with propriety ; since every additional degree of certainty, or even any greater vividness of interest in the object itself, varies, in some measure, the nature of the desire which we feel. It is enough for you, however, to understand,—with respect to these words which express the more remarkable shades of difference,—that to wish, to hope, to expect, to trust, though expressive of feelings that must always be different, whether the objects of these feelings be different or the same, yet do not form classes of feelings essentially distinct from our general emotions of desire, but are merely those emotions themselves, in all their variety, according as we conceive that there is more or less likelihood

of our obtaining the particular objects which we are desirous of obtaining. In a competition of any kind, in which there are many candidates, there is perhaps some one candidate who is aware that he has very little interest, and who has, therefore, scarcely more than a mere wish of success. He canvasses the electors, and he finds, to his surprise, perhaps, that many votes are given to him. He no longer *wishes* merely, he *hopes*; and, with every new vote that is promised, his hope grows more vivid. A very few votes additional convert the *hope* into *expectation*; and, when a decided majority is engaged to him by promise, even expectation is too weak a word to express the emotion which he feels;—it is *trust*, *confidence*, *reliance*, or whatever other word we may choose to express that modification of desire which is not the joy of absolute certainty, like the actual attainment of an agreeable object, and yet scarcely can be said to differ from certainty. In this series of emotions, nothing has occurred to modify them but a mere increase of probability in the successive stages; and the same scale of probabilities, which admits of being thus accurately measured in an election that is numbered by votes, exists truly, though, perhaps, less distinctly, in every other case of desire, in which we rise from a mere wish to the most undoubting confidence.

You will understand, then, without the necessity of any further illustration, that *hope* and the various forms of our wishes and reliances, more or less vivid, are not a separate class of emotions, but are only names of all our desires, that vary according to the prospect of attainment which their objects seem to us to present. We may wish, hope, expect, or trust, in our attainment of some rattle in childhood, as we wish, hope, expect, or trust, that we are to attain the scarf, or garter, or gold, which is the amusement of our riper age. Even when we think of the noblest objects that can fill our mere earthly desires,—of the happiness of nations, or of the whole animated world,—when the patriot rises to shake some ferocious invader from that throne, to which he had risen by trampling on the bodies of those who had rushed boldly, but unsuccessfully, forward in the same heroic spirit of national freedom and deliverance,—or when the philosopher looks, through many ages of futurity, to the years which, as he trusts, are to perfect the great plans of heaven, in the diffusion of happiness and virtue to mankind,—he wishes, hopes, expects, confides, as the triflers around him are wishing and confiding; the only difference is, that the very wishes of the patriot and of the general philanthropist, are wishes which, though they should never be realized, it is dignity to feel even as wishes; and that the

vain and sensual objects which occupy the whole heart of the idle and the profligate, are objects which it is disgraceful to desire with passion, and still greater disgrace, and still greater misery, even for those who have been capable of thus passionately desiring them, to obtain.

There is one other preliminary remark, which it may be necessary to make, before entering on the consideration of our separate desires. In the arrangement of our emotions, you must have observed, that no peculiar place has been set apart by me for the *Passions*; the reason of which is, that our passions are truly no separate class, but merely a name for our desires, when very vivid, or very permanent. It is impossible to state in words, at what degree of vividness or permanence, we cease to speak of a *desire*, and term it a *passion*. This, it is probable, that different individuals would do very variously; but all, unquestionably, would use these different terms, when there is any very remarkable difference in these respects. A slight desire of higher station, which comes upon us at intervals, and is soon forgotten in the cares, or in the delightful occupations of domestic life, no one would think of calling a passion, more than the individual himself; who smiles, perhaps, sometimes at his own little dreams of ambition, as if they were the idle musings of another mind, and, on awaking, looks at the tranquillity and happiness around him, with a sort of gladness that his dream was only a dream. It is when the wish of worldly power and splendour is not the emotion of a single minute, but the exclusive, or almost exclusive, wish of the heart,—when it allows, indeed, other desires occasionally to intervene, but recurs still with additional force, as if to occupy again what is its own possession, and to feed on new wishes of advancement, or new projects of obtaining what it wished before;—it is then, when the desire is vivid and permanent, that we term it a passion, and look, perhaps, with pity on him who is its victim.

After these remarks, which, I flatter myself have pointed out to you some distinctions which it may be of importance for us to remember in our subsequent discussions, I proceed to the consideration of our desires in the order stated by me.

The first of these is our desire of our own continued existence. Strong and permanent as our wishes of delight may be, it is not happiness only which we desire, nor misery only which we dread; we have a wish to exist, even without regard, at the moment of the wish, to the happiness which might seem all that could render existence valuable;—and annihilation itself, which implies the impossibility of uneasiness of any kind,

is to our conception almost like a species of misery. Nor is it only when life presents to us the appearance of pleasure, wherever we look, and when our heart has an alacrity of enjoying it, wherever it is to be found, that the desire of a continuation of this earthly existence remains. It remains, and, in many instances, is perhaps still stronger in those years, when death might seem to afford only the prospect of a ready passage to a better world.

"Da spatium vitæ; multos da, Jupiter, annos.
Huc recto vultu, solum hoc et pallidus optas."

"O, my coevals!"—says the author of the Night Thoughts, at a time when he was himself advanced in age,—

"O, my coevals! remnants of yourselves,
Poor humans ruins, tottering o'er the grave,
Shall we,—shall aged men, like aged trees,
Strike deeper our vile root, and closer cling,
Still more enamour'd of this wretched soil!"†

To explain the apparent inconsistency of the increased love of life, that is so frequently observed in old age, when the means of enjoyment are diminished,—we must remember, that, by the influence of the suggesting principle, life, as a mere object of conception to the old, retains still many charms, which in reality it does not possess. The life, of which they think, is the life of which they have often thought; and that life was a life full of hopes and enjoyments. The feelings, therefore, which were before associated with the notion of the loss of life, are those which still occur, on the contemplation of its possible loss, with the addition of all those enjoyments which a longer series of years must have added to the complex conception, and the loss of which, as one great whole, seems to be involved in the very notion of the loss of that life, of which the enjoyments formed a part. It must be remembered, too, that if life be regarded as in any degree a blessing, the mere circumstance of the increased probability of its speedy termination, must confer on it no slight accession of interest. This is only one of many instances of the operation of a very general principle of our nature;—the likelihood of loss being itself almost a species of endearment, or at least producing, in every case, a tenderness that is soon diffused over the object which we contemplate, that seems thus to be more lovely in itself, merely because, from its precariousness, we love it more.

* Juvenal, Sat. X. v. 188, 189.

† Book IV. v. 109—113.

Absurd, however, as the desire may seem, in such cases, it is, as a general feeling of our nature, a most striking proof of the kindness of that Being, who, in giving to man duties which he has to continue for many years to discharge in a world which is preparatory to the nobler world that is afterwards to receive him, has not left him to feel the place in which he is to perform the duties allotted to him, as a place of barren and dreary exile. He has given us passions which throw a sort of enchantment on every thing which can reflect them to our heart, which add to the delight that is felt by us in the exercise of our duties,—a delight that arises from the scene itself on which they are exercised,—from the society of those who inhabit it with us,—from the offices which we have performed, and continue to perform.

While these earthly mitigations of our temporary exile,—if I may venture to speak of exile in relation to a world which we have not yet reached,—are thus bounteously granted to us, there may, indeed, be a fear of death more than perhaps is necessary for this benevolent purpose, in the breasts of those who are too abject in their sensual or sordid wishes, to think of heaven, or too conscious of guilt to think of it with tranquillity. But to minds of nobler hopes, which, even in loving life and all which life presents, have not forgotten how small a part it is of that existence which it only opens to them, what objects are presented,—I will not say, to reconcile them merely to the simple transition in which death consists, but to make this very transition a change which, but for the tears of other eyes, and the griefs of other hearts, they may smile tranquilly, or almost exult, to see approaching! There are minds indeed, which may truly exult at this parting moment, which can look back on the conflicts of this fading scene, like the victor of some well-fought field, who closes his eye in the hour of some triumph, that has been the triumph of Freedom more than of War, amid the blessings of nations,—and who, in the very praises and blessings that are the last sounds of life to his ear, hears rather the happiness which he has produced, than the glory which he has won :—

“ Death is victory :

It binds in chains the raging ills of life :
Lust and Ambition, Wrath and Avarice,
Dragged at his chariot-wheel, applaud his power.
That ills corrosive, cares importunate,
Are not immortal too, O, Death, is thine !
And feel we, then, but dread from thought of thee ?*
Death the great counsellor, who man inspires

* And feel I, then, no joy from thought of thee !—ORIS.

With every nobler thought and fairer deed ;
Death, the deliverer, who rescues man :
Death, the rewarder, who the rescued crowns !”*

How admirable is that goodness which knows so well how to adapt to each other feelings that are opposite,—which gives to man a love of life enough to reconcile him, without an effort, to the earth which is to be the scene of his exertions ; and which, at the same time, gives those purer and more glorious wishes which make him ready to part with the very life which he loved.

* Young’s Night Thoughts, B. III. v. 495—500, 511—515.

END OF VOL. II.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses.







